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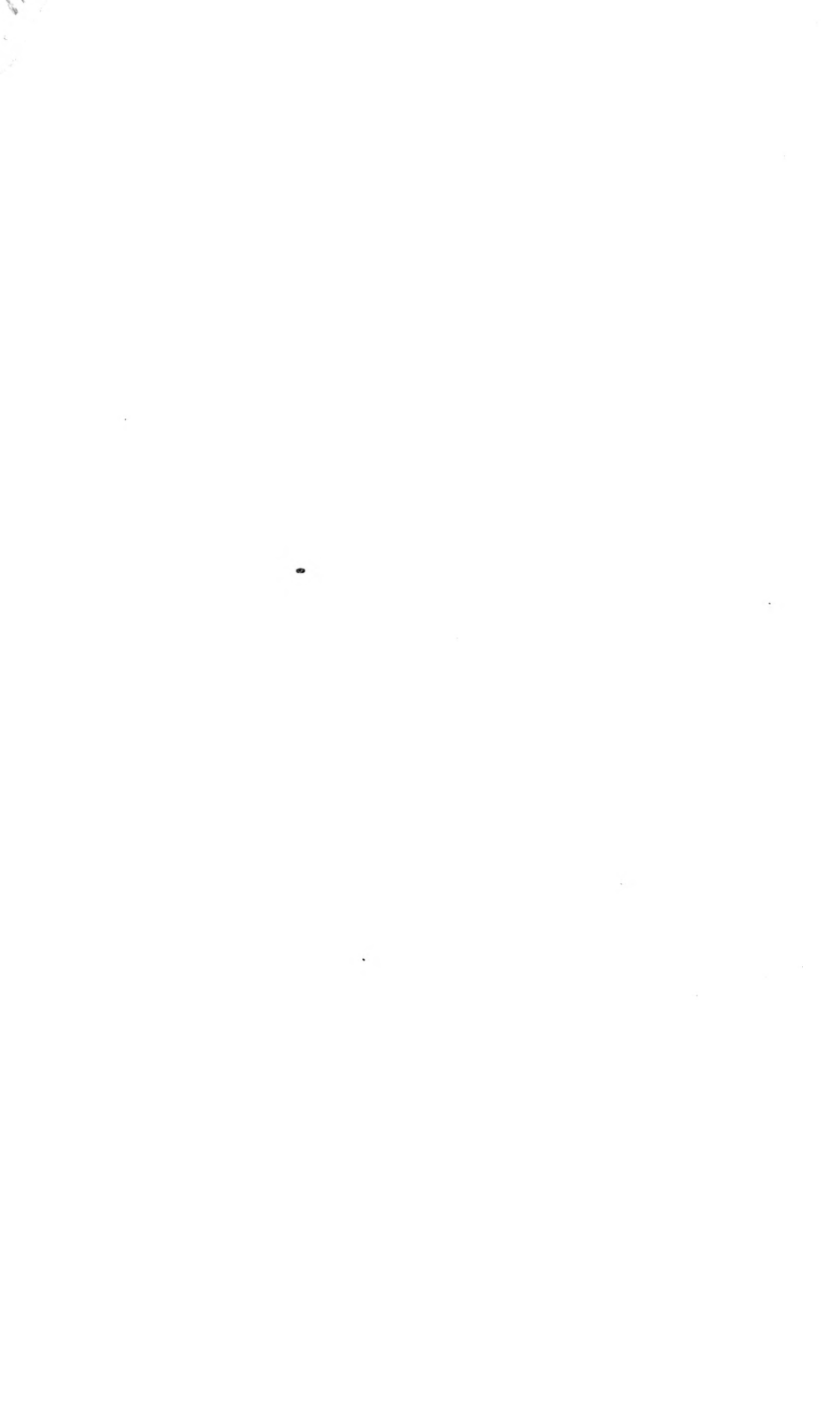
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JOHN ALLEN



JOHN ALLEN.

1844.

Painted by James T. Smith.

JOHN ALLEN

*VICAR OF PREES AND ARCHDEACON
OF SALOP*

A MEMOIR

BY HIS SON-IN-LAW

R. M. GRIER, M.A.

VICAR OF HEDNESFORD AND PREBENDARY OF LICHFIELD

“Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile”

RIVINGTONS
WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON

MDCCCLXXXIX

TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN LONSDALE
AND OF
GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELWYN,
AND TO
WILLIAM DALRYMPLE MACLAGAN,
THE THREE BISHOPS OF LICHFIELD
UNDER WHOM IT WAS THE DELIGHT OF
JOHN ALLEN
TO SERVE THE CHURCH OF GOD,
AS ARCHDEACON OF SALOP,
THIS RECORD OF HIS LIFE AND LABOURS IS
DUTIFULLY DEDICATED

P R E F A C E

TO one only merit (and that by no means an uncommon one) do I lay claim as the author of this short memoir. I have tried—with what measure of success I cannot tell—faithfully to pourtray the subject of it.

With some of his views and methods of acting I, whether rightly or wrongly, have little sympathy. These have not been suppressed. They are recorded, when possible, in his own words, and generally without indication of dissent on my part. Differences of opinion did not hide from me, as I trust the unskilfulness of my writing may not hide from others, the simple dignity and unworldly beauty of his character. I shall be more than satisfied if I have been enabled to place before the world the portrait of an Englishman indeed, in whom was no guile, and as grateful as I shall be content. For few biographers can ever have been so indebted as I am to the kind and ready help of friends. To those whose names are appended to the contributions which they have made to the following pages, as well as to those who have supplied me with letters or given me leave to use them, I am greatly obliged. But I have also to acknowledge the goodness of

Messrs. Smith and Elder in allowing me, at the request of Mrs. Ritchie, the daughter of Mr. Thackeray, to publish one of her father's sketches, and the assistance rendered me by Lady Catherine Allen, Sir Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth, the Bishop of Shrewsbury, P. Cumin, Esq., Secretary of the Education Department, Canon Lonsdale, and all the members of my father-in-law's family circle. If the book have any value, the credit of it will be due to others ; the defects of it are all my own.

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ERRATA

Page 9, line 23, *for* "Bosheston" *read* "Bosherston."

.. 46, line 19, *for* "this" *read* "the."

.. 76, lines 3 and 4, *for* "world, on the 25th of October, 1841. Admiral," etc.,
read "world. On the 25th of October, 1841, Admiral," etc.

.. 126, line 18, *for* "British" *read* "English."

.. 176, last line, *after* "was" *insert* "I have been told."

A mistake has been made in regard to the correspondence on p. 195, etc. I thought it to be subsequent to the Ridsdale judgment. I find, however, that the letters were written in 1869. But that I have not misrepresented the Archdeacon's views by this error will be seen by referring to some words which he wrote at a much later period, to be found on p. 227.—R. M. G.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY AND RELATIVES.

“The superior man will be recognized and recovered to a certainty, at least in part, in his parents, in his mother especially, in his sisters, also in his brothers, *even in his children.*”—SAINTE BEUVE.

It is not without grave misgivings that I sit down to write, or rather to compile, the following Memoir. My natural indisposition, amidst the varied and ever-multiplying claims and avocations of a busy life, to make a first effort of the kind, is in this case increased by a doubt whether the effort ought to be made at all. For in his last will, drawn up not long before his death, my father-in-law desired that not a single word beyond those to be found in the Office for the Burial of the Dead might be said of him in church ; and though I cannot believe that to any man belongs the fee simple of what he has been allowed and led to be and do on earth, or that the instructions of the dead are to be preferred to the instruction of the living, it would distress me to think that I was setting at naught the deliberate judgment and the plain injunctions of one who, as a rule, had good reason for what he advised, and

showed the most tender consideration for the wishes of others. I am, however, emboldened to conclude, from opinions which I have often heard him express, that he did not mean his prohibition to run beyond the exact limits which he assigned to it, and that he merely wished to prevent his name from being unduly praised or even mentioned in a place consecrated to the glory of God. Certainly no one ever read biographies more diligently than Archdeacon Allen, or more constantly commended their study. He was wont to say that the best part of the best of books, the Bible, was a fourfold biography; that we could most readily obtain a thorough acquaintance with the history of any particular period through reading the lives of those who were distinguished in it, and that the life of every one, if only the story of it were faithfully told, would teach important lessons to his fellow-men. No longer ago than June, 1884, he wrote to a daughter at Zanzibar: "I wonder at — shrinking from biographies: they seem to me to be almost the only books worth reading."

But the life of an individual does not begin with himself. Heredity, which science claims as a new discovery, though it really is involved in the old theological doctrine of original sin, is an important factor in the formation of character. The Chinese, I believe, confer distinction not on the children, but on the ancestors of any remarkable person who renders eminent services to his country. They think that honour is due to those who have succeeded in producing a great man. Nor can it be denied that this plan of ennoblement has sundry

advantages. Had we adopted it with competitive examinations from the Celestial Empire, it would enable her Majesty to bestow titles without danger of their being refused, or much risk of their being abused, or any delicate inquiries whether there was money to support them; it would sometimes prevent vice and folly from being made attractive by association with the glamour of rank, and it would be strictly consonant with our sense of justice. For forefathers do contribute something to the virtues of their descendants; descendants do nothing for their forefathers. The arrangement does not, however, form part of even the most recent and advanced Radical programme, and the nearest approach to it is that now, in almost every biography, the author alludes to those from whom the subject of it springs. From this rule I must not depart.

I go back, then, nearly three centuries in the history of Pembrokeshire. Thomas Allen, the first member of Archdeacon Allen's family of whom there is any authentic record, came from Ireland, and is said to have been shipwrecked in St. Bride's Bay. He appears to have married the heiress of Gelliswick. The marriage must have taken place before A.D. 1600. At this time and for more than a hundred years afterwards the family residence was Dale Castle: it then passed, with considerable landed property, into the possession of John Lloyd through his marriage with Eleanour Allen, with whose descendants it remains to this day. There can, I suspect, be few parts of the county which are not more or less connected with members or relatives of the Allen family. The original lighthouses stand-

ing at the entrance of Milford Haven were built by Joseph Allen, a grandson of the first Allen, and were held in the family under a lease from the Crown until 1812, when they were placed under the control of the Trinity Board. David Allen, a great grandson of the first Allen, married another heiress, Ann Laugharne. Her only brother, John, died suddenly the very night after he had been elected member for Haverfordwest, leaving her the owner of large estates. The Laugharnes, apparently, were of very ancient lineage, claiming descent from Thomas, Earl of Exeter, William Cecil, and Edward III.

John Allen, the son of David and Ann Laugharne, married yet another heiress, Miss Bartlett, of Cresselly. This John Allen, the first of the name who lived, as descendants of his have lived ever since, at Cresselly, was High Sheriff of Pembrokeshire in 1740, and appears to have been a gentleman of wealth and influence. His eldest son, John Bartlett Allen, was an officer in the 37th Regiment, and fought in the Seven Years' War under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. He had thirteen children, and no less than eleven of them were daughters. Of these one married Sir James Mackintosh; another J. C. S. de Sismondi, the historian; another Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, and became the grandmother of Charles Darwin; another Mr. John Wedgwood; and a fourth the Rev. E. Drewe, and became the mother of Lady Alderson, the wife of one of the ablest, most impartial, and wittiest judges of modern times. The youngest brother of John Bartlett was Joshua, the father of the Rev. David Bird Allen.

This gentleman, M.A. of Trinity College, Oxon, Rural Dean and Prebendary of Brecon, was at one time Vicar of St. Bride's, and from 1818 to 1831 Rector of Burton-in-Rhos, a small village near Haverfordwest.

Burton is a lovely spot, well fitted to create and call forth that love of the beautiful in nature which was one of the most striking traits in the character of Archdeacon Allen. As one looks towards Milford Haven, on which it stands, the sea, when still and at high tide, wears the appearance of an inland lake, with many pointed creeks and sloping hills, richly wooded, the trees running down to the water's edge.

It is a place of some historical interest: the creek at the edge of Burton Common, called the Hawn, is known as the place where Cromwell took ship to attack Pembroke Castle, and the strong old Norman church, fortified centuries before, was used as a tower of defence by the Royalists.

At the time of the abortive attempt at invasion by the French, in 1797, several of the French soldiers, prisoners of war, died in an old house of which the ruins are still shown, and are buried in Burton Churchyard. This last necessary hospitality is, it seems, still begrudged them by the sturdy-minded peasantry of the village. Many a time has it been suggested to the present Rector when complaint was made of the now somewhat crowded condition of the burial-ground—"Dig up them old French, sir; what's the good of them?"

The church itself, which has been most carefully restored during the incumbency of the present Rector, is a Norman structure. The walls are very

thick; the tower is supported by a strong, low, round-headed Norman arch. Above the circle of the chancel arch can be seen the remains of the old rood screen; there is a hagioscope in the eastern wall of the north transept, and an old credence table and a piscina on either side of the altar.

Mr. and Mrs. David Bird Allen are buried within the altar rails on the south side, under a marble slab, and there is a tablet to their memory over the pillar of the south arch of the chancel just above. All the old architectural features, rood screen, hagioscope, etc., have been brought to light by the present Rector. In Mr. Allen's time these were completely concealed beneath rubble and whitewash; the church was filled with square old oak pews, and the western arch under the tower was almost blocked by tiers of seats, rising one behind the other. Here sat the leader of the ancient choir, with bass viol, the only instrument; and in the aisle every Sunday afternoon stood the village children, to be catechized by the Rector.

From a number of his letters which I have read, I should gather that he was a man of simple piety, and a zealous parish priest. In politics he seems to have been a Liberal; at any rate, when Sir Robert Peel appealed to his constituents at Oxford for their approval of his policy in granting Roman Catholic Emancipation, he voted for him against Sir R. Inglis, and he was one of the few clergymen who supported the first Reform Bill. His relations with his sons were most affectionate; his interest in their education very practical; his correspondence with them, after they left home, voluminous. He was not a rich man,

but he grudged no expense that he could afford to fit them for their various callings. All of them were tenderly attached to him, and used to speak with the warmest gratitude of his good example and kind advice.

But it was probably from his mother that the Archdeacon inherited some of the more striking features of his character.

The daughter of a Mr. Jullian, who was of French extraction, she had been early left an orphan, and was brought up with the only daughter of Mr. Whitbread, M.P., who, it was said, had once been attached to her mother. Mrs. Allen was a woman highly educated, of varied accomplishments, of great natural powers, ready, vigorous, resolute, fearless. Her letters, of which a large store has been preserved, are forcibly written, and give evidence of deep religious feeling, high principle, warm sympathy with the poor, rare courage and directness of aim, sound judgment, and sterling common sense. The glebe farm was under her sole management, and she knew, it was stated, exactly how many furrows a man should plough in one fair day's work. Sometimes when, in the early days of his married life, her son John would speak disrespectfully of money, and would say in her hearing, perhaps half in play, "Horrid money! how I hate you!" she was really pained, and would reply, "John, you have a little family to bring up, and how can you do it without the help of money? I don't like to hear you talk of money in that way, for you are dependent on it." She would have justice done, even to the mammon of unrighteousness, and she was probably afraid, from

what she knew of her son's temperament, that he might not be as prudent as in his position and profession it was necessary for him to be. For nothing in the character and conduct of her children appears to have escaped her notice, and she did not hesitate to reprove them, long after they had reached man's estate, when she thought it advisable, with an unsparing pen. To give but one instance. She supposed that her son John did not rise early enough in the morning, and she never ceased writing to him on the subject of a habit which she feared might prove a serious hindrance to him, until she had reason to believe that he had conquered it.

The memory of Mr. Allen and his wife still lingers in Burton. One of my sisters-in-law has recently talked with two old men there, whom we will call James and Richard. Both professed to have known her grandfather and grandmother well. James said that "the lady was more the one to visit the people than her husband. He was proud; he used to ride his black cob, with its close-cropped tail, about the parish, his eyes always resting on the ground, leaning rather to one side." But Richard said, "No, he was not proud, only rather distant; he was kind to all, and spoke the same to a child of ten as he would to a man of seventy; and he was wonderful charitable." Mrs. Allen was remembered as "wonderful particular" in the Sunday school. "She'd give you a good setting down if you didn't behave," said James; and Richard added, "I had rather have him than her a great deal; she was very sharp." So said James likewise. And sharp she very probably was in more ways than one. It was

owing to her, I am informed, that the first Sunday school was started in Pembrokeshire.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen had six sons. The first, Joshua Jullian, practised for many years as a solicitor in London. He was a magistrate and a landowner, with estates in Pembrokeshire; but was chiefly known as one of the very earliest and most enthusiastic leaders in the movement for the higher education of women. The girls' school at Chantry, near Mells, in Somersetshire, owed its existence to his exertions, and was carried on mainly under his directions. He died in January, 1884, at Bath, retaining to the end his chivalrous devotion to the fair sex. I remember well, at one of our last interviews, that, after I had talked over with him a scheme for establishing out of the funds of a charity which was then improving, a number of scholarships to carry clever poor boys in my parish into the higher schools of the country, he looked up and said reproachfully, "And are you going to do nothing for the girls?"

The second son, William, was successively Rector of St. Bride's and of Boshaston, and for some time chairman of the Pembroke Board of Guardians. He died in 1872.

The third is the present Dean of St. David's, who is well known for the munificence and the unflagging zeal with which he has promoted, and the anxious care with which, even now, in his eighty-sixth year, he superintends, the restoration of his magnificent and unique cathedral. His passion for building seems to have been of very early date. A stone wall at the back of the Rectory at Burton is said to

be the first effort of "his 'prentice-hand." Rumour declares that he built it all himself.

The fourth was Bird, a man of earnest piety, who died at the beginning of what promised to be a distinguished career, as Commander of H.M.S. *Soudan*, in the Niger Expedition. He had won for himself a large number of influential friends, who seemed determined to push him in his profession, and he received at the hands of the late Prince Consort a gold chronometer before leaving home for the last time. In 1879, Admiral Ryder, who when a midshipman had served under him on board H.M.S. *Thunder*, offered to the Royal Geographical Society to establish a fund for the purpose of providing medals to young naval officers who distinguished themselves in nautical surveying. "The best *practical* marine surveyor," he stated, "I ever met in our service, and who instilled a love of the science into all of his young subordinate officers, was the late Commander Bird Allen, R.N., who was First-Lieutenant with Commander Richard Owen in H.M.S. *Thunder* in the West Indies, 1833-1836, and died as Commander of H.M.S. *Soudan*, in the Niger Expedition, 1841. I should like the medals to be called the *Bird Allen Medals for Nautical Surveys*."

The fifth son, Mr. Charles Allen, might almost be said to have been disfigured into fame, only that his abilities were of so high an order that they could not have failed to ensure his success in whatever walk of life he had chosen. When a child, he was one day playing with his brother John in a field near the Rectory at Burton, and ventured to tickle the legs of

an old horse called Drummer. Drummer, not unnaturally, resented the liberty, and, lifting his hind legs, kicked the boy's nose off. The lad, stunned and insensible, was taken up and borne towards home; but recovering his consciousness before the house was reached, he insisted on being allowed to walk, lest, as he said, his mother should be terrified by seeing him carried in covered with blood. A country doctor succeeded in fastening on the nose to his face, but fastened it on awry. His mother, aghast at his appearance, took him up, after the lapse of a few months, to town (a journey at that time involving much fatigue and cost), and then from one eminent surgeon to another, in order that the nose might be removed and reset. Chloroform was unknown, and no properly qualified practitioner could be found to do as she desired.

In a letter dated May 20, 1819, to his brother John, the poor boy writes, after giving such news about other persons as he thought would interest his correspondent, "I have seen Dr. Curryen, who said that if I went to Ashley Cooper, Esq., I should have the best advice in the world. I have seen also Mr. Andrews, who is a friend of Mr. Charles Adams, and he said, too, that Ashley Cooper, Esq., was the best person to go to, and the next day we went to him, and he said that it required a great deal of consideration, and said he would take a cast of it, and he came yesterday, and said that he had considered it over." What the result of the consideration was I do not know, but I believe that ultimately a quack was found ready to undertake the operation, on condition that a properly qualified medical man was

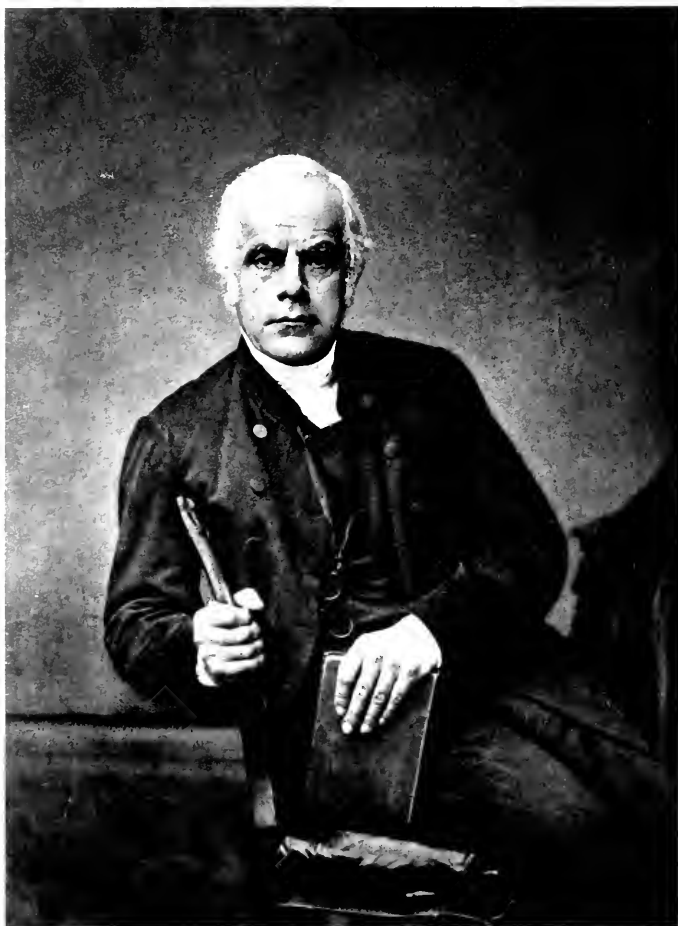
present to share the responsibility with him. The boy submitted, and bore the pain like a hero; his sufferings and pluck, which were much talked about, excited widespread interest; and when, some time afterwards, an Indian appointment in the Civil Service was offered to Mr. Allen for one of his sons, the donor expressed a wish that the injured boy might be chosen for it. This was done, and Charles rose to be one of the trusted advisers of Lord Dalhousie, when Viceroy of India, and he became a member of the Supreme Council there. He returned to England just before the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, built a house at Tenby, and threw himself with an ardour, which an Eastern sun had not impaired, into the public work of the place. He was one of the kindest, most genial, most hospitable, most indefatigable, most loveable of mankind. At one time he was Mayor of the town, at another High Sheriff of the county. Too old as he imagined to stand himself for Parliament, he worked hard in every election for the Liberal party, though he bore it patiently, if his own nieces canvassed, as they once did, his own servants in his hearing, for the Conservative candidate. Of every good cause he was a warm and munificent supporter; to every poor man, and still more to every poor woman, a tender and generous-hearted friend. Almost to the last he was actively employed in public business; fighting, and fighting in vain, as he often bitterly lamented, against the jobbery which appears a well-nigh ineradicable vice of elected bodies. But he never lost his popularity or his influence. It is hardly too much to say that few people have ever been more thoroughly

identified with any place than he with Tenby, and when he died, in 1884, it was manifest that no one in all the country round was, in life, more universally beloved, or could have been in death more sincerely regretted.

The sixth son was John Allen, the subject of this memoir. To him Charles was attached by a love passing the love of brothers. The elder, and in some respects, it may be, the abler of the two, Charles was wont to say, "The Archdeacon is my Pope." After his return from India he would often induce his younger brother to visit him. It was on one of these occasions, some eight years ago, that the then four surviving brothers met at Tenby.

"On Friday," writes the Archdeacon to his daughter May on August 22, 1880, "all four of us brothers, aged 81, 78, 72, 70, lunched together—a great mercy that we are still permitted to meet." The meeting must have been a very happy and very solemn one. It is but seldom that four brothers can meet full of years and honours close to the spot from which they started on life's journey, to look back together upon so great a stretch of time, chequered by so few disappointments, and bright with so many blessings. But if they were near the starting-point, they were also near the goal of their careers. Around them lay the familiar haunts of childhood, and close at hand were the mansions of their Father's house. The waves, which, if the windows were open, might be heard beating against the shore not far from where they sat, would remind them of the narrow boundary between the Seen and the Unseen; and they must have felt the nearing of that eternity, of

which the pure delights of home and warm family affection, and the splendour of the sea, and all the fair beauty of the earth and sky are at once an earnest and the type. Since then three have crossed the line. Only one now remains behind.



Yours

John Allen

1871.

CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL DAYS.

1810—1828.

“The child is father of the man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.”

WORDSWORTH.

JOHN ALLEN was born at Pembroke on May 25, 1810. In 1818 his father was instituted to the Rectory of Burton. Two letters written about that date from Pembroke by John have been preserved. They are both characteristic of the writer.

Of all men it is probably true, but of few so true as of him, that they retain the features of their childhood to the end. In his life there seems to have been no great break ; in his character no great change. His boyish letters, in the turn and clearness of their expressions, in their contents, and in the boldness and distinctness of the handwriting, are the natural forerunner of those received by his correspondents in after years. The very beginning of one, dated January 12, 1818, when he was not yet eight years of age, shows what was then and ever the bent of his mind. “I am sure that you, as well as we, were very glad to hear about Bird being called over ‘good’ before Lord Melville and other

members of the committee." The other, dated June 2, 1818, is still better written, and faultless in spelling. Both were addressed to his brother Joshua, who was in London. In all things, even in writing to a brother, he took pains. Illegible scribbling, he always maintained, was one form of selfishness. The man guilty of it gave trouble to others because he would not take trouble himself. These letters were written from Pembroke, but I gather from one of them that Mr. Allen had already been appointed to Burton. "I have been," wrote the boy, "at Burton five or six times since I came down from London."

In 1818 the family removed to Burton. The present Rectory there was built by a local mason, under the direction of Mr. Allen. It is a square, low, two-storied house, built of stone and rough-cast, with a verandah running along the south side; the staircase ascends straight from the hall, into which the front door opens; the drawing-room and dining-room take up the length of the house on the south side; at the back is a long wing, or tail of building, with ample offices, all opening on one side into a passage that runs the length of the wing; above are six or seven bedrooms, and a square room over the porch, where Mrs. Allen had a sewing class for the girls of the village. This house was to be the home of the family until 1831.

John and Charles Allen are still remembered in the village. An old man describes them as "lads by the Creek, their old-fashioned trousers with pockets buttoned over their jackets, and these pockets stuffed out with bread; 'for,' said he, 'they

had an old servant "Maria," who was nasty to them, and so "*covetious*," that I am sure she did not give them enough to eat, and they brought down this bread to eat with the oysters that were to be found on the shore.'"

There seems to be here a rather slight basis for a serious charge, and yet perhaps not much slighter than that on which far graver accusations are often founded. It would, I suspect, surprise most of us to know what are the impressions left on the minds of our neighbours by our actions and words and looks. Poor Maria! She may only have been an old and privileged servant, somewhat soured and spoiled by having to do with those dear, delightful, teasing, tiresome beings, called boys, without whom the world would be so much more *triste*, and yet so much more manageable. Assuredly the vigorous constitutions of the Archdeacon and his brothers are stronger evidence in her favour than village gossip can be against her.

Still, the rule of life in the Rectory of Burton was simple, if not severe. Mr. and Mrs. Allen, whilst they lavished money on the education of their sons, brought them up to endure hardness.

The young sybarites of the day would probably be shocked to hear that the lads were only allowed meat every other day, and not a bit of butter with the brown bread of the country; and the infant prodigy, whose bad manners are regarded as a sign of good breeding and inherited genius, that they were not so much as allowed to come upon the hearth-rug when their father was in the room. They were taught, too, not merely by precept, but by example,

to guard against sins of the tongue. These lessons never were forgotten. In John Allen a chivalrous respect for others was second, but only second, to perfect reverence for truth; and, from both of these motives, he was steadfastly purposed that his mouth should not offend. No doubt it was sometimes an effort to him to keep his resolution, and he was not invariably successful. For his implicit trust in others made him accept too readily what they said about their neighbours; and his natural impetuosity and his indignation with wrongdoing sometimes betrayed him into vehemence of language greater than the occasion warranted.

On the whole, his early training seems to have been eminently wise; but there was one restraint laid upon him, which I cannot help thinking a matter for regret.

He had a remarkable talent for drawing, and his appreciation of art was almost an intuition.

In after life, picture galleries, whether in England or abroad, had an irresistible attraction for him; and, as all who have travelled with him testify, he could detect at a glance, amongst a multitude of paintings, those which were most deserving of study. He seems to have been a born artist; but his father forbade his ever sketching, unless he spent five hours of the day in reading, over and above his ordinary studies. The boy dutifully submitted, and as he could not, except very rarely on long summer days, fulfil the required conditions, he was unable to improve a taste which was evidently capable of being cultivated to a very high degree of excellence. He thought himself that in this case a mistake had

been made, and he was most anxious that all his children should be taught drawing, the universal language, as he was wont to term it.

John Allen was privately educated until he became a town-boy at Westminster School. In 1824 he was, with Sir Robert Phillimore, Mr. Matthew Henry Marsh,* sometime M.P. for Salisbury, and others, elected on the foundation of St. Peter's College, Westminster. Canon Jeffreys writes :

According to the then custom of the school new boys were placed under the guidance of a boy already there, who was called their "substance," whilst they were called his "shadow."

I was substance to the two Allens (*viz.* John and his brother Charles). The substance was required to put the shadow into the ways of the school, as regards preparing lessons, etc. Dr. Goodenough, the Head Master, afterwards Dean of Wells, chose me as substance to the Allens, because my father had been a contemporary at Westminster, and was afterwards well acquainted with Lancelot Baugh Allen (who was, I think, their father's first cousin), a barrister who was appointed Master of Dulwich in 1811. "Baugh Allen," as his contemporaries commonly called him, was noted as a boy at school for his love of truth, so much so that the Head Master, Dr. Vincent, afterwards Dean of Westminster, in presenting him with a prize book, wrote in it, "Lancelot Baugh Allen, Veridico." I mention this incident because I think an earnest love of truth particularly distinguished my late friend.

John Allen and I were about the same age, and in 1824 we got into college together. As juniors we had to fag for seniors who were three years above us. Though John was good at his work, he was a bad fag. Fortunately his master was kind and easy, and they got on well together. John often in after life told me that except his master (who was

my elder brother) had been what he was, he would have run away from school.

He had, in fact, a very hard time of it there. Bullying was the order of the day in almost all public schools, and more, perhaps, at Westminster than elsewhere. Possibly, too, the severity of the ordeal to which John Allen was subjected, was increased through the stigma which attached to his having been house boarder, as it certainly was through his obedience to his parents and his fear of God.

With regard to the vice (writes his father in 1824) which you speak of as taking place in college, God grant that you may always feel the same abhorrence of it as you express in your letter, and that you will always pray to the Almighty for His Divine assistance to enable you to withstand the temptation, which you must necessarily meet with as you pass through life.

From this letter it does not appear that his father knew what it cost the young boy to resist the evil by which he was surrounded. Perhaps John shrank, out of a desire to spare his parents anxiety, from telling them all that he had to bear for refusing to do wrong. More probably the penalties which he had to pay for his regard for virtue were inflicted on some other occasion. But he was more than once compelled, for expressing horror at some pictures which were forced on his attention, and declining to look at them again, to toast bread at the fire with his naked hands; and when he was supplied with a fork to save his fingers, this was savagely broken over his back.

Once he was roasted before the fire, so that he

fell ill. "Once," writes a Westminster man of a later generation, "he was in considerable danger of his life through a pewter pot being flung at his head by some brute whose name I am glad to say I do not know." Amongst the letters which he preserved is one from a man who afterwards rose to considerable eminence in his profession, and was no less distinguished as a Christian than as a lawyer. The following pathetic sentence occurs in it: "I ought to do as you ask me; for I am afraid I helped to make your life very miserable for you at school." How melancholy it is that, for most of our ill deeds, no reparation is possible beyond confession and regret! In his later years the Archdeacon used often to say that the recollection of all the misery he endured at school made him much more sensible of the happiness which he enjoyed in after life, and he was wont to ascribe his resistance to evil to the prayers of his parents in his behalf, and to verses from the Book of Proverbs which his mother had taught him, and which recurred to his mind in the hour of peril. "All things work together for good to them that love God," and I have little doubt that the exceeding sinfulness of sin was brought home to him by his painful experiences at Westminster, and made an impression upon him which never faded from his mind.

I remember well the look of intense, almost physical, agony which rested upon his countenance, when he heard of the death, under awful and shameful circumstances, of one of her Majesty's judges, and his exclamation of horror, "Oh, my God! surely it cannot be true?" Not one word more did he

say ; his whole frame trembled with emotion, and I was afraid that he would fall.

It is, too, on record that when a neighbour in Shropshire asked him for one of Fielding's works, from his well-stocked library, he lent it most reluctantly, and when it was returned with a request for a second, he answered that he had no more. All the rest, a well-bound set of books, had been put behind the fire.

John Allen appears to have worked hard at school. He was not a cricketer, or very fond of the games which so often seriously interfere with study. His physical recreations were confined to walking and leisurely boating. As a little lad he went through the traditional preparatory course for Holy Orders by preaching to his brothers in his nightshirt, and when he was older he would, whilst walking out with a favourite cousin, tell him stories, improvising by the hour.

This cousin says that when John was still at Westminster, he was talking about a certain lady with whom all the boys in the neighbourhood of his home were much in love at that time, and with whom some common friend was supposed to be flirting. This greatly exercised the mind of John, and he said, "Ought not something to be done to stop it ? for, you know, Tom, women's feelings are much more sensitive than men's."

The story to all who knew the Archdeacon will have verisimilitude.

So far back as 1824, when he was only fourteen, he had begun to collect books, and to read outside the ordinary curriculum of a public schoolboy.

I am glad (his father wrote to him) that you are able to purchase Josephus. It is a valuable work. You cannot make a better use of your money than in purchasing good books. They will afford you lasting pleasure.

He also began at this time to take that deep interest in politics which never left him, but which, out of regard for the higher work to which he was consecrated, he hardly ever expressed in action. The Westminster boys had the right of attending the debates in the House of Commons. Of this privilege he so continually availed himself that he was able to strike up a warm friendship with many of the subordinate officials of the House. This friendship was continued after he left school, and was kept up with their successors to the second and third generation, so that in his old age the Arch-deacon had no difficulty in getting places for himself and companions in the House of Commons on the most crowded evenings. It is, I think, not improbable that his frequent presence in St. Stephen's as a boy did not come only from his interest in the affairs of the nation. He was, as I gather from expressions in some of his father's letters, conscious that his English composition was defective, and he may have wished to improve his style and power of utterance by listening to oratory of which Canning was then the most distinguished master.

He never, however, aspired to be an orator himself. He could speak, as he could write, forcibly and incisively, but for rhetoric as an art he had but little respect. Indeed, I used often to think that he regarded it with some suspicion, if not with positive dislike. His charges and sermons were

models of brevity. The paragraphs were short; the sentences were short; the documents themselves were short; not a word was put in for effect; even particles were sparingly used. Truth and directness marked everything that he said, whether in public or in private. He eschewed artifice, and seemed almost to believe that no eloquence beyond the goodness of a cause was needed to convince his hearers. "Dear Allen," wrote F. D. Maurice in 1849, after complaining that he had spent a most grievous five hours at the National Society public meeting, listening to speeches from clergymen that it almost broke one's heart to hear—"Dear Allen spoke earnestly and affectionately, and therefore impressively, though without sufficient coherency, but I think his right feeling and heart a little turned the tone of the meeting." This was by no means the only occasion on which the character and effects of my father-in-law's speaking might have been thus described.

CHAPTER III.

COLLEGE LIFE AND FRIENDS.

1828—1832.

“For a crowd is not company ; and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love . . . it is a mere and miserable solitude, to want true friends ; without which the world is but a wilderness, and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame and nature of his affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast and not from humanity.”—BACON, *Essay on Friendship*.

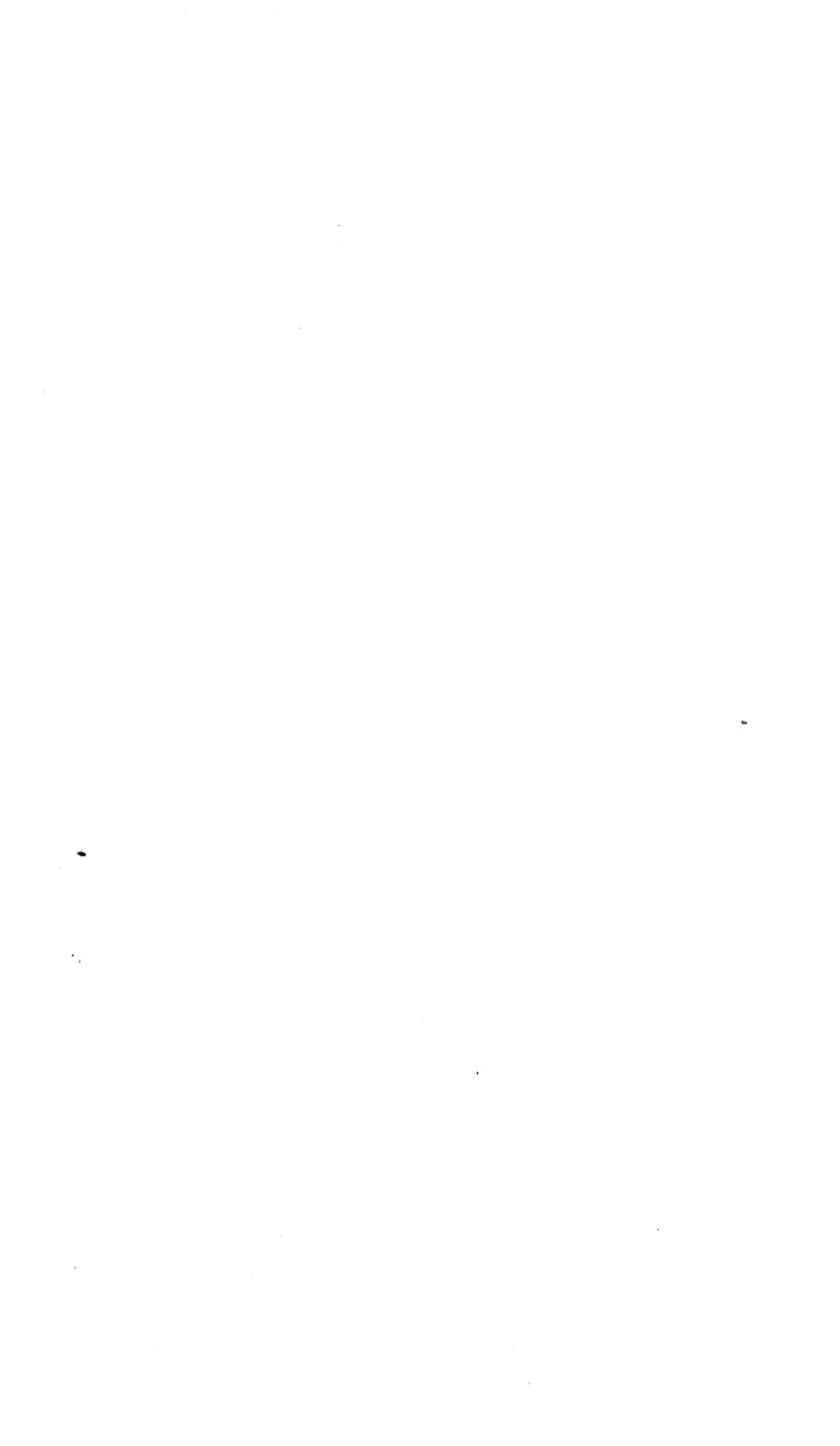
AT Ascensiontide, 1828, John Allen passed out of school into the University of Cambridge as a Scholar of Trinity College. There he was the contemporary and friend, amongst others, of Arthur Henry Hallam ; Lord Tennyson ; Thompson, afterwards Master of Trinity ; Spedding, the editor of Bacon's works ; Thackeray ; Edward Fitzgerald, to whom the Poet Laureate has dedicated the initial poem in his last volume, and who is well known as the author of a brilliant translation of Calderon ; Blakesley, sometime Dean of Lincoln ; Alford, sometime Dean of Canterbury ; and Trench, the late and great Archbishop of Dublin.

The atmosphere of Cambridge was much more congenial to Allen than that of Westminster, and he soon found himself, if not actually within, at any

rate on the verge of the charmed circle of literary undergraduates—

“ Who held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art
And labour and the changing mart
And all the framework of the land.”

A diary which he kept during the second and third year of his residence at Cambridge is before me as I write. From it I gather that his reading, which was, perhaps, rather too desultory to insure a very high degree, was not a little interrupted by some of his more intimate friends. Of these Thackeray, whilst he was at Cambridge, 1829–1830, was apparently the chief offender. He would go into Allen's room and sit there talking, in a style with which the readers of “Pendennis” are familiar, by the hour, his pen and ink busy the while in producing all manner of humorous sketches. These sketches were seized and carefully preserved by his host in a large scrap-book, which was often in after years shown by the Archdeacon to visitors at his house, with the necessary explanations. One of these sketches is given on the opposite page. The idea of it is striking from its grim humour. Death is represented as a showman summoning mankind to see what they shall see, but none can describe to them. The entrance to the show is a coffin; a woman with a child in her arms is mounting the steps with evident reluctance; the soldier springs up them fiercely and eagerly, whilst the crowd, the man of fashion, Hodge, and gaping boys look on with stolid indifference. On the back of the same scrap of paper there are a few vigorous touches by



Walk up ladies and
 It costs you nothing.
 This exhibition, tho' it
 fashionable - ~~that~~ year it was
 M^y King George the IVth several of the nobility
 & Gentry - This year it has been patronized by
 J. Marshal Enobitsch & several officers &
 soldiers of the Russian & Polish Army -
 Ladies & Gentlemen now is your
 a trumpet will sound at the
 end of the performance after
 w^h it will be exhibit
 never no more.

Gentlemen & see what you shall see -
 & nobody can see it more than once
 so cheap is every
 it was visited by his
 of the nobility
 patronized by
 officers &
 Army -
 time -

Patronized by the Army &
 Navy & the Royal College
 of Physicians



the same pen which give a graphic picture of Buona-
parte reviewing his Guards (see page 44).

Thackeray, who was warmly attached to Allen, endeavoured to induce him to leave Cambridge before taking his degree, and accept the post of second master in a school at Pimlico. Allen, who felt that he was a burden to his parents, wrote to his mother on the subject, and promptly received the following letter, not from her, but from his father :—

This morning we received your letter, which mentioned that your friend Thackeray was commissioned to look out for a second master to a school at Pimlico, and he thought that you were qualified to undertake the duties of the situation. You appear to be very anxious to have an immediate answer to your letter, and express a wish only for your mother's consent, your words being, "I only write to ask your leave to accept it, if by any means I should get it. I hope that your next letter will be decisive in giving me permission or not, as time is precious." You certainly, at the end, desire your love to me, but from your letter it does not appear that you ask my permission or opinion about undertaking the office of second master to the school at Pimlico. I conclude that your not consulting me is an oversight, and therefore I beg to add that I cannot give you leave to accept the situation which Thackeray has proposed to you. I have written in a decisive manner agreeable to the request which you make to your mother. I should feel exceedingly sorry if you did not vigorously persevere with your own studies, for three or four years to come. During that period you ought not to think of anything but improving yourself, and then I trust you will be qualified to instruct others. When I say you ought not to think of anything, I pray God that you may at all times remember to pay full attention to the "one thing needful." It is probable that you might have been induced to think

of leaving the University, and going into a situation which might procure for you money, out of the praiseworthy motive of saving our money ; but your dear mother and myself both feel ready to furnish you with the money which may be necessary to promote your advantage, and we are both pleased to see in your letter, when speaking of your bills, "but hereafter I will do my utmost to keep my bills low." I know it is difficult to avoid company altogether, but the more you are to yourself, there will be the less waste both of time and money.

Shortly afterwards, his mother wrote :—

My dear John,—Your father, according to your request, wrote an immediate answer to your proposal (of entering at once on your own resources), and sent it direct by post. I hope and believe your motive was good to exonerate us from further disbursements on your account, and therefore feel obliged to you, and it will be a great comfort to me if you can reassure me respecting some doubts that have arisen in my too suspicious mind of the *possibility* of your being further influenced thereto by a diffidence of your own strength of mind (now you find your company courted) to withstand the temptation of wasting more time and money on society than you found yourself inclined to the first year. This is a snare many men fall into who have no other reason for making more acquaintances than having lived longer at the University, and in consequence their expenses are higher and their place lower in the classes the second year than the first. I write not so much from any cause of distrust of your good dispositions, but I know your abilities particularly tend to make you an agreeable companion ; you have been considered such from a child, therefore you require peculiar motives for resistance, and the consideration that your future well-doing and our consequent happiness in you depends on your present self-denial will, I think, be powerful enough to enable you to act as we wish. Remember, the highest in the classes are not generally the men whose powers have been most shown

in company, but who have been noted as *book-worms*. We look to your obtaining, after you have taken your degree, a better situation than £200 a year in London, where your maintenance and lodging would keep you *poor*, and which would finally put an end to your name appearing with any credit in the Calendar.

These letters had the desired effect. John Allen wrote a penitent letter to his father, and the negotiation for the time came to an end. But the intimacy with Thackeray continued until the latter left Cambridge at the close, I believe, of one year's residence, and was afterwards renewed in London. Any one who knew the subject of this memoir and has studied "Vanity Fair" will recognize his portrait, *mutatis mutandis*, in the simple-minded, chivalrous Major Dobbin of the greatest novel of this century.

But that Allen, even as an undergraduate, was not wholly engrossed in literary pursuits or social pleasures, some of the following extracts from his diary will suffice to show :—

February 3, 1830.—Began looking over . . . essay. Finished that when — came in. We had some conversation, when I affected him to tears. He went away with a determination to-morrow to lead a new life. Prayed for him. B—— and myself afterwards in tears. I really hope that I have done some good, as God's vile instrument, in their hearts. O Lord, grant that it may be so ; that it may be found hereafter that I have not lived in vain.

Again, on the 7th of the same month, he writes :—

After chapel A—— came up. Expressed some doubts of Christ being God ; read over St. Matthew together, and he was convinced. Went to bed very late, but I hope that the day was not spent in vain.

It is clear that the writer had carried the piety of his childhood into his University career. Throughout the diary occur passages full of deep thankfulness to God for the blessings bestowed upon him and self-reproach for his imperfections and sins.

Under the date of January 4, 1830, he writes :—

Up very late ; wasted my time. Alas ! alas ! how soon one falls out if one begins to walk a little in the right path. This comes of being self-confident and thinking that we are able to stand by ourselves. “ Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.” O God, I know that I am weak ; I can do nothing without Thee. Pour down on Thy servant the outflowings of Thy Holy Spirit, so that I may be preserved in the way of righteousness.

During more than one Long Vacation he and Alford read together at Portsmouth with Mr. Peter Mason. Whilst there he writes on one occasion :—

Up late ; after breakfast went to Mason's ; read some Newton. Went over the dockyard ; after dinner read a little Plato. After tea went down to Southsea ; talked about slang, school roughening manners, etc. I have been reading in Doddridge's “ Rise and Progress ” of the case of God's hiding His Face from us. How blessed I am, and how thankful I ought to be that I never recollect this happening to me ; but although numberless times I have wandered from Him in sin and error, He has ever been the kindest Father to me, receiving me with open arms, did I but think of Him ; supplying my soul with holy thoughts, did I but ask for them ; and sometimes wrapping my soul in transports on reflection of His mercy to me, more especially in holding out the means of grace and hope of glory.

August 9, 1830.—Up just after six ; read Aristotle, and after breakfast began reading and writing out the second section of Newton ; read also a little integral calculus.

Dined at three; afterwards read an hour at Plato, and then went to work; asymptotes with Alford at Mason's for two hours. After tea walked down to the room. Music; met Blakesley there, who told us he had hired the boat for six weeks for £3; after return read Soph. "Œd. Col.," for two hours. I have been thinking that, amongst other blessings, surely it is not the least that, while the arrows of affliction have been flying around me on my friends, I have been graciously shielded from them. Yet the Bible says, "He that is not chastened by the Lord is a bastard, not His son." O Lord, I beseech Thee that it be not so with me. What have I but Thee? I have nothing on earth that I desire in comparison of Thee. "O Lord, grant that it may evermore be so."

August 28.—Read Plato: very fine.

If one's soul, as it were in the archives of eternity, ere this world was created, could look forward in bodies hereafter to be animated and see the different ages of the world in different countries, how high a prize in the lottery of life would it conceive it to be to be born as I have been born! Did I often think of this, perhaps God might so prosper the contemplation of it to make me employ every instant of time, so that, of all blessings which have been afforded me, I might lose none.

August 26.—I cannot tell how it is, but certainly I have a secret wish to be thought clever. This is vanity and folly of the lowest order; it is mean; yea, more, it is wicked. O Lord, grant me, I beseech Thee, power to be careless, entirely careless, about the world's opinion in matters indifferent, so that I, ever keeping my eye fixed on better things, may pass through this life as a pilgrimage in very deed most transitory.

August 25.—Read Conic Sections till eleven a.m. I begin to like Newton excessively; his mighty genius throws, as it were, an atmosphere of delight around him, which if you can reach to, oh, how pleasing it is to snuff. This is nonsense; yet not quite so. When St. Paul says, "What I would I do not, and what I would not, that I do,"

what a comfort it is for us poor sinners to trust wholly to God, and not suffer evil thoughts, casually arising in the mind, to discourage us, since he who fought the good fight and is now a glorified saint felt sin so severely warring against the spirit. Lord, may all this work right!

September 30, 1830.—After dinner read Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection;" talked with Alford about publishing, in concert, a Commentary on the Bible, extracted from olden English divines. I am often afraid that when I think of becoming a clergyman, I am not wholly without thoughts of entering the Church as it were for a maintenance; yet at other times I feel confident that I could be most fully contented with mere simple sustenance for my hire; and, O Lord, do Thou so temper my soul that I may be wholly regardless of temporal possessions, and thus press forward cheerfully through poverty to attain the riches where neither rust nor moth doth corrupt.

November 30, 1830.—*Virgilium vidi!* This day I saw William Wordsworth.

With his set, and, indeed, then and always with all who knew him well, and who understood the seriousness of life, no man was more popular than John Allen. For besides the intelligent interest which he took in the pursuit of others and the subjects which occupied them, he was quick to recognize excellence wheresoever it was to be found, and most ready to listen to advice. On August 10, 1830, he writes:—

This day Alford gave me a bit of advice. There are few persons indeed who ever did me this kindness. I hope that I shall be truly grateful for it.

He concludes the passage thus:—

Thought much of dear Fitzgerald; there are some bright spots in every one's life, which are not only most

sweet to look back upon, but affect us for the remainder of it, so as to make us perceptibly happier, and perhaps better. I have many such. My intercourse with most dear Fitzgerald is not one of the least brilliant. O God, my blessings are beyond all that any one could be worthy of, much less I—wicked, foolish I.

Shortly afterwards Fitzgerald was passing through Southampton, and Allen, with a companion, walked from Portsmouth to see him. On reaching his hotel they found that he had gone to bed. Under the date of the next day, Allen writes :—

Got up and went to Fitzgerald's room, who jumped and almost cried for joy to see me, dear affectionate fellow ! After breakfast, though very stiff, walked with him to Netley Abbey, and tried to make him steady in his views on religion.

Pleasant chat about Cambridge men ; walked about the town with him, and saw, after dinner, the sun set most gloriously over the hills and waters. Thought not a little of Fitzgerald.

What Fitzgerald thought of him may best be told in his own words, which I quote from a letter written a few years later :—

Come, I don't believe that your marriage will make any great difference in you after all ; and when I meet you I shall not be able to offend you by many loose and foolish things that I am accustomed to scatter about heedlessly when I meet you with others. I always repent me of having done so, but the joy of meeting you puts me into that tip-top merriment that makes me sin ; if I only loved you half as well, my conversation would be blameless to you. But you forgive me ; and it is almost sad to me to think that I shall never be able to sin, and repent again in that fashion.

Again he wrote, some three years afterwards :—

August, 1837.

My dear Allen,—You, with your accustomed humility, asked me if I did not think you changed when I was last in London. Never did I see man less so ; indeed, you stand on too sure a footing to change, I am persuaded. But you will not thank me for telling you these things ; but I wish you to believe that I rejoice as much as ever in the thought of you, and feel confident that you will ever be to me the same best of friends that you ever have been. I owe more to you than to all others put together. I am sure, for myself, that the main difference in our opinions (considered so destructive to friendship by so many pious men) is a difference in the understanding, not in the heart ; and though you may not agree entirely in this, I am confident that it will never separate you from me.

In one of the books into which some of the more important documents received by my father-in-law used to be copied, is a letter from Archdeacon Groome, dated June 20, 1883, and beginning thus :—

Alas ! yes. It is dear Edward Fitzgerald who is gone. He left his home, which he has called of late “ Little Grange,” to visit George Crabbe, Rector of Merton, in Norfolk, only last Wednesday. It was a long journey, and the day was hot. They thought him looking very tired when he reached them, and observed that he did not talk so freely as was his wont in the course of the evening. He went to bed about ten. Next morning, George Crabbe knocked at his door about eight, and hearing no reply went in, and found him lying as if peaceably asleep, but quite dead. He had been so for some hours. It was the death he wished for, heart disease, and apparently painless.

Throughout life my father-in-law had many differences of opinion and sharp encounters in the

press and in public meetings with other men ; but, though he may have made enemies, I am not aware that he ever lost a friend. He sometimes thought that men whom he had trusted no longer deserved his confidence, and then he did not hesitate to let them know that his view of their character had been altered. But neither time nor distance chilled his affection for those whom he had loved in youth or early manhood. With some of his college friends he kept up a correspondence in after life ; with some he interchanged visits. From Spedding he received two complete series of his works, one dated 1857, the other 1878, as a token of his warm and undiminished regard.

In a volume of the first edition, on the blank leaves at the close of Bacon's "Essays," I have found carefully transcribed, in large handwriting, a letter from the editor. The location of the copy appears to show the philosophical value which my father-in-law attached to its contents.

80, Westbourne Terrace, London, W., March 13, 1871.

My dear Allen,—I have not seen more than the outside of Darwin's last book, and only heard in general of what is in the inside. I cannot say that it is a subject which especially interests me. All investigations into the nature of things are, of course, to be approved and encouraged, because it is impossible to know what may not depend upon them, or how nearly we may be affected by the knowledge of things that seem so remote from all our concerns. Therefore I would give a man like Darwin, whom I take to be an honest and earnest man, every facility I could for the pursuit of his inquiries. But they are not inquiries that I should put down high in my own private list of the things I want to know. As at present advised I find a

great many other things which it *seems* to me much more important that I should know. From what I hear of Darwin's book I gather that it tends to the conclusion that man, instead of having been made at once out of clay, and made perfect in his present form and faculties, was originally an animal of inferior construction, and that he has arrived at his present condition through a long struggle bequeathed from sire to son through an immense tract of time, against the disadvantages of his birth. If so, I think he deserves the greater credit, and we have reason to be very proud of our remote ancestors ; and very hopeful also for our remote progeny. For if the present race has had virtue enough to grow out of ape into man, why may it not yet grow out of man into angel ? But at the same time the thing does not come near enough to me to interest me. If the spirit and the faculty which have achieved so enormous a victory are still within us, and if I have my share of them, I presume that I shall contribute my share to the victories that are yet in store for us in virtue of that spirit and faculty, without knowing how I came by it. I am here this thing I am ; a being with a conscience, looking before and after, believing that I have duties for the performance of which I am accountable to God. What matter it whether I have grown to be what I am out of a monkey or out of a lump of earth ? They tell me, indeed, that if men should ever be convinced that they have grown in course of nature out of monkeys they will be unable to believe in a future state. Why not ? If the human understanding, and conscience, and imagination, and aspiration after immortality have come by development out of the original brute, why not the immortality itself ? I do not know, nor do I much care, whether my remotest ancestors were monkeys, but I have every reason to believe that I was myself originally not better than a *homunculus* (see "Tristram Shandy"), and I believe it is not generally thought that I was then possessed of the title to immortality. It is true there was the germ. But so there was (if Darwin's doctrine be true) in the monkey. I cannot

see, therefore, how Darwin's inquiries can even seem to tend to the conclusion "that the universal frame is without a mind," except as the discovery of second causes seems to some people a negative of the first cause, in cases where they have been accustomed to think that God acted immediately. I have no doubt there was a time when a scientific exposition of the conditions necessary to produce a flash of lightning would have seemed very dangerous to pious men, who had been accustomed to believe that thunder was the angry voice of God, and lightning the blow of His arm. But we see that belief in God has survived the establishment of that scientific discovery; and I think the belief in a mind governing the universe will survive the discovery (if it should prove a discovery) that the design of the Creator was that the creatures should develop themselves by their own virtue and industry.

Mr. Mazzinghi, the curator of the Salt Library at Stafford, writes to me :—

Not only by me, but by many others of widely different classes of undergraduates, was he affectionately greeted—men who spent their time far less conscientiously, and in manners widely different. Our hearts went forth to him from his simplicity of manner, thought, and action, and his earnestness and straightforwardness; the interest, even, which he seemed to take in those of our doings in which he did not share; his firm and uncompromising adhesion to views in which he had been bred, upon all matters appealing to principles that formed the loadstar of his life. Of all whom I have known he seems to me to have most preserved to the end his identity of feature and of character.

His rooms at Trinity were up a double or treble flight of steps in the central tower, and on the west side of the Great Court. Thackeray's rooms were in the same court, but on the ground floor, just one set of chambers removed from the chapel. Both outer doors were perforated, we understood, so as to give access to cats to and from, and

I think that Allen's had two openings, one large and one small, for the same alleged purpose. It was said of both Allen's and Thackeray's rooms that they had lodged Sir Isaac Newton. I do not know upon what authority, or whether more than hearsay or an undergraduate joke.

I remember once being at Allen's rather late one night with other friends, and on leaving we said we would give Thackeray a turn; and finding he had retired to rest, but had left his "oak unsported," we entered and made all kinds of unearthly noises as a charivari to him. He called out, and we replied in feigned voices, mine being a falsetto. Whereupon he threw open his door, and we could mark in the obscurity a gigantic figure advancing wrapped in white towards us, but having in his hand, it turned out, a powerful missile in the contents of his water-jug, which he threw in our direction, harmlessly, I think; at all events, no one of us ever, that I know, admitted having been reached. Thackeray, indeed, chuckled rather over his revenge, and next day inquired which of us had spoken in the thin voice, for, he said, him he had well dowsed. I had personal reasons for knowing the contrary. I mention this anecdote because I thought that Allen had been one of the charivari party, but on reminding the Archdeacon at Prees of the occurrence fifteen years ago, he at once disavowed all solidarity in, and even all memory of the affair, and that somewhat indignantly. His repudiation I accept, and must rather blame my indistinct recollection of facts then not very far short of half a century old.

Indeed, his general propriety of conduct was exemplary, as was his truthfulness always. Had he been present at the frolic he could not have forgotten how comical it all was, and how our youthful vagaries were gracefully condoned by W. Makepeace Thackeray, because he thought himself adequately compensated by the inundation!

And this leads me to make another remark. That I should have seemed to remember such a wild prank as one in which it was possible that our dear friend took part implies that there certainly was an inherent playfulness in

his character (of the Johnson kind), notwithstanding the general seriousness of his life and avocations. A playfulness there certainly was ; and I never light upon the passage in Boswell, where the biographer represents Johnson as rising from his bed in the Temple at an undue hour to the summons of his younger friends to go with them, and replying, " Well, you young dogs, I will have a spree with you," than I think of Allen and his own odd grimace when the anecdote was read to him.

We used to pay evening visits to Allen sometimes in his tower, and most often found him in winter time close to the fire, with his knees crossed, and his feet almost in the fender, and some huge folio open upon his knees. Folios seemed always his delight. I could not ignore the likeness to the John Allen of my youth when, more than forty years afterwards, I saw lying open at Prees, upon his library table, a large Dutch volume, Katz's " Emblems," with profuse woodcuts. And this reminds me that he was fond of seeing Thackeray sketching likenesses at his table, and I think he also used the pencil himself in moments of leisure.

Of Thackeray's abilities as novelist and humorist, Allen had a very high opinion ; he thought him the best writer of the century in those particulars.

Milton was then his favourite author, whose throne, he thought, admitted no participation. Carne said, " Yes, but the wonderful naturalness of Shakespeare !" Allen replied, " Natural ! Milton was divine." In those days a new edition of Milton's prose works was attracting attention. These he did not so much like, and, I believe, he then almost suspected the genuineness of some of them that touched upon religious subjects. Channing and Unitarianism he turned away from. He never tired of talking about Dr. Johnson. Bishop Earle's " Microcosmographic " he introduced to me. I remember even the tone and emphatic manner in which he read to me one day, at my rooms, the following words upon a child :—" His father has written him as his own little story, wherein he recollects days that he had almost forgotten, and sighs to think what innocence he has outlived."

In the course of a long life I have needed, and I have had, many friends, and dear friends too, but of all that have gone from me I hardly look back upon the memory of one with feelings of such unmixed satisfaction as that of Archdeacon Allen.

In the study where I am writing stands a large deep armchair, old but most substantial, into which a tired man feels an irresistible temptation to drop, and from which it is always an effort to rise. It is valuable to me not so much from its comfortableness as from its associations ; for it represents the attraction to repose which the thoughtful kindness of my father-in-law's Cambridge friends provided for him. In his room at Trinity no approach to such an *article de luxe* was to be found ; so, on his leaving the University, Fitzgerald and Spedding and a few others clubbed together to supply him with a continual reminder that man was made for rest as well as work.

But, many and sincere as were his friends, his mother was not of opinion that they were always an advantage to him. She was by no means persuaded that the multitude of counsellors and well-wishers were a perfect guarantee for wisdom. Towards the close of his University course, when some of them had been offering to obtain an Indian appointment for him, she wrote :—

Your dear father and myself are both much afraid that the kindness of your friends, and your own praiseworthy wishes to provide for yourself, may render you less capable of doing so as advantageously as you would be likely to do if your mind were at present fixed *wholly* on making the best of the present valuable moments to gain all the knowledge possible to place your name high on the examination lists ; as that testimonial, added to the valuable

power you have of attaching persons to your interest, would, we think, very likely give you the offer of situations, after you have taken your degree, as desirable as an East Indian chaplaincy. At all events, we both think it a pity you should now *form any* decision. We wish you now to think only of serving your Heavenly Father, and aiming at as high a degree as possible. When that is over it will be seen what situation is attainable, and time enough then to consider and choose between them. If the hope of being of comfort to dear Charles influences your wishes, it is a pity, as it is improbable that either of you can choose your place of duty, and, without that, what prospects can there be of your ever seeing each other?

The danger which she dreaded passed away, but only to be replaced by another. Reading parties lead at times to undesigned results. During the Long Vacation of 1831, whilst under the tuition of Mr. Mason, Allen was introduced to a Miss Higgins, and before leaving Portsmouth had arrived at such an understanding with her as led him to regard himself as engaged. This fact he communicated to his father, who, believing that his son had been guilty of grievous imprudence, wrote to him on September 21, 1831:—

“I must confess your letter has caused me not only great surprise, but much anxiety and uneasiness, for I am persuaded, if your mind is occupied with the perfections of the lady, you will be utterly incapacitated for the hard study necessary for securing the small independence you look to as income sufficient to enable you to marry her.

The sum of £350 per annum is great poverty for maintaining a wife and family, except in such a cheap county as Pembrokeshire, and what prospect have you of making (like Birkett) that sum in such a county? If you were in Priests’ Orders and in the actual receipt of £300 per annum,

with a prospect of its continuance, and the lady's parents were willing to give her the addition you mention, I should consider you very fortunate, if her character and disposition are such as you imagine ; but till that time arrives I think her friends will be of my opinion, that your being under an engagement is not for the happiness of either of you, and your entering into a correspondence will naturally detach your mind from your books. I imagine her friends would also object to a correspondence, and for her to do it without their consent is inconsistent with the character you have given of her. I therefore earnestly beg you not to allow your mind to dwell on the subject contained in your letter, or any other which is likely to interfere with your Senate House examination, on which depends your degree at Cambridge.

I consider it the most prudent, as well as the least painful to both parties, for you to return to college as soon as possible.

The Mr. Birkett of whom mention is made in this letter had for a few months helped John Allen in his studies, and was useful to him in other ways.

He taught me (wrote Allen in after years) to love Barrow, and to see that there was a matter of interest in the differential calculus. He came to St. Florence to do the will of Him that sent him, not in a spirit of self-assertion, but taking cheerfully the lowest place. He was one of the holdfasts of society. All that came under his happy influence were, as I think, helped and stirred up to love and good works.

It is doubtful whether Allen ever saw his father after receiving the remonstrance in regard to his proposed engagement to Miss Higgins. In the previous Easter term he had kept the statutable exercise in the Arts School for his degree ; and as at that time those who performed their exercise to

the satisfaction of the moderators were, whatever else might be the result of their further examination, quite sure to pass, though he might now be "gulphed," he could not be "plucked." At Christmas, 1831, he again went to read at Portsmouth, intending, in the following January, to go in for his Senate House examination; but a few days before it began he heard that the father to whom he was so tenderly attached, but whose displeasure he had lately incurred, had died suddenly on the 31st of December, from angina pectoris. At first, in a fit of almost passionate despondency, he resolved to take no part in the examination; but a friend, knowing his skill in the solution of problems illustrative of the mathematical law of probabilities, induced him to try his hand at a paper on that subject. Then, I suppose, having broken the ice, he sat through the remainder of the examination, for he came out eighteenth senior optime. Francis Martin, one of the moderators, afterwards stated that Allen's mathematical abilities were much more considerable than could be inferred from his place in the tripos. On the 23rd of January his mother wrote to him: "I am thankful that, after the shock you received the last week of reading, your place is so respectable." She and his father had in almost every letter been urging him to work with a view to academical distinction; rules of health, warnings against company, earnest entreaties to avoid all unnecessary distractions, formed the chief subject of their communications with him; and when at length the time to which they had both so long and so eagerly looked forward arrived, one of them was

taken, and thus indirectly became the unconscious obstacle to the full realization of his hopes, whilst his sudden death plunged the other who was left into such deep distress as to take from the bitterness of a disappointment of which that death was itself the cause.

In Allen's diary for 1832 there is no entry from January 2nd to 21st. Then there is simply, "Admitted to degree of B.A. Left Cambridge for London at two p.m., with Sansum;" and the first reference to his father's death is on January 26th, when he writes:—

I, alas! have not written in my journal for nearly a month, and a mighty change has taken place in all my feelings in that short time. My father is dead; but I must not and will not mourn for him now. I will strive by God's grace so to act that hereafter I may meet him in that state of bliss to which he, through Christ's sacrifice, has attained.



CHAPTER IV.

MARRIAGE—ORDINATION—LITERARY WORK.

“Grave natures led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands.”—BACON’S *Essays on Marriage and Single Life*.

“Learn to win a lady’s faith
Nobly, as the thing is high,
Bravely, as for life and death,
With a loyal gravity.

“Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies ;
Guard her, by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship’s flatteries.

“By your truth she shall be true,
Ever true, as wives of yore ;
And her *yes*, once said to you,
SHALL be Yes for evermore.”

E. B. BROWNING.

SOME of John Allen’s nearest friends were anxious that, before leaving the University, he should sit for examination in the classical tripos. He seems, however, most probably with a view of avoiding unnecessary expense, to have decided against the plan, and went direct, in the beginning of 1832, to the situation for which Thackeray had urged him to apply two years before. The post was that of second master in a proprietary school in Pimlico,

standing at the west end of Eaton Square, and then presided over by the Rev. Thomas Sheepshanks, afterwards of Coventry. It was known as St. Peter's School. His connection with this school soon ceased; but it led to his being appointed Mathematical Lecturer at King's College in the Strand, a then new institution of which high hopes were entertained, and of which Dr. Otter, a future Bishop of Chichester, Mr. Hugh James Rose, who died prematurely, and Mr. Lonsdale, a future Bishop of Lichfield, were the first three Principals.

During the Long Vacation of the year he acted as private tutor to the son of Sir John Buchan of Athlone. Some letters addressed to him by Lady Buchan, who was a person of great culture, and for whom he entertained a warm affection, have been preserved. A passage from the first of them that I have been able to find sounds somewhat amusing at this present day. It bears date the 3rd of July, 1833, and was written from Portland Place.

Dear Sir,—I propose leaving town to-morrow morning, and hope to have the pleasure of receiving you and my son at Athlone on the 13th. I have a letter from Sir John, who strongly recommends my going by the railroad, and says it would be a great pity that you and Mark should miss the opportunity of seeing it, as there is no danger for those who remain quietly in the carriage. I have therefore made up my mind to adopt this plan, and have no objection to my son's doing so, if you find it agreeable and convenient.

Sir John would seem to have been on the track of Mr. Bright's remarkable discovery, that one of the safest places on the face of the earth is the middle compartment of a first-class railway carriage.

Mr. Allen does not appear to have kept a diary for any length of time after leaving the University, but in a book, with a few notes in it, I find the following entries :—

November 20, 1833.—Having felt that, with God's grace preventing me, I may do all things, although of myself I can do nothing, but must, if I let go my trust in Him, fall into every sort of wickedness, I have determined to set down on paper the resolutions I make, the dates and occasions of them, in humble trust that by frequent perusal of them, with the assistance of the Holy Spirit, I may be enabled to fulfil them.

I resolve therefore that I will endeavour constantly—

November 17.—(1) To look upon God as a Shepherd continually employed in seeking after me, a lost and wandering sheep.

(2) To pray to God for the power of His grace to enable me to overcome all my spiritual enemies, my lusts, my evil habits, the devil, and the world.

November 20.—(3) To derive my earthly happiness solely from the happiness of others ; to have a constant eye, first, to the spiritual good of all men, and next to their temporal pleasure and convenience. This, too, only in the hope of that reward which shall be given to all faithful servants at the last day, and for the sake of Him Who so loved us, while we were yet sinners, that He gave Himself to die for us.

November 27.—(4) To consider the continuance of life a blessing, and to act as if I esteemed it as such.

December 22, 1833.—My Ordination. (5) To read over the Ordination Service continually, and to pray God to enable me to adhere literally to every letter I have therein vowed.

Barrow's Sermons. "To pray to God to enable me to be continually sensible of His presence."

Tillotson's Life. "To be convinced that the most

charitable judgment I can form of other men is the most just."

B. W. Noel's Sermon. "To look continually to Jesus as having died for *my* sins, as now making intercession for me in Heaven during every moment that my life is spared, and as being my friend, ever ready to give me joy by His converse."

Barrow's Sermons. "To take advantage of every opportunity that presents itself to my mind of kneeling down and praying to God to enable me to place my whole dependence upon Him, as considering that whenever the thought crosses me that I may gain fresh supplies of grace from Him Who is the fountain of all blessing, that thought has been graciously vouchsafed to me by the Holy Ghost as a means to lead me to glory, and must be acted upon immediately, unless I would run the risk of doing despite to the Spirit."

M. Henry's Exposition. "To be assured that I cannot expect too little from man or too much from God."

B. W. Noel's Sermon. "To pray God constantly to be convinced of Him that it is my sin that I do not love Jesus my Saviour more."

Dean of St. Paul's Sermon (Dr. Copleston). "To be continually sensible of my folly in that, when I am so soon to be dismissed from this life to go I know not where, I take no more pains to make myself friends, who shall help me in that destitute condition. Oh that I may be as wise as the unjust steward!"

B. W. Noel's Sermon. "To wait constantly upon God, so that although I still find sin within me, and therefore can as yet have no sure ground of hope that I am a child of God, I will still pray to Him to deliver me, as this very sinfulness, and inability to help myself to reform my life, is my greatest plea, my most certain ground of expectation that the time will come when all sin will be completely mortified within me; and although He make me wait long, even all my days, I have no choice, I must still trust to Him that He will cleanse me even at the hour of death, if

He do it not before ; therefore with David my thoughts still shall be, 'My soul truly waiteth still upon God : for of Him cometh my salvation.' O Lord, make me patient, but make me persevering ! and then take Thine own time."

W. Perkins on 11th chap. Hebr. "To pray constantly for more humility, and for a settled desire for reconciliation through Christ Jesus to that God Whom I have offended all my life long."

Bishop D. Sandford's Diary. "To be more diligent in my work while health and freedom from pain are granted to me, lest night come—a night of suffering here when I cannot work."

Bather's Sermons. The best pleas in prayer are those which are taken from God's honour ; they who really desire that the glory of God may not be sullied are never disappointed in the end. O Lord, for Jesus' sake, grant that this may be my sole desire !"

There are some other entries in the same book under later dates. Then, with a wide interval of blank pages, are written out the following "Maxims of Worldly Prudence." I give them, not because I regard them as original, for below them is given the name of the book whence they are taken, but because they seem to me valuable and supply the rule of much of my father-in-law's own conduct :—

The less you claim the more you will have.

Keep your temper.

Be slow to take and never give offence in official correspondence, and abstain even from doubtful expressions.

You cannot have too much consideration for others in your manner of action. *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*

Humility is the cure for many a heartache. Take proper care of your reputation, and yet be content to be judged at last.

When a question is once decided, whatever difference of opinion may have existed, discussion should give way to hearty co-operation.

See that you have footing before you step; and yet, where the object is desirable, it is not all failure that seems to fail.

Temper and perseverance in prayer will always succeed for a right cause. Do not mind clamour when you have right on your side. Improvement proceeds slowly.

If you have only bad tools you had better not work at all; your tools break in your hands and cut your fingers.

In recommending new systems, people are apt to think that mankind are mere machines on which it is harmless to make experiments.

Never show a slight to any one, however humble.

All the writing in the world will not put people right who do not know or will not learn how to go about a thing.—Sir T. Munro's *Life*, ch. xv.

On the opposite page to that on which these maxims are written are the following words:—

Our living comfortably with others depends most on not offending their tastes. We must avoid criticising them and managing them. They are not we.

A true man does not think what his hearers are feeling, but what he is saying.

Our sincerity should have kindness in it.

Men derive more pleasure and profit from having superiors than from having inferiors.

It does not appear at what date these sentences were entered, but in any case they are interesting as a key to much, not only of the writer's public, but of his domestic life. Happily his engagement had not been broken off, and the marriage to which it led was not, as his father feared it might be, an imprudent

act. The lady whom he had chosen sympathized with his religious views, encouraged him in his work, and was possessed of thorough practical common sense, with a great capacity for business. But for her, I tremble to think what my father-in-law would have become. Always caring for others, never for himself, with only one personal extravagance, but that a very serious one, a love of books, he must, without some external restraint, have soon become penniless. I cannot conceive of his ever running into debt ; but he would, I suspect, have been constantly out of elbows, a better-looking, more vivacious, clerical, English Dominie Sampson, tenderly attached to folios, and constantly exclaiming, when anything surprised him—not “Prodigious!” but, “It is very admonitory.”

Miss Higgins was one of three sisters. The eldest had already married a Mr. Owen, well known as an architect in Portsmouth ; another was afterwards to marry his brother, still better known as a clergyman, who was at one time Incumbent of St. Mary's, Bilston, and afterwards Vicar of St. Jude's, Chelsea. He was a man of kindly nature, a capital lecturer, with a keen sense of humour, and an excellent man of business. Whenever I hear the clergy charged with being unpractical and unversed in the affairs of this world, he, with the late Dr. Miller of Birmingham, and others amongst my brethren, comes before my mind in disproof of the accusation. There are clergymen and clergymen, as there are laymen and laymen ; and it is my firm conviction that J. B. Owen would have proved an admirable Chancellor of the Exchequer, if he had

not been a parson and had succeeded in getting into Parliament. He started clubs and savings banks, and had to do with many financial undertakings in the interest of others, and he never failed to secure their success. If he touched any institution it was sure to thrive. Even the Polytechnic revived under his fostering care.

Mr. Higgins was living with his two unmarried daughters at Droxford, Alton, Hants. Some mention is made of him in the following characteristic letter from his future son-in-law to his mother :—

King's College, London, June 22, 1834.

I hope that if Mr. Higgins does come to Lamphrey you will not ask him to make any settlement on his daughter. I would sooner part with all the money I am ever likely to have, than run the risk of the slightest unpleasantness arising between yourself and him. It would destroy all my worldly happiness if there should be any uneasiness between you, and I would make any sacrifice to prevent the smallest risk of it. I think he has behaved very handsomely. . . . You know what vexation it has caused at ——. There the demur was made on the side of the lady's friends ; here, I hope, where all is fair weather in that quarter, you will not, dearest mother, run the smallest risk of doing anything which must so seriously affect my comfort. My dearest mother, I hope you will pardon me for having presumed to write to you in any way telling you what course I wished you to adopt. This is a very sad distortion of the order of things, but I was afraid you would speak to Mr. Higgins on this subject, anxious for what you thought my welfare, without knowing what sort of a person he is. He is one of the most liberal persons I have ever known, and I am sure that, should it please God that I should be removed from the world before you are, he would [not] lay any burden you would think unfair upon you.

I remember well my first interview with Archdeacon Allen. On the morning of St. Thomas's Day, 1858, having passed my examination for Deacons' Orders, I was in the churchyard at Eccleshall, nervously waiting for the beginning of the most solemn service in which I had ever taken part. My clerical costume had been lost *en route*, and I was in rather unbecoming mufti, feeling more uncomfortable than I have often felt before or since, when a tall dignitary, with flashing eyes and black hair, bore down upon me, and, without giving me time to make any explanation, rated me soundly for my impertinence. Possibly an eye-glass which I used then to wear, instead of the more sober spectacles which have since been substituted for it, provoked him, and strengthened his suspicion that I lacked a sufficiently strong faith in the conventional attire of his order. It was some time before he stopped to take breath, and I was able to assure him that it was not my impudence, but my carelessness, which was to blame. This pacified him; and I forgave him as a Christian. But I have not forgotten his scolding, and have therefore peculiar pleasure in giving the following extract from a letter written shortly after his marriage :—

White Hart, Salisbury, August 2, 1834.

I was unfortunate enough in my journey up to lose my carpet-bag, which was taken out of the mail at Swansea. I did not discover its absence till we arrived at the passage, but as I wrote to the proprietor that same evening from Bristol to beg them to forward it to Lamphey, I have good hope of its arriving there before myself. At all events, Jos says I can recover the loss, inasmuch as I saw it put into the front boot at Caermarthen. I was with Mrs. M——

and therefore, from the near view of her sorrow, the inconvenience I was put [to] by this mishap seemed absolutely of no importance. As it was, I bought some linen and dressing apparatus at Bristol, together with some cloth for a pair of trousers, which were duly made on the following day at Droxford. I arrived at the latter place about half-past seven on the morning of Wednesday, after a very pleasant journey, and, to my great joy, found all the family well. . . . The morning of Thursday opened with rain, but we walked to the wedding, as it just cleared a little at half-past eight, the appointed hour, although it came on to rain so much while we were in church that we returned in carriages, of which, as Mr. Dusantoy had driven over from Exton in the morning with his son and daughter, there were abundance. There were a party of twelve of us. I was very much pleased with the clergyman. He read the whole of the service—the sermon at the end as well, which, I believe, is unusual ; but it was done with such affectionate solemnity that we were all pleased. Some of the ladies shed a few tears in silence, but everything went off well. After the service, before the breakfast, Mr. Dusantoy officiated at family prayer. He read the third chapter of Colossians, and concluded with a most beautiful extempore prayer. We had an early luncheon-dinner at half-past one, and started in about an hour afterwards in a post-chaise to Southampton, where we took a walk for a couple of hours and had tea. The next morning we came on to Salisbury, by a day coach, after breakfast. We saw the cathedral before dinner to great advantage, as the evening service was being performed while we walked up and down the aisles, where there are some very beautiful monuments by Flaxman, and the finest recumbent modern statue I think I have ever seen, by Chantry, of the late Lord Malmesbury. In the evening we walked out to Bemerton (George Herbert's) Church. You may judge that I am in the midst of happiness, which will be a good deal increased by the expected joy of seeing you, dearest mother, next Wednesday morning, and presenting to you a daughter who sends you

her kindest love, and who, I hope, is almost worthy of such a mother.

The marriage was a singularly happy one. He needed, as the loss of his wedding garments shows, some one to look after him, and he found what he needed; what is more, he knew and acknowledged that he had found it. To the very last hour of his life he was a lover rather than a husband, or perhaps I ought to say he was a husband without ceasing to be a lover. Courteous to strangers, he was even more courteous, if possible, to those of his own household; chivalrous to all women, he was more chivalrous to his own wife than to any other.

He was deeply pained if a light word was ever spoken in his hearing of married love. This was too sacred a thing to him to be the subject of a joke. The only apparent exception to this rule was a story which he used to tell in regard to a quaint old tombstone which stands in the churchyard at Burton and is sacred to the third husband of a lady who is said, on her way to the funeral, to have accepted her fourth, and when asked to marry some one else on her way back, to have replied, by way of consoling the unfortunate suitor, 'You are too late; but if I survive him, I will have five.' Even the telling of this anecdote was slightly out of character with Mr. Allen's usual view of women and tenderness to them. It was they, he maintained, that made all the sacrifices in marriage. In small things, as in great, he gave honour to the woman, as not only the weaker, but the fairer and more fragrant vessel. On January 1, 1879, he wrote in a letter to his daughter at Zanzibar:—

A sister cannot be the same to a man as a thoroughly good wife. It is not good for men to be alone. For women, if they can make up their minds to it, it is, as I think, safer for them not to marry. For unless the husband be perfection in all respects, trouble comes with double weight upon the wife. Whereas we men get everything we want by marriage—counsel, service, comfort.

The very first words copied into a book in which my father-in-law was accustomed to transcribe the more important letters which he either wrote or received are :—

Ampton, near Bury St. Edmund's, August 14, 1834.

My dear Allen,—I write immediately on hearing your direction, to congratulate you on the event I, in common with all our Cambridge coterie, have been delighted to hear of. So you are married ; and doesn't the world seem to have an end, and the ancient sayings of the prophets to be accomplished ? We bachelors go about in a constant state of seeking and imperfection. Our talk is of fellowships and pupils and such-like buffetings in the voyage of life ; but you, happy fellow, have made your port, and are safe in the haven where you would be, with your white sails in the sunshine. We are cheated out of our better feelings by the importunate calls of worldly studies ; you seem to have all the poetry of your life let loose upon you, and to have discovered an inexhaustible treasure of joy, quiet and unintermeddled with. I used to think I knew you, but you are grown double, and I only know half of you. Mysteries these, and deep things of life. May you, my dear fellow, never have a moment's cause to repent your having been initiated in them. I have often thought of the few minutes during which I had the pleasure of seeing you in town, and I hope the pleasure of many such may be reserved for us. You, I suppose, will continue your King's College situation, as I hear you have refused a curacy at Whitchurch in Shropshire, which I have been since on the

look-out for, being soon about to leave Ampton; but the circumstance of the rector residing has put me out of fancy with it. I am at present in suspense between some place near Gloucester, which Thorp has offered me, but has not yet told me the particulars of, and a curacy which Frere is about to leave near Colchester. As to my own love affair, it begins to draw to a close, I hope. Provided I can obtain a settled residence, I believe Easter is to be the time. Nineteen years' courtship and three years' engagement is, I should think, as long a time of pleasurable suspense as most people can look back upon. But I must go to my reading, so farewell. With every good wish and prayer for your present and future happiness, believe me, as ever,

Your very affectionate friend,
HENRY ALFORD.

From 1834 to 1846, Mr. and Mrs. Allen remained in London, where they lived, first in Milman Place, then in Great Coram Street, lastly in St. John's Wood. During that period, six out of their ten children were born to them, and one, the only one they ever lost, died at Bosherton.

To the last the Metropolis was an attraction to my father-in-law, not merely as the centre of our national life, but as connected with some of the tenderest memories of his own. It was in the early part of his residence there that Irving was rousing and astonishing the religious world of London. Amongst those who frequently listened to him was John Allen. On one occasion he even succeeded in gaining an entrance to a gathering when the gift of tongues was said to be bestowed. On asking for admission to it, however, he had been severely reproved by Irving, who said at first, "Do you want

to come to mock, young man?" Such, certainly, was very far from his intention. What impression was made upon him by the scene which he was allowed to witness, I have never learned; but for Irving himself he had the most profound admiration and the most sincere respect. Once, after leaving his Chapel, where the preacher, in impassioned language, had besought all to make it known, at whatever cost, to the scoffing enemies of the Cross that they were Christ's, enforcing his appeal by allusions to the cholera, which at that time was anticipated with dread, as it seemed to be rapidly approaching this country, Allen was walking home when his attention was arrested by seeing in the windows of a gas-lit gin palace, in large characters, these startling words, "D—— the Cholera!" The next morning, after earnestly considering what he ought to do, he went to the house, asked for the proprietor, and reproved him solemnly in the Name of God. The man, who at first appeared extremely angry, was struck by his boldness, and at length consented to take down the offensive bill.

Though Mr. Allen knew Carlyle, and saw enough in after years of Mrs. Carlyle to describe her as somewhat "acid," I am not aware that he ever met their friend Irving in private life. The extravagances of the famous preacher no doubt neutralized in a great measure the influence which his transparent piety was calculated to exert over a mind which believed all things and hoped all things, but which never lost either its balance or reserve in matters of the highest moment.

The teaching and practical holiness of George

Herbert and of William Law would much more approve themselves to Mr. Allen's judgment. In 1864 he wrote a biography of the famous nonjuror, as an introduction to the "Serious Call," for Mr. Routledge. Previously to this, in 1858, he had written a short life of Bunyan, as a preface to "The Pilgrim's Progress," and in 1838 had edited a treatise by Cudworth on "Free Will." His other literary efforts consisted of reports, sermons, charges; the publication of the "Legend of St. Christopher;" the publication of Albert Durer's prints, which he called "The Gospel for the Unlearned;" the compilation of the first penny hymn-book, alphabetically arranged; sundry pamphlets; and innumerable letters to the newspapers. He had a great belief in the power of the press, and urged strongly that it was the duty of the clergy to use so great an engine in the interests of religion. To the *Times* he was a frequent contributor; his letters used to appear in its columns upon a variety of subjects. Indeed when, on one occasion after he had become archdeacon, a communication of his was refused admission, he is said to have been somewhat aggrieved, and his disappointment drew forth the following lament from a warm friend and frequent correspondent:—

Received from ——— by J. A., at Prees, January 15, 1852.

A TALE OF THE *Times*,

A Sub-Tragique Vein of Mirth, yet fitted for
Amusement in this Festive Season.

Inscribed to the Venerable

ARCHDEACON ALLEN,

OF

PREES VICARAGE in shire of SALOP.

PART I.

Good people all, with one accord,
 Come, listen to my tale.
 I'll vouch it's true in every word ;
 Let not your credence fail.

It shows how disappointment waits
 On fairest hopes of man,
 And, e'en on triumph's verge, checkmates
 The best concerted plan !

There lived in Queen Victoria's days
 A priest exceeding able,
 Who showed ('twas thought in divers ways)
 That he was most unstable.

Against the papists stronger things
 Than he had written no man ;
 When, lo ! a change some crotchet brings
 And he's—himself a “ Roman ” !

And then by him it was professed
 That miracle pretences
 And fundamental tenets rest
 On kindred evidences.

Meanwhile there dwelt in Salopshire
 A vigilant Archdeacon,
 Who thought such fancies did require
 Disproof, and warning beacon.

And in those days was daily born
 A journal called the *Times*,
 Which spread its voice of every morn
 To earth's remotest climes.

And so the good Archdeacon thought
 'Twould mend mankind for ages
 Could ——'s freaks to task be brought
 In those world-leavening pages.

For much he reckoned, fancy fed,
 On wide-spread circulation,
 Whereby correctives might be spread
 Thro' every land and nation.

Unless it sped on giant wings,
 E'en such a work must fail,—
 But here the course of record brings
 The sorrows of my tale.

"Print in the **Times**, experience shows,"
 (Quoth he, nor heeded laughers),
 "And truth will reach the Esquimaux
 And humanize the Kaffirs.

"Where'er is man its voice will go—
 How can it fail to do so?
 Give me the **Times** for a *ποῦ στῶ*
Τὸν κόσμον καὶ κινήσω."

And so a friend supplied the stuff
 That was to do the work.
 Quoth the Archdeacon, "Tis enough
 For sceptic Jew or Turk!"

Off to the **Times** 'twas sent in glee (13th October, 1851)
 As sure to be inserted ;
 But hope for days could only see
 That it at least no hurt did.

For there it was not to be seen,
 And hope was growing sick.
 What ! could the trusty Giant mean
 To play a faithless trick ?

Avaunt the thought ! he could not scorn
 So sage a dissertation,
 And yet the prospect looked forlorn
 For to cure every nation.

PART II.

So day by day in Prees manse
 Th' Archdeacon watched our columns,
 And much he read of strifes in France
 And idle stuff by volumes,

But not *the* thing ! At last his friend
 (Who also watched in vain
 And cared not longer to attend)
 Wrote, in a jesting strain,

To ask, What was the *Times* about ?
When, lo ! a proof IN TYPE
(As if his self-conceit to flout)
Came for correction ripe !

Now all was sure ! So back the proof
Was hasten'd, and the writer
Apologized for previous scoff,
And Prees' heart grew lighter.

“ To-morrow without fail will bring
A feast for longing eyes ! ”
And bold he cut the encircling string,
As certain of a prize.

But still to-morrow told no tale,
Nor the next day to that ;
And hope began again to fail
And spirits to grow flat.

At length the author wrote once more.
The Archdeacon shook his head,
And owned himself a little sore ;
But hope was far from dead.

“ I must confess ” (his answer ran)
“ *Hæ moræ minus placent* ;
But I have knowledge of my man.
I'll write to Mr. —.

“ He cannot purpose to betray ;
And I will still be sure
That he'll promulge some early day
This transcendental cure.

“ His faith is good ; to-morrow's dawn
Will make the mystery clear :
And censure must be all withdrawn,
And all sarcastic jeer ! ”

But day ensued on day, and still
Th' affair in silence slept ;
Each brought the same return of NIL,
And the Archdeacon wept !

‘ What ! have I trusted all too fast
To Europe's leading star ;
And must I tell my friend at last
How faithless journals are ! ’

CHAPTER V.

*KING'S COLLEGE—EXAMINING CHAPLAIN—DEATH OF
HIS BROTHER BIRD.*

1833—1841.

“Bona est lectio, sed melior unctio.”

JOHN ALLEN was never an assistant curate. He was ordained to the chaplaincy of King's College. There he began the lectures on the Greek Testament which have been carried on since then by a series of distinguished men. This was an experiment which many of his friends assured him was likely to end in failure. The result more than justified his action, and surpassed his most sanguine expectations. Some reference to this scheme will be found in the following extract from a letter which he wrote to his mother in October, 1835:—

I hope you will be guided by Providence in the best course as to your change of plans. I regret very much, for my own sake, that you do not come to London this autumn. I had looked forward to much happiness and enjoyment in your society here, and I am sure Harriet had the same feelings; I think also we could have made you cheerful. I had almost hoped that you would come to bear me company before my wife came up, as I have never been absent from home one evening since my return to town from Droxford. But I am not so selfish as regards my own

prospects of happiness, as not truly to wish you to go where you think you shall be most at ease in your own mind, and if your heart leads you to Pembrokeshire, I shall make up my mind to be contented ; only I pray you ever to bear in mind that, whenever you think of coming to town, you will give us real joy by coming to us, and your visit in the spring, or whenever it may be, will be anxiously looked out for. I do not rise very early in my "bachelor" life, but I am better in that respect than before I married. I have a good deal of reading to do. Now that Jos has left London, I have no one I can call a friend here, except a man who was at college with me, and is now in the Colonial Office, and who has spent part of two evenings with me. My Theological Lectures, as you style them, are of a very simple character ; they consist merely of the preparation of some notes on the Gospel of St. Matthew. They, however, involve a great deal of reading, at comparatively small visible profit, as it is quite wonderful how very slender have been the additions made to criticisms on the part which I am reading, from age to age ; the very same material which served Chrysostom for exposition in the Greek Church during the fourth century being served up with little variation in the nineteenth, most of that which has been added as new being also false.

On reading and thinking over this last paragraph, I feel that it is not a fit sentiment to come from one so unlearned and young as I am, and therefore I hope you will not repeat it ; still I have let it stand for your private edification, and you can believe it or not as you please. I do not know when these lectures will begin—not, I think, till next week, and then only to the junior pupils. However, I shall make them as perfect as I can, and hope to be continually adding to them so long as I remain at the College.

During the early years of his residence in London Mr. Allen added to his somewhat scanty income by taking pupils.

If you ask me (writes one of them) to sum up his character in a word, I should say he was pre-eminently a holy man; one to whose presence ribaldry or profaneness would be a more odious insult than to any but the very best of those I have ever known.

And such must have been the impression which he made on the three Principals of King's College, who were attached to him by ties of the warmest friendship. Indeed, so highly did Mr. Otter think of him, that, on his appointment to the bishopric of Chichester, he chose him, though he was then only twenty-six years of age, to be his examining chaplain. It was thus that he was thrown into the society of the then Archdeacon and now Cardinal Manning, whose friendship, diverse as their careers have been, he retained to the end. In searching for materials for this period of his life, I had the boldness to write to the Cardinal, from whom I received a courteous reply. It was to the effect that if he had had any information to give about Archdeacon Allen, he would have gladly sent it, but that all that now remained with him of their intercourse was the recollection of the simple, upright, fearless character of his friend.

Little, however, as I have been able to recover of his work in the diocese of Chichester, the subjoined letter, written at a much later date to a Bishop's examining chaplain, may give some idea of the way in which he discharged his duties when acting in that capacity himself.

Prees, Shrewsbury, February 3, 1872.

My dear —,—A clergyman of singular common sense, of great devotion to his work, brought recently under my

notice the matter of questions being set out of Westcott's "Canon of the New Testament" to candidates for Holy Orders. He said that there were matters in that book of which a good clergyman might safely be ignorant.

I have felt it to be best not to ask any questions of candidates to which an experienced, well-informed clergyman could not readily give an answer without reference to books. One wants to have a book on one's shelf that will give names and dates and particulars, but it is a sad burden of the memory to many men to feel that these must be got up for examination. The attempt to do so results in unprofitable labour. Every question that cannot be justified as important is the parent of useless worry to the candidates. I have wished that examinations for candidates for orders could be confined to—1. The Bible; 2. The Greek Testament; 3. The Prayer-book; 4. Welchman on the Articles; 5. Butler's Analogy; 6. Pearson on the Creed; and that the chief stress could be laid on the interpretation of Holy Scripture.

It seems to me that by requiring Church history, one encourages the candidate to cram up a few names and dates. But the field of study is so large, no instruction of real profit is ordinarily gathered from it at the age of twenty-three. All these observations are submitted to your better judgment. I should not have written them but for what my friend in Shropshire said to me during the present week.

I hope we shall have fine weather in London next week.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN ALLEN.

Questions as to names, dates, particulars, are the easiest to set, and the easiest to look over for the examiner; they detect blanks in a man's knowledge, but they may fail signally in eliciting his qualifications.

At King's College he became the warm and intimate friend, not merely of the successive

wardens, but of the various professors. Amongst others, he knew Maurice well, and loved him tenderly, though he was unable to follow him in all his speculations, and did not even understand all his views. In after years Maurice was a visitor at his country vicarage, and preached in his church.

When asked by one of his children how he first made Mr. Maurice's acquaintance, he said that having heard him preach, he was so much struck with the sermon that he and a friend, with the conceit of young men, introduced themselves to him. Maurice, it is unnecessary to say, received them most kindly. In a letter dated June 12th, 1883, he wrote :—

Maurice was so unaffectedly humble, and so full of love for others, so unselfish, it was indeed a constant sermon of the most helpful kind to be in his company. I recollect Fitzgerald speaking of him, and saying, "Maurice seems to say in his demeanour, 'You may trample on my body; I lay it in the road for you to walk over.'"

The Dean of Wells—a pupil of King's College, and a brother-in-law of Maurice—to whom I wrote on the suggestion of Cardinal Manning, has sent me the following reminiscences :—

I entered King's College, London, as a student in the Department of General Literature and Science in the October of 1839. Up to that time my education had been entirely in the hands of a private tutor, and I found myself, with a natural shyness, among some 120 lads, most of them older, and, as I thought, with wider knowledge and experience of life than my own. The Rev. John Allen was then chaplain of the College, and, as such, gave lectures, and conducted examinations in Divinity under

Principal (afterwards Bishop) Lonsdale. It will be easily understood that what a boy most needs in circumstances such as I have described, is the sympathy and encouragement of one whom he respects and trusts; and I still cherish a grateful recollection of the debt which, in this respect, I owe to the late Archdeacon. There was a transparent sincerity and truthfulness in him which made me instinctively feel from the first that he was one whose approval was worth having.

Almost my first consciousness of a power to achieve success of some kind in my work in life dates, I think, from the morning in which he appeared with the list of marks given for the previous week's examination, and assigned me a place among the first four who obtained the maximum of ten marks. I owe to him, however, much more than this consciousness of that power. I trust that I learned also something from his thoroughness, his large-heartedness, his manifest lowliness of spirit.

To his choice of Isaac Barrow's "Sermons and Lectures" as a text-book, which he substituted after my first term for Paley's "Natural Theology," I owe my first acquaintance with the teaching of the illustrious Cambridge divines who occupy an intermediate position between the so-called Anglo-Catholic and Puritan divines of the seventeenth century, and the somewhat colder theology of those of the latter half of the eighteenth century; and it was from him that I learnt also to appreciate Bengel's "Gnomon of the New Testament."

My memory has not preserved many directly personal reminiscences in the form of anecdotes. One I may perhaps note down. Then, as always, there was a certain pathos, almost plaintiveness of tone, in John Allen's voice. He was resigning his mathematical lectureship on being appointed as Inspector of Schools, and was saying "Good-bye" to his pupils. "Well, gentlemen, I am sorry to say we shall no longer meet here; but I trust we shall all meet in another place——" We all looked solemn, almost like St. Paul's hearers. And then he added, after a pause,

"I mean, gentlemen, in the Divinity Lecture Room." General sense of relief and satisfaction. In later years I used to meet him often at the house of my brother-in-law, Frederick Maurice, and elsewhere. One utterance of his about Maurice comes to my mind as eminently characteristic of both: "I never can understand any book that Mr. Maurice writes, but I am never in his company for ten minutes without feeling that I am a better man for it."

ED. PLUMPTRE.

January 10, 1888.

He resigned his post as Mathematical Lecturer at King's College in 1839, but he continued chaplain there until his departure from London in 1846.

This event was the occasion of a presentation to him, with an address, which it will, perhaps, not be out of place, though it is somewhat out of chronological order, to insert here.

AN ADDRESS FROM THE STUDENTS OF KING'S COLLEGE,
LONDON, ON PRESENTING A SILVER SALVER TO THE
REV. J. ALLEN UPON HIS CEASING TO BE CONNECTED
WITH THE COLLEGE.

Reverend Sir,—It cannot be without a feeling of melancholy that we are here this day assembled for the purpose of bidding you farewell, here, where it has so often been our lot to listen to your words, invariably as kind as full of instruction. To many of us it has been allowed to listen week after week with growing attachment to the lessons of practical piety and fervent devotion which you have in this College inculcated. Not a few have been animated and encouraged by private counsel and advice; not a few have been emboldened to intrude on your privacy, and there inquire for solutions of difficulties and obstacles; and none, we may truly affirm, have ever been dismissed unsatisfied or unimproved. And now, when so

many of us are ourselves about to quit this scene of our early education, and others may be expected to take the places we have filled so long, their affections as strong, their wants as many as ours, it must be a subject of deep regret to all that a light, which has aided and guided us in our course, is so soon to be withdrawn from them; that the counsels and admonitions we have so gladly received are to be placed out of their reach; that they are to make so short a progress in the same instructions before they are called upon to surrender their teacher, their monitor, their example.

But we must not give ourselves up on this occasion to selfish and gloomy thoughts. There is much also at which we should be glad, much to bid us heartily and sincerely to rejoice. If we sorrow at our own loss, we must rejoice at others' gain; if we grieve at your departure from us, we must be glad that it will be, under God's blessing, the means of carrying comfort and consolation to those who have equal need.

We cannot doubt that, go where you will, or rather where Providence calls you, you will ever find some whose eyes will grow more joyous, and their hearts lighter at your presence; and if, in other scenes and amid other cares, this humble testimonial call to mind the esteem and affection which it so faintly typifies, the remembrance will, we trust, be not unaccompanied by pleasure—the remembrance of those whose hope and prayer it is that God will still continue to bless and prosper him, who has been to us at once an instructor and a friend.

It was some years before this that his brother, Commander Bird Allen, who was engaged to Miss Andalusia Fitzgerald, died. He had been, almost against his will, selected as one of the officers in the Niger Expedition. His reluctance arose not from any fear of evil consequences to himself, for he was duly sensible of the honour of being chosen

to help in completing the work which England had undertaken as the champion of liberty and the deliverer of the slave, but because he was afraid that he was taking the place of men senior in the service to himself. From the first, however, he had a presentiment that he should not return to England. What manner of man he was may, perhaps, best be learned from himself. On September 10th, 1840, he wrote to Mrs. John Allen :—

It was a perfect joke my talking about making my fortune, and I quite agree with you that I should not like joking on such a subject. I was led to say it from the queries you propounded to me in your first letter, viz. whether my time was to count for promotion, what pay I was to have, etc., which looked to me so triflingly absurd, that I was led to make the answer you so justly dislike. For the few short years I expect to live, what good could any fortune I could save in a distant land do me? Such an object appears to me the least possible inducement; were there no other call I think I could gladly withdraw. As for the hope of promotion that such services give, I must confess I find myself at times building castles in my mind. But I try to forget all such fancies, and persuade myself that it is my duty to go. I sometimes think that when it was first named to me, before I went into Wales, if I had then said I was engaged I might have got off. But, under all circumstances, I trust I may say I have been led to the place I now occupy, and that the Almighty Disposer of all events, without Whom not a hair of our heads can perish, will overrule all to the eternal benefit of my never-dying soul. Oh, this is a solemn prayer. I wish it were as easy always to make it the desire of the mind as it is the words of the mouth.

We had a most agreeable passage from Teneriffe, of eight days—that is, we had the finest weather, and a

favourable wind, the *Harriol* towing us the whole way. But I must tell you we had one painful accident ; we lost our trumpeter overboard. Oh, it was an awful dispensation, in one minute, for one of our number to be summoned into eternity. It was a fine and smooth forenoon, and he had gone on to the sponson, the platform on to which the entrance ladder leads, to wash a tub, and, by some slight unexpected roll, he lost his balance and went overboard. The life-buoy was soon let go, and we stopped ; but it was full ten minutes, I suppose, before the boat we lowered was at the spot, when, alas ! nothing but his hat was to be seen. Oh, what a painful thing it is, in such a case, to give up hope and leave the spot !

May 26th, we reached this, and have been ever since changing stores, and putting the ship to rights, for which duty this place is admirably adapted, a snug harbour in a rocky and arid land, where no rain has fallen for more than a year, and there is neither moisture nor vegetation to induce disease. The *Albert* and *Wilberforce* are now about the same work, and at the end of this week, as soon as they have done, the *Albert* goes alone into Sierra Leone, and the *Wilberforce* and myself go on to Cape Coast to meet the *Albert*. After another filling up from the *Harriol* we shall proceed on to the entrance of the river. I have great pleasure in telling you that we are all in health and spirits. The weather here is so fine, always a refreshing breeze, and we have not had any rain since we were at Teneriffe. There is no inducement to go on shore, as it is quite a poor place ; there are only five hundred inhabitants—but you do not care about this. Well, I have a mark against the 29th of this month, when I hope to remember you, dearest, most especially. God grant you may be well and doing well, both in body and spirit !

The Prince's watch has reached me—an engine-turned, handsome gold watch, rather too large to wear in fob, with the crown and "A" in the small plain circle at the back, and a glass face, so very suitable as a table watch. Should it

return without me, I should like my dearest mother to have the pleasure of keeping it on her table for her life. Then Andalusia may have it as long as she wishes. I say so, desirous that she might have whatever of me may return, so far and as long as she pleases. Not that I think it would be a lasting satisfaction, poor dear ; for the sooner she forgets me, the better for her happiness, which I ever desire to have uppermost in my thoughts. I am not so selfish as to wish her anything but happiness, without my presence, if it please God to take me. O my heart, look into thyself and see thou art sincere ! Am I prepared to give up all earthly pleasures at His command, to lay all at the foot of the Cross, and say, "Thy Will be done" ?

I was much pleased with Captain Trotter the second day after our arrival here. The four commissioners were summoned to attend, and after reading the Queen's commission, Captain Trotter said, "I think the mission upon which we are engaged is so important that we ought to commence with prayer ;" which being unanimously agreed to, Mr. Muller was sent for to offer up a prayer with us ; and all our sittings and all our deeds as commissioners are to be commenced in this way. God grant that His glory and the happiness of Africa may be the result of our labours. The captains have been a good deal together since our arrival here ; we have all dined with one another, and, besides this, I have dined alone with Trotter twice or thrice. Once was on a quiet Sunday, remaining with him to an early cold dinner after church, and then back here to read my afternoon service to my own crew, and twice since.

By all who knew him, Commander Bird Allen seems to have been deeply, almost passionately loved. The following is an extract from the letter of the lady whom he had hoped to make his wife, Miss Fitzgerald, sister of his brother's friend. It was evidently at one time contemplated by some

members of his family to write a brief memoir of his life, and application was made to her for some of his letters. These, she replied, had been destroyed ; but she continues :—

The spirit of them, so good and holy, has dwelt with me. You know it. You know what my testimony would be. No change of place or circumstances ever can deaden in me the loving remembrance of that perfect Christian—that true hero, who suffered no private feeling or interest to interfere with the sacred call of duty. Well do I remember the last letter written before his illness, or rather before the worst and final stage of it. I do grieve that I can contribute nothing to your nephew's collection.

But not even she can have loved him more tenderly than his mother. He was, it was plain, her favourite son. When the others had left her, he had, whenever he was on shore, stayed with her ; his property, as she said, was hers—hers, his ; and she longed and prayed, and hoped against hope, for the return of the ship which had borne him on his perilous voyage to his noble work. Her letters to her son John and daughter-in-law at this time are full of touching expressions of her anxious, yearning love. From these I venture (as family affection, one striking trait in my father-in-law's character, goes down in the blood and is strengthened by example) to give one or two passages :—

October 6, 1841.

Many many thanks, my very dear Harriet, for your pressing invitation to join the London party I so dearly love, but I am persuaded it would be no pleasure, but, on the contrary, most distressingly exciting to me. I had no idea, when my very dear Bird left Tenby, that it was a

farewell, and was thus saved poignant suffering. If it be the Will of the Almighty to extend my life to the period of the return of the important expedition, and his precious life be spared, I would go to any place to accelerate the delight of welcoming him home.

Tenby, December 6, 1841.

My dear John,—Your affectionate attention received this morning gave me infinite pleasure. How like your own dear self was the trouble you took to soothe and comfort the heart you knew must be deeply afflicted, and yet I know you will believe me when I tell you my sorrow is on account of others far deeper than for myself. My personal loss must be very small compared with poor dear Lusie's, dear Harriet's, yours, and his brothers. Had it pleased the Almighty in His great mercy to prosper the undertaking and return the noble agents to whom it was entrusted safe and well, what weeks and months of pleasure did there seem to be in store for all of you, and for dear Lusie, we might hope, years of earthly bliss, with daily preparation for its continuance in eternity; but, as his own words to me formerly are recalled to my mind, I hope I can say with humble resignation, "Be still, and know that I am God," and all must be well, though we cannot see how an expedition that *seemed* so entirely intended for the good of human kind should meet with such marked disapprobation from His power. I fear they trusted too much to human means of safety, so much ventilation, purification, and unbounded expense and patronage of the mighty of the earth; and the result far more sickness than poor Captain A—— experienced in a common merchant ship, or than the *Ethiopia* last year! You and dear Harriet, I dare say, thought I knew nothing; but dear, dear Bird always writes, I believe, the unvarnished truth, and that, in the long run, keeps me much easier.

Your affectionate mother,

M. ALLEN.

Her melancholy anticipations were verified. Some time before the last letter was written, Commander Allen had passed away from this world, on the 25th of October, 1841. Admiral Trotter wrote to his brother :—

Albert, at Fernando Po.

I am sure you will be grieved to hear of the death of my dear friend, Bird Allen, who expired this afternoon, at half-past nine, after a continued fever of thirty-four days. It is selfish to regret his loss, for to die was really gain to him, and he is now with his Heavenly Father. Never did a patient evince, during a protracted illness, more Christian character ; not a murmur nor a complaint of any kind ever escaped his lips. Always cheerful and contented, and quite willing either to live or die, he did everything to sustain life by taking nourishment three or four times every day, and by avoiding to check perspiration, etc. ; but it pleased God never to subdue the fever for a single day. He was seized with it on the 21st September, feeling ill about four hours after we parted with the *Wilberforce* ; and on our return to the confluence on the 9th October, his pulse had almost ceased, and his feet and fingers became quite cold. I was then lying near him with fever, and with scarcely power to move myself ; but when I heard these facts related, I instantly sent on shore for Dr. McWilliam, and he came off and brought him about with strong brandy-and-water, with which it may be said he was kept alive from that day to this ; and it was astonishing how he rallied, and afterwards was quite able to take interest in what was going on ; but from the day on which he was landed here (seven days ago) he gradually became weaker, and for the last three days was in a state of delirium ; but he died very tranquilly and peacefully, though he knew none of us. I was not well enough to attend the funeral this afternoon, being only convalescent myself. How I pity his bereaved relations, and, in par-

ticular, his betrothed ! Oh, poor girl, what a blow ! I can say no more. . . . Do break the news to poor John Allen at once, and show him the accompanying letter from Bird's friend, Mr. Prince, of this island, which I requested him to write, though it is meant for his eldest brother. So many letters are on their way home, that I tremble lest Miss Fitzgerald should see the account in the newspapers. . . . It is a great comfort to me that Bird Allen was such an advocate for the *Albert* pushing on, and, long after he was taken ill, said he did not see why we should not remain up till November.

Ere the news could reach any of the Commander's family, his mother, who had been waiting in vain for tidings of him, died of a broken heart. On the 28th of December, 1841, her spirit took its flight to a world where none are slaves, but all are for ever occupied in that service which is perfect freedom, there to be welcomed by the son whom she had trained so carefully to follow in the footsteps of the great Liberator of mankind.

CHAPTER VI.

JOHN ALLEN AS INSPECTOR.

1839—1846.

Οὐ δεύτερον οὐδὲ πάρεργον δεῖ τὴν παίδων τροφὴν τὸν νομοθέτην ἑᾶν γίγνεσθαι.
—PLATO.

THE year 1839 is memorable in the history of England. It witnessed the birth of the Committee of Council on Education. Already, in 1833, money had been granted by the Government towards the building of schools, and this was equally divided between the National and the British and Foreign School Societies. But in February, 1839, Lord John Russell declared in Parliament that his Government intended “to constitute a Board of Education, consisting of five privy councillors, and to place at its disposal from £20,000 to £30,000 per annum for aid to schools.” This measure was regarded with great misgivings by widely different classes of people. Some objected to it as an interference with the principle that the moral training of the nation should be left to voluntary effort. Others objected to it on the ground that as help would be extended to Roman Catholic schools, the State would be committed to the recognition of popery and schism.

Nonconformists objected to it lest it should lead to the children of Dissenters being taught the Catechism. Church-people objected to it from the dread that it might prove the thin end of the wedge which was destined ultimately to sever the Church from the work entrusted to her by her Lord, of training His little ones in the truths of His religion.

F. D. Maurice regarded it "as an attempt to upset throughout the country the existing educational machinery," whereas he thought that the endeavour of the Government should be "to encourage and awaken whatever was effective for the purpose of national education." Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. S. Morley, than whom there have not been, I suppose, amongst the aristocracy and merchant-princes of England, any more earnest or enlightened philanthropists, looked, as may be learnt from their biographies, upon the scheme with aversion and alarm. Bishop Blomfield, one of the ablest of our English prelates, was not less outspoken in his dislike to it. *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*; probably all four of these distinguished men would have admitted ere they died that their fears had been exaggerated and their opposition a mistake.

But when persons so eminent and deservedly honoured were denouncing the action of the Government, and pamphlets were continually being published, and letters every day appearing, and meetings everywhere being held to protest against what had been resolved upon, it was important that whosoever might be appointed to the office of

inspector under the new department should be possessed of singular tact and great judgment, full of zeal for the spread of education, and proof against the discouragement he was certain to meet with through bitter, though perhaps not wholly unreasonable, prejudices.

Three inspectors were to be selected to begin with, two laymen and one clergyman.

The clergyman to whom the post was offered in the first instance was, I believe, the Rev. Thomas Bonney,¹ who was then, and had been for some years, head master of the Grammar School in the pretty and pleasant country town where, amidst kind and loyal friends, my lot was cast for two and twenty years. More than a quarter of a century has gone by since his death, but the traces of the good work which he did in Rugeley remain to this day. He was an enthusiast for the education of the people; but he felt obliged, mainly on the ground of ill-health, to decline the appointment, and Mr. Allen, under circumstances which the following correspondence will reveal, was chosen for it.

November, 1839.

Dear Mr. Allen,—I did not know that I was leading you into an interview with Lord Lansdowne, when I told him, upon his request that I would mention any person, if I had one in view, fit for the office of inspector, that I could not positively recommend any one, not having lately looked upon the question in that view, but that you were one who combined more of the qualities required than any other I knew. I said, however, that I did not know whether you

¹ His son, who is Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, Professor of Geology in University College, London, Canon of Manchester, and examining chaplain to the Bishop of that diocese, is better known.

would accept it, and that hitherto you had not taken the lead in anything, and that I would recommend him to make other inquiries.

I know not now what may have been the result of your interview, but I conceive that you will of course take some time to consult your friends, and I beg you will consider the matter as quite unconnected with any wish of mine. You are generally so wrapt up in your own duties, that you sympathize comparatively little with the excitement around you ; but you must be somewhat aware of the difficulties which both party and religious zeal have mingled in this matter of inspection, and, though I am quite sure that no one would impute to you any but the best and purest motives, you must at present put your head a little out of your shell, and look around you upon the disturbed elements which mingle on the scene around. I say this neither to dissuade nor to persuade you, but only to induce you to consider. I am not a person appointed officially to nominate anybody. I gave my consent to such an arrangement formerly, because I thought that by so doing I should contribute to conciliate the two parties, and to make the Parliamentary grant go on in its old way. That negotiation, as you probably know, failed, for which I am sorry.

I tell you this *confidentially*, for I have too great an affection for you to suffer you to undertake anything but with your eyes perfectly open. Whatever you do, I am sure you will do it conscientiously. You are certain of anything I could do for your advantage, if I live.

I am, dear Mr. Allen, very faithfully yours,

W. CHICHESTER.

November, 1839.

My dear Mr. Allen,—I wrote to you yesterday a letter which you will receive with this. I am now glad to congratulate you upon your appointment, because by consulting the Bishop of London you have taken the right step, and will now, I think, be exempt from all painful observations, into which it would have been a grief to me to have brought

you. I think, too, you will do a great deal of good in the situation ; but I have been acting directly against my own interest and wishes in this matter, and if I should lose you as my chaplain, and all prospects of your residence here, I should then close my eyes upon a bright spot to which I had always looked with pleasure, as likely to comfort the evening of my days. But all this is little worth in comparison with the promotion of a great Christian object and your own welfare. Let me hear from you again soon, as I shall be glad to know all that you are to do in the matter.

Believe me, yours very faithfully,
W. CHICHESTER.

To BISHOP OTTER.

November 27, 1839.

Your two letters received this morning have filled me with gratitude. I shall never be able to merit the kind feelings you have ever expressed towards me, but I believe I may honestly say that I take your favourable regard to be among the countless blessings with which Providence has made me most happy. Having encouraged me to write, I will, with your permission, state, as far as I am able, all that has occurred. If it is too minute, I hope you will excuse it, as, I must tell you, it was drawn up to satisfy a very anxious mother, to whom I communicate all my plans, and who is never satisfied without being told everything. On Saturday morning (November 23, 1839) I called on Lord Lansdowne at the time appointed, and, after waiting about three minutes, was ushered in. He received me with what appeared to me to be almost needless civility ; and, when we were both seated, he began a longish speech, opening with some general remarks upon what the Government had been anxious to do to please the Church in the Education Question, and, there having been grants made to Church schools, and more being expected, it was very desirable, if possible, to appoint a clergyman as one of the

two or three inspectors who would be named; they (the Government) were also, of course, anxious to find a person *omni exceptione major*, etc.; and that my name having been mentioned to him by your Lordship, he had inquired about me in other quarters, and all that he had heard of me induced him to believe that the Government would be fortunate if they could engage my services, etc. When he had ended I asked permission to put one or two questions. He encouraged me very kindly to do so; said he hoped I would ask any questions with perfect frankness—that he wished to give me every information.

Qu. 1. "Shall I be able to attend to the Sunday duties of a clergyman, as I cannot accept any office that will wholly take me out of my profession?"

To this he answered that I might reply to that question for myself; that for the present I should have scarcely anything to do; that this inspection would not be retrospective upon schools that had accepted grants previous to the introduction of the clause by which the Government claimed the right to inspect; and that, as I should not cross the frontier, *i.e.* not go out of England, and might suit my own convenience as to time, I might, with the facilities (afforded by railroads), always manage to be in London for the Sunday (during the term time at King's College), or, at least, only an occasional arrangement would be needed for supplying my place.

Qu. 2. "Am I expected to put off the character of a Christian clergyman, and to enter schools as if I recognized no religion?" He took this question very kindly, and said it touched on a subject he was glad to explain; that when the first idea was raised of appointing inspectors, some persons acting on behalf of the National Society raised a cry that these would be used as an engine against religion. The Government replied that, so far from this being the case, they would instruct their inspectors not to interfere with the religious instruction; but that, if the schools were willing to have their religious education inspected, the

Government would be most glad to receive information from their officer how this was being carried on.

My third question I said I did not wish to press if it were improper, but that it would be a satisfaction to me to know who would be my colleagues in this matter. He said he could not answer this—that in fact they were not appointed, but that he believed I should find myself to be the only clergyman ; but that, of course, for their own sake, the Government would appoint men of unblemished reputation ; that he believed I might make myself perfectly easy on that head.

I then said that I must ask what would be the income. He smiled and said it was a very natural question on my part, and that when I came into full work it would be either £500 or £600 per annum, with my expenses paid ; but that, for the present, they would make a payment for an occasional journey. I then left him, promising to return an answer the same evening or Monday.

After all the consideration that I was able to give to the matter, it seemed to me that in fact my accepting the office was not a decision on my part as to the grand principle involved, for I am still unable to decide whether what is called education without religion is better than no education at all ; but certain clergymen having accepted the grant and thereby subjected themselves to the visits of a Government inspector, it was clearly desirable that that inspector should not be a person unfriendly to the Church. I determined, therefore, to be guided by the Bishop of London. When I asked him whether he would admonish any clergyman officiating in his diocese not to take the office in question, he said that I could, of course, accept the office without infringing my canonical obedience to him. I next asked him whether he would be displeased at my accepting it. He said, "I am opposed to the whole Government plan, but if we are to have inspection it is better to have it in good hands," with some sort of civil speech to me ; but he said, "I do not know how the council of King's College may look at the matter. They may not

choose their chaplain to be the servant of the Privy Council, but there would be no objection on my part to your taking any other duty in my diocese." He asked me whether I had consulted Mr. Lonsdale, etc.; but from his kindness through the whole interview, I felt myself free to accept the office.

I then waited on Lord Lansdowne between five and six, and told him that I had a question to put, which, when answered, would enable me to give him a definite reply. My question was whether I should be compelled to visit the schools of Dissenters, or merely those of the Church. He replied to the effect that he did not like to draw lines of demarcation, but that practically he might say that it would be for Church schools that my services would be required. I then begged to tender him my respectful acceptance of the offer made, and left him. Mr. Lonsdale has been very, very kind all through this matter, giving his advice freely, and I think that with his assistance, and the Bishop of London not against me, I shall escape any collision with the council. It seems to me that they cannot in common fairness ask me to resign, when they allow two of their professors to act as the officers of the University of London. I cannot give up acting as a clergyman, and the instant that I discover that the taking this step must preclude me from all hope of living in the discharge of those duties to which I devoted myself at my Ordination, whatever the consequences may be, I shall leave my new masters. Perhaps your lordship will allow me to state that if this would seem to interfere with my duties as chaplain, I should at once resign that which had a tendency to separate me from one to whom I have ever looked up with the warmest feelings of affection and gratitude. I have taken up your time with too long a letter.

I am, etc.,

JOHN ALLEN.

From BISHOP OTTER to J. ALLEN.

November 28, 1839.

My dear Allen,—I cannot be at rest till I have said a word or two to you respecting the situation in which you stand. I feel for you as I would for myself, and would so reason with you. I do not, then, like the state of your mind described at length in your last letter so well as that which I fancied when I received the first short account of your acceptance of the trust with the Bishop of London's approbation. I fear you are not firm enough in the ground you have taken, nor secure against future fears and misgivings. Think the matter over well ; talk to some sensible and good friends, who will look upon it with you sensibly and fairly ; and then, having decided, keep on your course without turning to the right or to the left. If conscientious doubts or difficulties beset you, let them have their full weight, and entertain them now, lest they should return upon you when too late. On the other hand, it would scarcely be fair to Lord Lansdowne, whom I think to be a very honourable, candid, and sensible man, to break with him hereafter, because the council of the King's College might not [be] easy under your divided service. For my own part, I do not like the line of demarcation between those who accept and those who do not ; but by whose fault it has been made I cannot say, for I was not present at nor privy to the latter part of the negotiations between the National Society and the Government ; but this I do think, that, at all events, it is a blessing to have a good man like yourself for an examiner. I have but a moment to write, and have scarcely made myself understood, I fear ; but I wish you to feel this, that, whether you accept or not, you stand on the same footing with me. I am sure you will both think and act conscientiously, and the first good preferment I have will be at your acceptance, so do not hurry for anything. So pray that I may live, and live piously and faithfully and usefully, and God bless you.—Sincerely yours,

W. C.

Bishop Otter did not live long after writing this letter.

About a year before his death, Archdeacon Allen gave the following account of his interview with Bishop Blomfield to one of his daughters. She at once, whilst the story was fresh in her mind, wrote it out so far as possible in the narrator's own words :—

One Thursday Mr. Allen received a note summoning him to Lord Lansdowne's house. He asked the Principal of King's College (Mr. Lonsdale) what it meant. "It means," said Mr. Lonsdale, "that your name will be in the *Gazette* soon." Mr. Allen went at the appointed time. Kay-Shuttleworth was in the anteroom through which he passed, but unknown to him by sight.

Lord Lansdowne told him, when he was shown in, that the Committee of Council on Education wished to appoint a clergyman as H.M.'s Inspector for Schools, adding that they had received such an account of Mr. Allen from Bishop Otter as to lead them to offer the appointment to him. Mr. Allen did not at once accept it. He asked for time to consult his friends. This being granted to him, he went straight to Bishop Blomfield, told him of the appointment, and asked his advice as to accepting it. He found the Bishop in full dress, waiting for his carriage, which was to take him to the Privy Council at which the Queen announced her intention of being united to Prince Albert. The Bishop was gruff in manner, and gave him no help, saying the subject upon which Mr. Allen had come to him had nothing to do with his canonical obedience. Mr. Allen said this was true; yet he reminded the Bishop that when he had ordained him priest, two years previously, he had told him to come to him should he ever need advice.

The Bishop then explained the cause of his reticence by saying, "You know well that I disapprove of the whole scheme of Government education." "Then," said Mr.

Allen, "my mind is made up." He was already leaving the room, when the Bishop called him back. "Stay," said he. "If we *are* to have school inspectors, it will be better to have good men than bad ones. Perhaps you had better accept it."

For seven years John Allen was engaged in the inspection of schools. His commission seems to have become a roving one for the whole of England and Wales. And he did not confine his inquiries to schools in receipt of grants from the Government, or his complaints to communications with the Privy Council. Endowed schools of all kinds were the subject of his investigations, and the conduct of the clergy, when he felt that it was scandalous, was the object of his reproof. In one town he informed their lordships in his report, that the Grammar School was practically empty by reason of the indiscriminate floggings of the pupils by the head master. In another he informed the Bishop of the diocese that the vicar habitually neglected his clerical duties. The charges were only too well founded in both cases, but they naturally provoked the retort that the inspector was meddlesome, and they led to his being threatened with actions for libel. But it was not simply when he stepped beyond the strict limits of his proper functions that he gave offence, nor yet, as the following correspondence will show, was it only with men who were overbearing or indolent that the work of inspector brought him into collision:—

Privy Council Office, London, July 11th, 1846.

Sir,—Through the kindness of Mr. Kay-Shuttleworth I have received this morning a copy of your letter to the

Bishop of St. David's on the means of rendering more efficient the education of the people.

I admire the ability with which your views are stated. As to their wisdom an older head than mine may judge. I regret that you have thought it right to attack others ; but all must hope that good will come of what you have done.

You refer, pp. 54-56, to one of my reports as containing an extract which dispenses with Church principles. I dislike the term "Church principles." It appears to me to be (1) not English ; (2) not distinct.

Some understand by it the principles of Laud ; others, those of Ridley.

If you mean by it the principles laid down in the formularies of our Church, I ask you what principles that extract dispenses with.

You and I believe the Church to be the pillar and ground of the truth, and that it is a witness and keeper of Holy Writ. We have pledged ourselves to teach the Scriptures to our charge, and to go after such of our flock as are astray.

Those who are brought to be confirmed must be instructed in the Catechism. I have been anxious, therefore, that the Scriptures should be taught in our schools with understanding and reverence, and that the children should be led to worship God in the church ; and I could not well give up to other teachers any portion of my charge.

But the parent has an inalienable responsibility of deciding where his child shall worship. If the parent will not allow me to lead his child to school and to church, I am thankful to do all the good I am able to do to the child by drawing him to what I judge to be the best school. I hope that the school will prove a porch to the church.

But I do not like to hold out the offer of good instruction, or of any other secular good, to draw children to church.

If the children are not taught to feel it to be a privilege to be allowed to come to worship God, in my judgment they ought not to be constrained to attendance at His house.

I wish that the term "Christian principles" were used more frequently in the place of "Church principles." It is more distinct.

For example, in the matter in hand, all will acknowledge the aim of a Christian education to be to lead children to know and love their Saviour.

I am, sir, with respect,

Your faithful servant,

JOHN ALLEN.

The Rev. Dr. Hook.

Redcar, Guisbrough, July 14, 1846.

Reverend Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th instant.

I am unable to refer to those pages of my pamphlet to which your letter alludes, as I have not a copy by me. Indeed, I have not seen, owing to my having been moving from one place to another, a copy of the pamphlet since its publication.

I believe that your principles and mine are so entirely opposed, upon almost every point in the Christian religion, that we could never come to an understanding.

By "Church principles" are usually meant the principles of the Catholic Church, and the term is, in my opinion, a good one.

I have the honour to be, reverend sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. F. HOOK.

The Rev. J. Allen.

Privy Council Office, London, July 17, 1846.

Reverend Sir,—I have received this day your letter of the 14th instant. As both of us profess the same creeds, use the same liturgy, and hold preferment on the faith of

our heartily assenting to the same Articles of Religion, I hope that your principles and mine are not so entirely opposed upon almost every point of the Christian religion as you believe them to be. But it seems to me that your principles need not come under consideration in reference to this matter.

An extract adopted by me in a situation of public responsibility is denounced by you as dispensing with the principles of the Catholic Church. These principles must be generally recognizable ; I respectfully ask you to point out to me which of them is dispensed with by the extract referred to ?

I think that on grounds of charity, as well as of justice, you will, after reflection, grant to me the favour that I solicit.

I am, reverend sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN ALLEN.

The Rev. Dr. Hook.

The controversy raged for some time longer, very much in the style in which it had begun. No good could come from my giving the whole of it. Indeed, I should hardly have alluded to it, but for the subjoined letter from Dr. Hook. This, which was evidently a reply to one from my father-in-law, is so like the writer—so noble, and so generous, and teaches a lesson of humility so needed in a world where the assumption of personal infallibility does such irreparable harm, that in my judgment it deserves to be published.

Vicarage, Leeds, February 23, 1850.

My dear Sir,—You never did a kinder, a more generous, or more truly Christian act than that which you performed when you wrote the letter which I had the great happiness of receiving this morning.

I do indeed remember our correspondence, and have

long remembered it with feelings of deepest regret. I have seen you several times since, and how have I longed to ask you to hold out the hand of reconciliation and forgiveness!

In that correspondence I was entirely to blame. I was at the time in a morbid state of mind, having received some severe rebukes from all quarters, and I was under a false impression of your character, a sin on my part, for I ought not to have thought uncharitably of a brother.

But I have nothing to say in palliation of my conduct on the occasion. I only rejoice in the opportunity of thanking you from the bottom of my heart for the happiness you have caused me this day. Most fervently have I prayed for you this day, and shall hope to do so occasionally, and I trust I shall have your prayers in return.

Believe me to be, my dear sir, most gratefully yours,

W. F. HOOK.

P.S.—I have been accustomed to hear your name frequently mentioned; for some of my family were present at the examination of the National Schools in London last summer, when you were examining the children, and they have continually quoted you as a model examiner, and expressed a hope that I should hear you examine. It was very pleasant to me to hear from my own children these expressions, and will now be doubly so.

But the inspector's work, though it must have often been wearisome, and rendered him liable to be misunderstood, and separated him much from a home to which he was tenderly attached, had still its bright side. It enabled him sometimes to combine pleasure with business, and gratify his love, which almost amounted to a passion, for beautiful scenery. Besides in all parts of the country he found friends to welcome him.

Out of a large assortment of letters which he

received whilst he was inspector, I select the following :—

Fitz is on his way to Bedford in a state of disgraceful indifference to everything, except grass and fresh air. What will become of him (in this world)? I have sent word to Mrs. Rhodes, that I have promised you in her name (if you can find your way to Mirehouse) more gooseberries and milk than will be good for you. When you are there you can take the opportunity to settle some theological difficulties with which my two nephews are troubled.

One of them wants to know whether God made the world out of nothing at all, and then what He made people for; to which the other, being half a year older (six and a half, replies) that he can tell what God made people for—“He made them to be good, *but He know'd they wouldn't be good.*” Can more be said on the subject? I am (happily) a layman, but this seems to me to be the sum of all that has been said about it yet.

Yours,

J. SPEDDING.

Colonial Office, August 24, 1840.

My dear Allen,—I find by the almanac that the 27th of September is a Sunday; and I remember by an old poem that September hath thirty days. Do you mean that you cannot leave Newcastle before Monday morning, and that you must be in London by Wednesday night? If so, I think your best way would be to go to Carlisle by the quick early train, and take a coach (the Whitehaven coach I think it is) which goes through a place spelt I don't know how, but pronounced “Voles.” At this place, which is eight miles from Mirehouse, you would be met by some of our vehicles (always supposing your advent to be duly signified), which would bring you to Mirehouse in time for dinner. You could then either spend the next day at Mirehouse, where you will certainly find my father and

mother and Mrs. R—— (though I cannot answer for anybody else, and I shall certainly not be there myself), and proceed to London on Wednesday morning by the mail, which passes through Keswick a little before ten, and will enable you to reach London by half-past five on Thursday morning; or you might leave Mirehouse on Tuesday morning and take this same mail, but only as far as Ambleside, arriving at Ambleside about noon. You would have time to take a short look at Windermere, which lies about a mile beyond, and then to get a tub or gig to take you over Kirkstone to Patterdale, which lies at the head of Ullswater. You might then proceed (I should think in a boat, but at any rate along the shores of the lake) to Pooley Bridge to sleep. Pooley Bridge is only six or seven miles from Penrith, which you would easily reach the next morning in time to meet the coaches which wait upon the railway; and so you would get into London at half-past five on Thursday morning, having seen as much as could well be accomplished in the time. I think there is no route which presents such a variety of the Lake district in so small a compass. You pass seven lakes, and no part of the road from Bassenthwaite to Pooley Bridge is uninteresting.

But could you not leave Newcastle on Saturday, and so spend Sunday at Mirehouse, and have two days more for what my father calls “picturesque excrescences”? I am only sorry that you would find so few inhabitants. Miss Spedding, whom you know, and Mrs. John, whom you would delight to know, with four or five children (who are so much in want of your professional assistance), will be at Allonby, and I rather think that my brother and his wife will be away too, and I shall not return till December myself; but you will find horses and vehicles, and the face of Nature, and Lawrence’s picture of me, and whoever may be there will be very glad to see you.

Let me hear from you again as to your probable plans, and direct to me here, and not at Mirehouse.

The article on Carlyle, I understand, is by Herman Merivale. Spring Rice flourishes; his cow was brought to

bed yesterday of a very fine calf, and his daughter can almost see. Alfred Tennyson has reappeared, and is going to-day or to-morrow to Florence, or to Killarney, or to Madeira, or to some place where some ship is going—he does not know where. He has been on a visit to a mad-house for the last fortnight (not as a patient), and has been delighted with the mad people, whom he reports the most agreeable and the most reasonable persons he has met with. The keeper is Dr. Allen (any relation of yours?), with whom he has been greatly taken.

Yours ever,

J. SPEDDING.

He was, moreover, brought in the course of his travels into the society of distinguished men who have played an important part in the history of this country.

When he inspected the schools in the parish where Lord Palmerston lived, Lord Palmerston stood in his long blue coat with brass buttons, listening attentively all through the inspection, and at the close thanked Mr. Allen for the pains he had taken.

On another occasion he was the guest of John Keble, and he wrote the following description of his visit to his brother, the present Dean of St. David's:—

*To the REV. JAMES ALLEN, R.D., Vicar of Castlemartin,
Pembroke.*

July 25, 1844.

I have lately been spending a couple of days with Mr. John Keble. I reached the Vicarage at Hursley, Saturday last, about 8.30 p.m. I had scarcely got out of the fly when a man, perhaps rather below the middle size, with grey

hair and some of his front teeth out, came to the door, and with a great deal of kindness and simplicity of manner welcomed me to the house. The first impression reminded me somewhat of the plain exterior of Wordsworth. He ushered me into the dining-room, where his wife, his sister, and a Mrs. Moore (staying in the house) were just finishing tea. Over the fireplace was the engraving from Domenichino's picture of St. John, opposite a real Wilson—a very fine landscape—with two prints from German designs ["Christ blessing Little Children" (Overbeck) and "St. John preaching in the Wilderness"], a drawing of the exterior of Otterborne Church, a print of Judge Coleridge, Strange's engraving of Vandyke's three faces of Charles I. An engraving of Bishop Selwyn stood against some books. After tea we went to the drawing-room, where hung two engravings after Raffaello ("The Transfiguration" and "The Marriage of Joseph"), "Belshazzar's Feast," by Martin, a large head of our Saviour (after Guido), a head of Bishop Fox (prints), and one or two drawings of landscapes. In his study there is Westmacott's marble bust of Newman, a copy in oils of Jeremy Taylor's portrait, prints of Archbishop Moore, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Grenville.

The first evening Keble talked of the difficulty of getting Hampshire properly stocked with churches; the population was scattered. The river ran like a riband through the country, but the cottages did not nestle close to it, as was the case in Wilts and Oxfordshire. He gave his farmers a good character. Sir W. Heathcote took pains in the selection of tenants. While Keble was out of the room Arnold's *Life* was spoken of (the book lay on the table). Mrs. Keble said it had been specially painful to her husband. At Evening Prayer every one stood while Mr. Keble read six or eight verses from the Scriptures, then the Sentences ("We are now come to the evening of another day," etc.); and then the servants and all knelt down, not at chairs, nor at a table, but without support.

The next morning I had to walk and breakfast with one of the curates of a district church to see the Sunday

school. I got back to church at Hursley ; the curate read prayers. All that was noticeable was that, during the Lessons, Mr. Keble at the Communion Table, and his family in his pew, *stood*. Mr. Keble's sermon was to the young people after Confirmation. Very scriptural, admirably arranged, and, as I thought, among the very best, if not the very best I have ever heard ; extremely simple. After the Communion we went home to luncheon, where was Dr. Moberley (who, during the holidays at Winchester, lives at a farm which he has purchased in Hursley parish) and Roundell Palmer. The talk went on Scripture prints, and on those published by Mr. Hopey and by the S.P.C.K. . . . Palmer said that the essence of such a committee as ours (that of General Literature) must be caution. I recommended him to write a grumbling letter about the giving up of the publication of the designs after Raffaele, as such a letter would strengthen the hands of those members of the committee who wished them continued. Keble said that as they must go on in a diagonal, the great thing was to apply as much force as one could in the right direction. Palmer said, "And *beyond* the right direction, as Aristotle held that the way to recover a bent stick was to force it in the opposite curve." Mr. Keble laughing approvingly, I said, "I am sure, Mr. Keble, you would never recommend going on the other side of right to get your neighbours to go exactly right." He rejoined, "Why, I was not speaking of the morality of such a course of proceeding, but only of its effects."

Mr. Keble asked if I thought a grumble to the Tract Committee would do any good, as he had one in store ready to be fired off, if likely to prove serviceable.

In the afternoon Mr. Keble took me to his Sunday school, and first examined his boys in the Catechism, and afterwards asked me to take them in Scripture, especially in the proofs of the doctrine of the Trinity. The evening was hot and the room close, so we took them into the yard, under the shadow of some trees growing in the churchyard, which adjoins the school.

After church Mr. Keble took me a walk in the park, to see an old castle, or rather the moat of one, built by Bishop Henry de Blois (1129-71). On the road we talked of the examination of candidates for Orders, Keble having heard elsewhere of my being chaplain to Bishop Lonsdale. On my mentioning that the only books we recommended were Pearson, Hooker, Book V., and Butler, Keble said he supposed these were our three English classics. In talking about the study of Church history, he said he liked to look at it in reference to some one man who lived at the period he was reading about, and to make out as much as he could what that person thought of what was going on around him, to take at one time *Sæculum Ignatianum*, at another, *Sæculum Cyprianicum*, etc. Speaking of the mystical interpretation of Scripture, I expressed a doubt as to following Augustine. I said I preferred what I had read of Chrysostom's expositions. Mr. Keble said he thought Augustine's mind was rather oratorical than poetical; that he did not think his spiritualizations of Scripture were inventions, but were actually drawn from a stock of Catholic interpretation then accessible, and reaching from the Apostles' days. Keble said he found that these mystical interpretations took hold of the common people. And, again, on my expressing my fear of adding anything to God's Word, he said that his plan was, when he met with any mystical interpretation which struck him as probable, he consulted the books within his reach, and if he found the same view entertained by one or two of the ancients, he gave it to his people without scruple, as feeling pretty sure that he was right. On my mentioning Wogan, Keble said that with *him* he could not go along, as *his* mystical interpretations were not the interpretations of the ancient Church.

Mr. Keble promised to write to me something about the examinations for Orders, if on reflection he could think of anything likely to help me. At dinner we had three curates and another clergyman. Some of the talk went on the best modes of catechizing children, and of managing

Sunday schools. I spoke of what I thought could be done by a teacher to lead his scholars to compare different passages of Scripture, and so in a measure to find out the interpretation for themselves. Mr. Keble, dissenting, asked how far I should think it wise to foster in the scholars the notion that they could themselves find out the meaning of Scripture, and was it not best to give them with authority the interpretation?

There was some talk about Bishop Wilson and his son, and the editor of his works, and about the short-horned cattle of the Southampton show.

The following day, talking of O. Cromwell, Mr. Keble said that from the letters of O. Cromwell, now in Sir W. Heathcote's possession, it appeared he was as sharp in buying land as in other things. Talking of Carlyle's making a hero of him, Mr. Keble said, "Whitewashing is a very good trade, and it ought to have clever fellows in it as well as other trades." But, after a pause, he added, "The worst of this whitewashing is, that to be successful in it, one must blackwash such a number of other people." And again, after another pause, "The most evident stain on Milton's moral character would be removed could Carlyle be successful in this"—alluding to his flattery of O. Cromwell.

We had a long day's work in the school. The boys' school is a remarkably good one; the girls' school, respectable. Mr. Keble said afterwards he thought he and I went on two different plans in teaching children, and he thought it would be better for the future to make the instruction a mixture of analysis and synthesis. That he had been in the habit, after reading a passage of Scripture, of asking his boys what they learned from it; whereas I had put the conclusions before them, asking for the premises, *e.g.* asking what passages of Scripture taught us the fitting subjects of prayer, and the mode in which prayer should be offered. In the evening he took me to see the gardens of Hursley Park. We had some talk about the best expositors of Scripture. . . . He said

that the volume of "Plain Sermons" now coming out was hitherto all of his writing, the third volume being Pusey's, the fifth volume Newman's; that he could not always distinguish between his brother's (T. Keble's) sermons and the editor's (I. Williams's). On my speaking of South Wales, he asked if I were related to you. I told him you were grown into a Rural Dean, and had just finished a house in which you would feel it to be a great honour, as well as pleasure, to entertain himself and Mrs. Keble, if their travels should ever bring them into Pembrokeshire. They are going next week into Scotland.

We had some talk about the dutifulness of following the Church's teaching in the Sunday school, so as, if possible, to make the Epistle interpret the Gospel. On Tuesday morning I left to visit the Otterborne schools. I hope to have the pleasure, however, of paying him a yearly visit.

JOHN ALLEN.

At the date of the above letter the visits of the inspector were rarely resented. The very opposite was the case. He was welcome almost everywhere; and the following letter from the Bishop of Winchester, as would many more to the same effect, if it were worth while to publish them, shows that his labours were duly appreciated:—

Farnham Castle, October 17, 1844.

My dear Sir,—Although you do not require me to acknowledge formally the receipt of your second reports, yet I wish just to state that I derive great advantage from them in my communications with the several parishes to which they relate. I also desire to say, as it may be satisfactory to yourself to know the fact, that I hear from every quarter expressions of the gratification which your inspection gives. Only one exception has yet occurred, and you will smile when I tell you that this is in the instance of

the clergyman of ——. I had the greatest difficulty in preserving my decorum when he told me that you twice assured him that he was the most extraordinary man you had ever seen.

I am, my dear sir, your very faithful servant,
C. WINTON.

In her "Recollections of Mr. Keble," Miss Yonge says :—

After the first examination by the Government inspector [Mr. Allen], Mr. Keble came back much pleased. "I am convinced," he said, "that examinations are very good things. I wish I had been more examined. It would have been very good for me."

But there are examiners and examiners. The schoolmaster of the parish to which Mr. Allen was afterwards appointed tells a story of an inspector examining the children there, and allowing them almost to fall asleep over their Scripture examination. The result was most humiliating to the master. The children seemed untaught, failing to answer the simplest questions. The Archdeacon sat by until the inspection was over. He then asked to be allowed to put a few questions to the children. His eagerness of manner aroused their attention. The identical questions in substance, put by him in a comprehensible form, drew from them ready answers. The children were not ill taught ; they had only been confused and inattentive. The inspector was displeased, but the master's labours had been vindicated. The schoolmaster said that the Archdeacon never allowed himself to be present at another inspection of his school.

He used to bring the inspector into the room and then left it.

The Archdeacon was peculiarly skilful in managing Ruridecanal inspections, at which the four head children, two boys and two girls from each school in the Rural Deanery, met and were examined together. The papers were lettered, and the clergymen and their wives who were present were encouraged to mark the children under their representative letters as the questions and answers were read out. In all doubtful cases the votes of the majority were taken. He was quick in perceiving the intention of a child in an answer which, although not right, had been intelligently made.

The reports of Mr. Allen to the Education Department were full, not merely of information in regard to the schools which he visited, but of suggestions in regard to the improvement of education. He dwelt much in them on the value of catechetical instruction, careful moral training, religious teaching, and the character of the teachers. I extract from these reports a few passages illustrative of his style and views, as well as of the condition in which he found too many of the schools under his inspection.

1840.—“The Dame Schools” (in Durham and Northumberland) appeared to me to be divisible generally into two classes: those kept by persons fond of children, and of cleanly, orderly habits—and these, however scanty may be their means of imparting instruction (the mistresses confining themselves almost exclusively to teaching a little reading, and knitting or sewing), cannot altogether fail of attaining some of the highest ends of education as regards

the formation of character—and those kept by widows and others, who are compelled by necessity to seek some employment, by which they may eke out their scanty means of subsistence, without any real feelings of interest in their work. Many of this latter class presented a most melancholy aspect—the room commonly used as a living room, and filled with a very unwholesome atmosphere; the mistress, apparently, one whose kindly feelings had been long since frozen up, and who was regarded with terror by several rows of children, more than half of whom were, in many cases, without any means whatever of employing their time.

In nine-tenths of the common day schools visited, I found no profession made of giving any religious instruction. This, as it was said, was left to the Sunday schools; but, as ordinarily no care is taken by the masters that their pupils shall attend Sunday school, the common day schools of which I am speaking must be considered, I fear, in the worst sense of the word, *mere secular schools*.

1841.—It is a hint of Mrs. Tuckfield that before a lesson is commenced, the teacher should say, "We are going to read so-and-so; what do you know about the subject?" and that, having extracted from each child its little store of knowledge, the teacher should sum up and say, "Now, this is what you know in the matter; let us see what the book tells us;" and that, when the lesson is finished, the teacher should sum up the total of the knowledge acquired. Such a process, besides forming the habit of collecting and arranging ideas, creates, as it were, the appetite for, and facilitates the digestion of, the intellectual food provided; and Paley gives it as the result of his experience as a teacher, "that unless some curiosity was excited before it was attempted to be satisfied, the labour of the teacher was lost; when information was not desired, it was seldom, I found, retained."

1845.—In a town in Radnorshire, I was told that the master was so far known to be addicted to liquor, that when one of the trustees was expostulated with on account

of the master's being seen drunk in the streets, it was answered that the quarterly payment of his salary from the endowment had just been made, and one must not be too severe in one's expectations at such a season. I saw this schoolmaster, and, telling him what I had heard of his character, I represented to him that I must use every effort with the trustees to get him removed from his post. He answered in effect, "that he would not deny that he was occasionally under the influence of liquor—who was not?—but that whenever he was so drunk as to be unable to go into his school, he took care to prevent his scholars seeing him in that state, and to provide a proper substitute in his place."

As yet, I believe, the master retains his post. Perhaps feelings of commiseration sway the trustees, and it must be suspected that such feelings would have weight, but one's strongest commiseration should doubtless be for the children and the real welfare of the district. Nor is it true kindness to retain any one in a post for which he is unfit. The blame does not rest with individuals so much as with the state of opinion.

In speaking of this case to a gentleman, and asking how it and similar evils could be suffered, he replied, "We live here and get accustomed to them. I go away for a few weeks every winter, and on my return these evils shock me for a time, but after a week or two the edge of my feelings is taken off." On expressing myself somewhat warmly as to the circumstances of a case previously noticed to the clergyman who drew my attention to them, he said, "When I first came into Radnorshire I felt as you do, but a few months' residence in our mountain air would cool your enthusiasm."

Of the fifteen schools visited in Radnorshire, only three were found to be provided with necessary buildings. As a portion of the church is in Radnorshire the most common place for school-keeping, the evils of such a system appear in their most repulsive form. For example, in a parish where a master, paid by Mr. Bevan's trustees, had recently

been appointed, I was shown by the churchwardens the west end of the church (which was of moderate size) partitioned off for the school. This had been done during the previous year; but on the floor of the church (diminished as it was) a large heap of lime was still lying. The font (containing bits of candles, slates, and fragments of books) was in that portion which had been set apart for the school. On going with my companion to the Communion rails and discovering that they enclosed no table, he assured me that the church was furnished with one, but that it might be removed to the schoolroom, where accordingly we found it placed for the master's use.

1846.—I know of a school in sad disorder, where the cane is daily made use of, and where, on my expressing a doubt as to the wisdom of such a licence, it was urged that there was a peculiar wilfulness in the boys of that town, which required to be kept under by habitual severity. I felt that means were being taken to perpetuate that wilfulness, but that to those who could use such an argument my representation would be of little avail, and I did not press my suggestion. But a friend has since pointed out to me a passage in the first book of Eadmer's "Life of S. Anselm," which seems to me to put the matter happily, and which I hope, therefore, to be pardoned for briefly noticing here. Eadmer relates that Anselm being at a monastery, the abbot consulted him as to the education of the boys there, complaining at the same time that they were sadly perverse, indeed incorrigible, and yet night and day they were continually beating them, but still they grew worse and worse. At which Anselm, being astonished, said, "Do you never give over beating them? When they grow up to be men, how do they turn out?" "Dull and brutish" (*hebetes et bestiales*), was the reply. On which Anselm observed that it was but a poor return for all the pains and expense they were at in the education and maintenance of their children, if the end attained was the transmutation of human beings into brutes. "But," rejoined the abbot, "what must we do then? We keep

them as tight as we can, yet we do not succeed." "Keep them tight!" said Anselm. "Suppose you were to use young trees in your garden thus, and allow them no freedom, what sort of timber would you get?" "None but what was crooked and useless." "Are you not," said Anselm, "producing the same effect in your boys? As they do not observe any love or kindness in your dealings with them, they think that you have no other motive in your discipline than envy and hatred, and so it turns out, most unhappily, that they grow up full of hatred and suspicion. He who is but young needs gentle treatment. He must be fed with milk; cheerfulness, kindness, and love are the means whereby such are to be won to God." On which it is recorded that the abbot fell on his face and confessed his error, and asked pardon of God.

The matter of punishment is confessedly one of great difficulty. It is a maxim as old as the time of Augustine, that punishment should be regarded as the work of the physician who loves the patient, and who simply desires to root out the evil, and that "*Nihil sic probat spiritualem virum, quam peccati alius tractatio.*" Certainly, therefore, punishment should not be administered without a good deal of thought and observation as to the characters of those on whom it is inflicted.

So far as I can judge, the relations of my father-in-law to the Privy Council were happy in the main, and certainly for the Secretary of the Educational Department, Mr. (afterwards Sir) J. Kay-Shuttleworth, he had the highest regard. In 1861 he thus defended the character of his friend:—

Sir,—Your love of justice will allow a few words in reference to the letter of "A Country Friend to Education" in your last number. It is not fair to Sir James Shuttleworth to write of him as reluctantly conceding the

importance of the religious element in education, or as wishing to take the schools of the poor out of the control of their natural protectors.

In p. 25 of the first volume of Minutes published by the Committee of Council on Education (1839-40) the following paragraph appears, signed James Phillips Kay, dated August, 1840:—

“Their lordships are strongly of opinion that no plan of education ought to be encouraged in which intellectual instruction is not subordinate to the regulation of the thoughts and habits of the children by the doctrine and precepts of revealed religion.”

At p. 14 of the same volume, Circular No. 2, the following paragraph appears:—

“My Lords are of opinion that schools will be most extensively useful when supported by the exertions of the school committees and other benevolent individuals by whom they have been founded.” All Sir James Shuttleworth’s efforts in connection with the Committee of Council on Education were animated by these two principles—the importance of religious teaching, and the value of the local sympathy of the best persons in the several neighbourhoods.

I believe that when some time has passed over, Sir James Shuttleworth will be recognized as one of the great benefactors to England of these times.

I believe also that the absurdity of the practical recommendations of the late Commission on Education will be shown by none of them being adopted. These, however, are matters of opinion on which I will not seek to occupy your space.

JOHN ALLEN,

Archdeacon of Salop, diocese Lichfield,
Late one of H.M.’s Inspectors of Schools.

Prees, Shrewsbury, May 10, 1861.

The following letters are from Mr. Allen, whilst

he was inspector, to Mr. (afterwards Sir) James Kay-Shuttleworth :—

Crewe Station, April 6th, 1841.

My dear Sir,—I did not receive your very kind letter until this morning. I have taken up my quarters at this place for the night, intending to be at Sandbach by nine to-morrow.

Yesterday was spent in two schools, those of St. Thomas's parish, Stockport. This morning I was in a school at Hyde. The schools in the manufacturing districts, as far as my experience goes as yet, are in a most unsatisfactory condition. Most village schools are better. There is an excellent school-house, but very little apparatus; not a single window open, and the master ordinarily left without superintendence, to work up his school into that condition in which it may look best to the parents of his children. Great pains taken with writing and arithmetic as long as the poor creatures are allowed to stay; but no intelligence, no order, no religious instruction worthy of the name, and miserable reading. Into the school I visited this morning, the persons who chiefly contributed to build it, at a considerable personal expense, never enter. They managed to quarrel with the clergyman very soon after the erection of the building, and that which with but a very small measure of right feeling on both sides might have proved an unspeakable blessing to a population of a very large township, is in fact wholly powerless, and the children are growing up to be shared between the Unitarians and the Socialists. The infant schools here greatly need a good pattern to copy. They are framed after a miserable caricature of Wilderspin. Commonly they have been organized by agents of his; but surely the Home and Colonial Infant School Society are much nearer the mark after which we should aim.

Ever, dear sir, I am yours most truly,

JOHN ALLEN.

46, Great — Street, December 5, 1842.

My dear Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for showing to me your papers on the inspection of normal schools. The opinions and sentiments expressed therein seem to me perfectly just. I very strongly feel with you that it is the duty of an inspector to do all in his power to help forward and encourage those whom he finds to be really at work, *speaking the truth in love*. Mr. Tate worked on with me to-day so as to afford me much assistance, and in several matters to correct my judgments. We get on very harmoniously together, although I take it that he looks on me as expecting too much from his pupils.

Angel Inn, Chesterfield, April 1, 1841.

My dear Sir,—I wrote you a hurried note from the Archdeacon's house to beg some books for him, intending to write (if I had time) the same evening at more length ; but I have been so engaged with the triple work of seeing clergymen, inspecting schools, and moving about, that I have not as yet found leisure. You will not think this an unmeaning flourish when I tell you that yesterday I was out at work before nine in the morning, and that, with the exception of five minutes in a biscuit-shop, I did not even find time for eating till after ten at night ; and this morning I was in a fly by a quarter after six, and have only just come home to my inn at Chesterfield, it being now a quarter to eleven p.m. You must not think that I have taken up the trade of a boaster ; but the fresh country air puts me into such admirable spirits, that I feel just now to enjoy my work more than my meals, and I really think that I shall grow into something like an inspector at last, in spite of all prognostications to the contrary. I will be serious now for a page and a half, and give you a diary, or rather a horary, of my work.

When I got out after breakfast at Derby on Tuesday morning, I found that the school for which Mr. John Mozley is correspondent was not likely to be opened for some time. I had previously sent a messenger with a note

to him, fixing two p.m. as the period of my visit. There was not much loss of time occasioned by the error in my list, as the Archdeacon lives ten (instead of five miles, the distance given me by the Bishop of Lichfield) miles from Derby, and I felt that I had time to pay the ecclesiastical head of the district a pretty long visit.

The Archdeacon told me that the people in Derbyshire were very sick of having subscribed for a Training School at so far distant a spot as Lichfield, and that, on calculating expenses, it was discovered that a pupil teacher trained at Lichfield would cost £10 per annum more than if he were sent to London. He said also that when so many schools in the poorer districts wanted pecuniary aid, it seemed to him and others the height of folly and prodigality to pay the expenses of an inspector, when the Queen was kind enough to pay for one who, *cæteris paribus*, must have the advantage of far more experience than any local officer; that the inspector for the archdeaconry of Stafford kept a school, and that only a very small fraction of his time, snatched from scanty holidays, could be devoted to diocesan work. He (the Archdeacon of Derby) therefore proposes that during August and September, the period of the Bishop's visitation (which concurrence of periods he, the Archdeacon, seems to think would help my work), I should make a tour of inspection through the archdeaconry, and he thinks four influential clergy could be found who would quarter the district and go round with me. I do not know what you think of all this, but if you tell it to Chester, he will think that the stone is beginning to roll. I got back from the Archdeacon's about five, and went to Mr. Fisher, the clergyman of St. Peter's, Derby, who has invited inspection. The questions as to facts, etc., took us nearly two hours, and we could not by that time ferret out all the facts, for you must recollect that country clergymen do not keep their papers in official order, and I am somewhat fresh at the work of filling up the queries. I afterwards visited the Rev. E. Wade, of Trinity District, Derby. His schools

have been open some time, but the money has not been paid, and he did not much encourage my inspection, and I did not feel justified in pressing a formal inquiry. The next morning I began with Mr. Fisher's infant school, the mistress of which we found absent from illness, and we therefore went to the National School. In the boys' school I spent rather more than three hours, and I have been able, as I hope, to make out (with the work of the previous evening) a tolerably complete report. Mr. Fisher is only the curate, working single-handed among a population of six or seven thousand, very active and stirring; but his school is not, I believe, the best testimony to his worth. The previous curate was very active about schools, and he has left behind him plenty of materials in the shape of bricks and mortar. In the afternoon I visited the National girls' school, for which an hour was more than sufficient. I then went to another infant school in the same district; but the children were away, Tuesdays and Wednesdays being half-holidays. In the morning there had been twenty-six present. The room would have held two hundred. At the bottom of the room was a large bed cribbed round, into which, when furnished with a mattress and sheet, the little ones, if sleepy, were laid to rest. I find this is a common piece of furniture in the Derbyshire infant schools. By the four o'clock train I left for Burton, from whence a fly took me to Ashby-de-la-Zouch. As I entered the town the church was lighting up for evening service, and the temptation of sitting under the same pulpit that Arthur Hildersham had preached in during the Commonwealth was too great to be resisted. By a happy concurrence of circumstances the preacher turned out to be Mr. J. C. Moore, the pastor of Measham, the school of which village I was to visit the following morning. He came home with me to the inn, and we worked at the folio pamphlet of questions till after ten, when we supped together, and fixed to start for Measham by six this morning. I was in the Measham Schools from nine till near one, and better parochial schools I believe there are

scarce to be found anywhere. The instruction is very limited, but the intelligence of the children most remarkable; and what was done was, in all respects, thoroughly done. It was quite a new thing to me to find a schoolroom fitted up with a seraphine, and when I asked the children to sing "Sound the loud timbrel," to hear the words given by the whole school with what appeared to me great skill and propriety: tell this to Hullah. The parson is unmarried, and, as I have learnt this evening from others, has refused very considerable preferment to remain Perpetual Curate of Measham with a very narrow income. My fly brought me back to the railroad at Burton just in time for the half-past two train. I was obliged to get out at Derby for some linen and my letters, and take the next train for Chesterfield, where I now am. This evening has been spent with the incumbent, to whom the Archdeacon introduced me. He is a man of considerable note and influence as a clergyman in this district, and his views of inspection, etc., coincide with those of Archdeacon Shirley. I have just room in the corner for a sketch of Mr. Mozley's school, which is to cost £2400, and which, as you may suppose, looks much prettier in dressed stone edgings and patent brick than it does in my picture. I am to be at R—to-morrow by ten, some eight miles across the country. I shall be at Stockport afterwards till Tuesday morning.

Ever yours, dear sir, most truly,

JOHN ALLEN.

Huddersfield, July 21, 1841.

To-day I paid my first official visit of inspection to a school not under the management of Churchmen. The correspondent, an Independent minister, received me very hospitably (Mr. White, of Northowram, near Halifax), and certainly he and his friends have spared no reasonable expense, short of providing a playground, to make their school all that it should be. They have a mistress from the Home and Colonial Infant School, a fine, cheerful, clear-singing damsel, and they appear to have given her

carte blanche to provide all the apparatus she has been accustomed to at the Model School. Three committee-men accompanied me and their preacher to the school, and, although it has been only open about eleven weeks, the children sing well, march fairly, and will, I hope, soon learn to read. The church, a mile off, equally distant from three large villages, by its miserable arrangement as to situation is, I suppose, unfilled, not a house being near it. The Independent congregation has existed ever since their minister (Oliver Heywood, a writer of considerable note) was ejected from the neighbouring church by the Act of Uniformity, 180 years back; five years since they pulled down the old chapel and built a new one, with a Sunday schoolroom underneath, the chapel seating seven hundred persons. Oh that the Church had been as diligent! As it is, however, one could not help feeling thankful that some care for the spiritual welfare of the three thousand around had been taken by the Independents. The minister seemed a quiet, right-minded man. Enough of these;—however, we will not speak disrespectfully of them, for had it not been for the care of the Dissenters, humanly speaking, a large proportion of our manufacturing poor would have sunk into a condition near akin to atheism.

I have been latterly inspecting at the rate of two schools a day, and if all falls out as I hope it will, I shall finish the Yorkshire schools by the end of the week, with the exception of one at Dalton which I cannot find, and concerning which no letter seems to have been sent from the office. Could you not ferret out another tour for me in some of the more distant provinces? I hope you have not been writing me any more letters; *i.e.* I do not mean to say anything so uncivil or so untrue as that I should not have been delighted to have heard from you, but, with the exception of the three lines in the enclosure of Lord Lovelace's, I have received none, and I should not like to have my reputation for a man of business suffer another stain in your estimation by omitting to give proper directions for the forwarding of my epistles from any of those places

at which you may have addressed me. I have been in short flattering myself that I had been taking pains on this head, and I should not like to have found out that they had been bestowed in vain. This is a sad, ill-written, foolish, scrambling letter, but you must have lived to see that you must excuse worse faults in, dear sir,

Yours most truly,

JOHN ALLEN.

Penrith, September 15, 1843.

My dear Sir,—I felt almost like a guilty person when I got your most kind note this morning. It seems to me as if I had broken faith with you in sending a letter yesterday to excuse myself from coming to Gawthorpe. Yet I am sure you will pardon me. I wish much I could come. I had fixed my heart on spending a quiet Sunday with Mrs. Shuttleworth and yourself; but I shall not be near you, nor would it be possible for me to come without disarranging all my plans and leaving undone some work.

About your dinner-party, I am not sure what your clergy would think. You should ask advice of Mr. Masters. We very much need to have different classes brought together; but, although I have met with several instances of the schoolmistress being received at the clergyman's table, I scarcely recollect an instance out of London (except the Dean of Bangor) of a clergyman's shaking hands with, or even talking familiarly with, the parochial schoolmaster.

I am going to-morrow to Castleton, thence by Garsdale to the south-west quarter of Westmoreland; thence northwards to Carlisle, where I shall be on Monday week, and by the close of the month back again to London.

Ever, dear sir, yours most truly,

JOHN ALLEN.

It is sometimes said that the race of clergy is deteriorating socially. From this letter I should gather that their manners have greatly improved.

Of course, from time to time there were differences of opinion between the inspector and his employers, and on one occasion, as a letter published after he had become Vicar of Prees shows, he protested against an infringement of the agreement originally made with him by the Department.

INDEPENDENCE OF H.M.'S INSPECTORS OF SCHOOLS.

Sir,—On August 3, 1844, an enlarged form of diary was issued to Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, providing space for the inspector to note the suggestions offered in each school, providing space also for observations to be made at the Council Office on such suggestions, which observations were to be returned week by week to the inspector.

I felt that the tendency of this arrangement was to make the inspector simply the mouthpiece of the office.

I communicated the following observations to the Lords of the Committee of Council, who, after hearing what I had to say, August 10, 1844, recalled the form of diary to which I objected.

JOHN ALLEN,

Archdeacon of Salop, diocese Lichfield.

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, June 3, 1864.

Read at the Council-table, August 10, 1844. Present, Lord Wharncliffe, the Earl of Ripon, Lord Stanley (now the Earl of Derby), Lord Granville, Mr. Goulburn, and Sir James Graham. Subsequently the proposed arrangement for noting on the inspector's diary observations to be forwarded to him week by week was withdrawn :—

My Lords,—I beg leave humbly to request your lordships' attention to a part of the instructions recently issued to the inspectors. The inspectors have been required to

note week by week the suggestions made in each several school visited ; such notes being to be commented on in writing week by week in this office, and returned to the inspector. I believe that it would not be practicable, if the inspection be carried on as at present (when the whole examination partakes more or less of a suggestive character), for the inspector on the Saturday to note exactly the suggestions offered in each several school. But I have an objection to this instruction of a graver character. It is important that your lordships should know what suggestions are made by the inspectors ; but it seems to me desirable that notice of these suggestions should be required of the inspectors in the formal reports. I object to written communications coming from this office week by week, which would have a tendency to bias the inspector as to the nature of the education he should encourage in the schools visited. When I accepted the office of inspector, the Marquis of Lansdowne assured me that I was not pledged to sanction any views of education entertained by the Government, that I was to enter on my work with my own views, that the Government had had such representations made to them of me as induced them to believe that the country would have confidence in me. And when my printed instructions (August, 1840) were about to be issued to me, Lord Lansdowne directed that they should be read to me previously, with a view to my expressing my opinion thereon. It seems to me that unless the inspector be trusted, he had better not act. Your lordships have at present notified to you week by week the several schools visited each day by the inspector, with his general impressions thereof, the number of miles travelled each day, the mode of conveyance, the several points of the inspector's route for the coming week. If the inspector be negligent, his negligence can at once be animadverted on. Further than this, the information gained, the suggestions offered, would, as it seems to me, be best reserved for the formal reports. I would, therefore, on general grounds, beg leave respectfully to offer a remonstrance against the

inspector being made accessible to such an influence as must be derived from his suggestions offered in schools being submitted in writing week by week to this office, to be returned to him with written comments thereon. Hitherto the inspectors have, in the main principles of the discharge of their official duties, acted under printed instructions of which the public is cognizant. I earnestly beg your lordships to pause before sanctioning a most important change in the position of the inspector. . . .

It seems to me desirable that, as to general principles and recommendations, the inspector should act under printed instructions, and that the subject of the written communications addressed to him should not extend beyond negative precepts and occasional arrangements as to the outward circumstances of his work, such as the routes he should take, the schools to be visited, and the time to be allotted to his several duties. It seems to me necessary for the independence of the inspector, that the privilege should be conceded to him of communicating in person with the Lords assembled in committee, in case of his feeling it needful to request such an interview. This privilege was guaranteed to me by the Lords of the Committee at the time of my appointment, Lord John Russell using words at the Board to this effect: "Mr. Allen may always find out at this office when we sit, and, if he pleases, communicate in person with us." I hope that it will not be thought that such a privilege is liable to abuse on the part of the inspector; the present is the only occasion on which I have been before the Committee, during nearly five years that I have held my appointment. The above observations have been made without any communication between the other inspectors and myself.

My Lords, I have the honour to be your lordships' faithful servant,

JOHN ALLEN.

But still more characteristic is the following story of a passage-of-arms between the inspector and

certain influential members of the Education Department. He had ascertained that the Dean and Chapter of A——, who were the owners of the great tithes in B—— parish, contributed nothing to the support of the National Schools, and in his report he mentioned this, in his judgment, grave neglect of duty as an illustration of the too general indifference of wealthy men and corporations to the sacred cause of education. But before sending in his report to the Privy Council, he, *more suo*, submitted to the Dean that part of it which reflected upon his conduct. The Dean explained. The inspector embodied the explanation in his report, and supposed that now there could be no objection to his action. The Dean was of a contrary opinion, and at length closed a long correspondence with him by writing as follows :—

Dear Sir,—I am afraid that you have been disappointed in not having received from me the promised sketch of what I thought should be stated in a report of the B—— School. As your letters and those of Mr. T—— had been left behind at A——, I was unable to fulfil my promise until my return to the last-mentioned place ; but in the mean time I have had a conversation with the Archbishop, who of his own accord introduced the subject of our correspondence, which his Grace had heard of, though not from me. As his Grace intends to read your report before it is finally settled, and to read all the future reports from the inspectors of schools, I think it unnecessary that I should trouble you any further on the subject. You had better draw up your report in any terms you judge best, and as only so much of it will come before the public as the Archbishop shall have so approved, I do not think that I am called upon to interpose any opinion

upon the matter ; being quite certain that the Archbishop will not sanction your report, if it be unwise, and I have no desire that it should not contain all such facts as may be wisely inserted. I shall therefore leave the matter entirely in your own hands, to publish or keep back the facts contained in my letter to Mr. T—— in the way you may think proper.

The Dean little knew his man. Immediately on receiving this letter, Mr. Allen went to the Archbishop of Canterbury. He respectfully but firmly pointed out to him that the report as published would be ostensibly his, but that if the passage to which exception was taken was omitted against his wish, it would not be his really ; it would be a fraud. The Archbishop refused to yield ; whereupon the inspector went to the Duke of Buccleuch, then President of the Council, and represented to him that the department might if they pleased dismiss him, but that they had no right to tamper with reports which were signed by him, and given to the world on his authority. The duke gave way, and Mr. Allen wrote to him :—

To the DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, Lord President.

Privy Council Office, London, June 27, 1846.

My Lord,—Mr. Kay-Shuttleworth has communicated to me this day the intelligence that it is not your Grace's intention to press on me the removal of the paragraph in my report (dated February 24, 1846) relative to B—— School, but that, as I wish the paragraph to remain, your Grace permits it to remain.

I feel it due to your Grace to communicate the grounds on which I ventured respectfully to oppose your Grace's wishes.

I have felt it to be essential to the independence of the inspector's position—(1.) That the inspector should act under printed instructions, except as regards matters of arrangement of tours, districts, and expenses (it was on this account that in the autumn of 1844 I resisted the Committee of Council's supplying me with the form of a diary, in which room was left for the Lord President's written observations on the inspector's diary, which proposed form of diary, on my remonstrance, was not persisted in).

(2.) That the inspector's reports should appear to the world as the inspector writes them. I feel that so long as the inspector retains his post he should be trusted.

I am sure that your Grace will not interpret my expressions in this letter as disrespectful to your Grace or to your Grace's office.

My Lord Duke, I am, with true respect,

Your Grace's obliged and faithful servant,

JOHN ALLEN.

To his Grace the Lord President of the Council.

Some time afterwards, Archbishop Howley, meeting Mr. Lonsdale, then the Principal of King's College, said to him, "That chaplain of yours is a very pig-headed man." "Yes," replied Lonsdale, with that peculiar intonation of the voice which none that ever heard can forget, and which gave emphasis to all that he said, whether grave or gay—"yes, he is pig-headed ; but I love him."

CHAPTER VII.

JOHN ALLEN AND BISHOP LONSDALE.

1837—1867.

Οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν κρεῖσσον ἢ φίλος σαφής,
Οὐ πλοῦτος, οὐ τυραννίς· ἀλόγιστον δέ τι
Τὸ πλῆθ' ἀντάλλαγμα γενναίου φίλου.

ORESTES, *Eur.*

THE love of John Lonsdale for John Allen did not abate, and was warmly reciprocated. Never from the first moment of their connection with one another, until death parted them, were the cordial relations between them disturbed.

My dear Allen (wrote the then Bishop Lonsdale to him in 1848),—From the bottom of my heart do I thank you for your two very full and most kind letters. Pray do not talk of your gratitude to me. This is not the relation between us. I have always regarded it, and have repeatedly spoken of it, as one of the greatest blessings of my life to have become acquainted with you.

John Allen served, as chaplain, or Archdeacon, or both, under four Bishops, and his experience as their counsellor and friend made him deprecate any change in the present mode of choosing clergymen for the English bench. It was not, he was willing to admit, theoretically perfect; but he believed that practically it could not be mended.

The following was the beginning of his reply to the last letter of Bishop Otter's given in the previous chapter :—

My Lord,—I will not repeat the expressions of gratitude with which my last letter to you commenced, and with which all my letters to you should commence, lest these should seem to be called forth by the last sentence of your letter ; whereas, if I know anything of myself, and if I am in any way sensible of the uncertainty of the happiness arising out of those possessions which we most earnestly desire on earth, I have far more reason to be grateful to you for the true friendship, if I may use a word so familiar and yet so sacred, which your lordship has ever manifested towards me."

To the writer the death of Bishop Otter, in 1839, was a severe blow. His affection for him was very real ; but his love for Bishop Lonsdale was of a far deeper character. It was such as is very rarely found.

I have never (he wrote years afterwards) known a man like the Bishop of Lichfield for self-forgetfulness, labour, simplicity, sense, charity. Every time that I am with him I feel that I ought to be the better for the intercourse I have had with him. I first came into close relationship of subordination to him in 1837, when Mr. Hugh James Rose fell ill at King's College, and he (Bishop Lonsdale) has invariably been the same since then, never correcting my errors but by increased gentleness and kindness.

Indeed, his regard for the Bishop became so thoroughly part of himself, that it found expression not merely in words, but in occasional unconscious imitation of manner and gesture.

I am by no means singular in thinking that justice has never yet been done to Bishop Lonsdale.

He was a far greater man than is usually supposed ; a delightful companion, with a quick sense of humour, a finished scholar, a good organizer, a great administrator, an indefatigable worker, possessed of marvellous self-control, courteous in manner, dignified in bearing, he gave the impression of being a veritable father in God more than any man I have ever met. In his own huge diocese he was known everywhere, and was passionately loved by those who knew him best ; though he hardly, I think, deserved the compliment once paid him by an influential layman of my acquaintance : " Bishop," he said, " you have only one failing, but it is a very serious one. All men speak well of you." The Bishop could have undeceived him. He lived in trying times, and had the usual fate of peacemakers in this world. He was misunderstood, misrepresented, and at times even insulted, because he refused to be a partisan. Indeed, even amongst his friends and supporters, there were those who did not scruple to accuse him of being a time-server. It is my conviction that he was nothing of the kind. Like all wise men, he sought peace, and ensued it ; and he saw clearly how infinitely little were some of the points about which many, even good men, lost their temper and wasted their time. He shunned controversy, and disliked the tone and spirit of the religious press.

How sadly true (he once wrote to Archdeacon Allen) is your remark upon the so-called religious newspapers ! I have long looked upon them as almost, if not altogether, the greatest evil in the Church, whether we take the word in its limited or extended sense. I have, I am very sorry

to say, many letters about the —— case from the clergy of my diocese, the produce mainly, I am persuaded, of an exclusive reading of certain newspapers.

But he knew how to stand to his guns when once he had made up his mind; and many public men who have gained a reputation for courage deserved it far less than he.

A Bishop, now no more, has been described by his biographer as amongst the bravest of men; and yet this Prelate, after consenting to preside at a meeting in behalf of the schools of which Canon Woodard is the founder, withdrew his name almost at the last moment, simply because some powerful opponents of the scheme had threatened him with their displeasure if he fulfilled his promise. The bills announcing the meeting had been posted, and all the arrangements made, but nothing could induce him to appear at it. The Bishop lived to do eminent service to the Church; but his weakness on this occasion was the precursor, if not in some measure the cause, of troubles which disturbed and darkened the later years of his episcopate.

Bishop Lonsdale was made of sterner stuff. Having come to the conclusion, in which he was strengthened by my father-in-law, that St. Chad's College, Denstone, would be a useful institution, he never swerved in the support which he gave it. All the opposition raised to the College did not move him in the least. He spent the morning of the last day of his life in advocating its claims.

But perhaps it was even a stronger proof of his courage that, almost at the beginning of his career as Bishop, he appointed John Allen to be not

merely his examining chaplain, but Archdeacon of Salop. It was a bold step to take to select a comparative stranger to the diocese for such a post. We clergymen are, it seems to me, unreasonably sensitive in regard to our claims upon the diocese in which we work, and a little apt to imagine that the importation of other men from other parts of the country to fill offices of trust among us is a reflection upon us. But surely it is desirable, that not the best men in any given locality, but the best men from the ranks of the Presbyters everywhere should be advanced to the highest posts in the Church, and it must often be a very great advantage to a town or district to have fresh blood infused into it. Professional jealousy is wholly out of place in all that concerns the Body and the Bride of Christ; and the one only question which patrons have to consider is how best to promote the efficiency of an institution which affects so seriously the highest interests of mankind.

But quite apart from the offence which the elevation of a young and new clergyman over the heads of older men was likely to give, it was an evidence of much courage on the part of Bishop Lonsdale to choose John Allen to be his lieutenant.

For if he, in making the selection, knew that he was securing the services of a loyal friend and a capable adviser, he cannot have been ignorant that he was laying up in store for himself difficulties of just that kind from which popularity hunters are most averse.

He had had ample opportunities of learning both

the excellences and the failings of John Allen, and both the one and the other, as he must have been very well aware, were calculated to give him trouble. Besides, there were ferrets on the earth in those days. Everywhere unpaid informers were on the scent of heresy. Quiet clergymen were worried to great discomfort, if not to death, for a word, for a gesture, for the society which they kept; and Mr. Allen, though supposed to be strictly orthodox himself, was the companion of some who could hardly be so esteemed. He was a member of the Sterling Club, a society to which the late Lord Lyttelton, W. M. Thackeray, Monckton Milnes, Archdeacon Manning, Thomas Carlyle, R. C. Trench, and Professor Maurice also belonged. Some of these were names to which no exception could be taken; some of them were objectionable to the *British Review*, and still more so to the *Record*. What the club was may be inferred from its *personnel* and from the subjoined invitation and correspondence.

N.B.—The usual notice is requested.

THE STERLING CLUB.

Mr. Green's fresh paint makes him unapproachable, whereby all the statutes¹ of the Club are nullified. The Secretary is gone over to Rome (though only for the winter), and the Club is thus left without law or government. Under these circumstances a Rump-steak Commission has been appointed to look to the Republick; it consists of all who choose to dine at Mr. ——'s, Covent Garden, at

¹ These are but two :—

- I. The Club shall dine at Mr. Green's.
- II. On giving Mr. Green notice.

seven o'clock next Tuesday. Steaks, Stout, and Ale *ad lib.* for 5s. 6d. a head: those who drink wine do so on their own responsibility.

To this club then, some years after Mr. Allen was appointed Archdeacon, it transpired that he belonged. When public attention was drawn to the fact, he thought it necessary, for reasons stated in a letter to the secretary, to send in his resignation.

On March 16, 1849, Canon William Gresley wrote to him :—

My dear Archdeacon Allen,—Do pray send me word (if you have five minutes to spare) what is the truth with regard to the Sterling Society. Some unknown friend has sent me a copy of the *Record*, in which it is stated that the members of the association deny the inspiration of the Bible; do not believe the Athanasian Creed; believe that the existence of the English Church is untenable, etc., etc., etc.

To see such men as Manning and yourself named as members of such a society is startling. From the names mentioned in the *Record*, the Sterling Club would seem to be a sort of Noah's Ark or *omnium gatherum* from all segments of the Church, except one, namely, the *Record* party, which is a *primâ facie* evidence of its being sounder than the *Record* represents.

If you have not taken any oath of secrecy, I should be much obliged to you to give me some information on the subject.

Very truly yours,
W. GRESLEY.

Lichfield.

On March 30 the Archdeacon wrote to the secretary :—

Dear —,—I feel that I can no longer continue a member of the Sterling Club. I had once thought of

writing a formal letter to explain the grounds of my withdrawal, which might have been printed, with a reply from those who thought differently ; but it seems desirable, on many grounds, to withdraw quietly. I hope that you will do me the favour to communicate, with kindness and respect, to the club my withdrawal. I should be very sorry if yourself and my other friends misunderstood the grounds on which I act. You will pardon me, therefore, for transcribing a portion of a letter written by me on the 22nd of this month, to a lay friend who had expostulated with me on the subject:—"I agree with you that if the name of the S. Club causes offence to a single individual, it ought to be changed. It is, as you are probably aware, in no sense a commemorative club, as the Pitt Club, nor have the members any common bond except the desire to get the largest amount of pleasurable intercourse from each other's society at the smallest possible expense. When we first met we dined only off beef-steaks. At present the dinner is far from a costly one. I was elected a member in 1840. The club was formed, as I believe, before Sterling was in orders. I never knew much of him, though he once preached for me a sermon on the Resurrection, in the chapel of King's College, when, as I recollect, Carlyle was present. . . . There is to be, as I understand, a large meeting of the Sterling Club on Tuesday next, at which I shall try to be present. . . ." The above was written without any idea of its being shown to others ; but I prefer recurring to what I had felt before the meeting of last Tuesday, as since that time I have had a good deal of discussion with others. It has been urged that the changing the name *now* would be yielding to the tyranny of the press. I have not read a word of what has been written in the newspapers on the subject. One can have no sympathy with those who attack anonymously the characters of others, and to bring forward grave charges in a jesting manner seems to be most unfitting. Had we to persevere in the performance of any duty I should wish to go on, in spite of all attacks ; but in a matter of this kind

it seems to me that the giving offence is the primary consideration, especially as many of the members of the club are in situations where it is of great importance that others should regard them with confidence.

—, Esq.

Since the above was written I have shown it to a friend, who deems it necessary that my views should be publicly met. I intended that they should only be shown privately to my friends. If, however, any public notice of them be taken, I hope that what I have written will also be made public.

To this letter the secretary sent a long and elaborate reply, asking Allen to reconsider his decision, pointing out to him that a great wrong would be done to Christianity, if everything which savoured of Germany was condemned in its name, reminding him that the title of the club by no means identified it with infidel, or heterodox, opinions, and pleading that a stand should be made against the tyranny of the so-called religious press. As for changing the name of the society, he said :—

. . . We now decline to entertain the question, for reasons which I think you will admit are not frivolous, viz. first, because it is demanded in a way which we think ought to be resisted, unless the public press is to be allowed to inquire into every private dinner-party and social arrangement; and secondly, *and principally*, because we believe we should, by yielding, be supposed to admit that we are detected conspirators, organized by Sterling for the attack and undermining of Christianity.

Now, if you, merely because we adhere to this view of our duty, think it necessary to leave us, and give any kind of publicity to the act, you will not only be asserting your opinion that our reasons are unsatisfactory to you, but

likewise that a difference on this point is of such importance as to force you to break off your former intercourse with us, at the great risk (certainly, I should call it) of being supposed to add the weight of your authority, if not to the absurd charge against us, yet to the more plausible one in the *English Review* against a number of men, including Hare, Maurice, Trench, and others, as forming a school "tending to the subversion of the faith, and as one which ought to be discouraged and put down by all sincere Christians."

Sincerely believing that an open rupture between good men who may belong to the several classes known popularly as Evangelicals, Tractarians, and Latitudinarians, is a very imminent and one of the most formidable of the dangers to which religion is exposed at this day, I do trust you will weigh well both sides of the question once more before finally deciding. . . . You will have entirely misunderstood me if you think anything I have said is meant to imply either censure or complaint, or to attribute any want of kindness or charity to your intentions. I think the result will be injurious, and therefore think it right to say so. I will send on your letter to Thackeray, and through him to Maurice (who has only heard it read once), for him to show to Trench.

Prees, Salop, April 7, 1849.

My dear —,—I am truly obliged by your kind letter. I was in such a hurry when I wrote my last, that I know not how I expressed myself; but I have always wished the club to know my reasons for withdrawal, though I can have no right to ask you to read my letter if you disapprove of it, or in any way to mix you up with the matter. I have, as it seems, failed in making my reasons known to you. My chief reason is not the offence, though I may have written most about *that*, from the fact of Denison's * letter having originally suggested *that* to me; but when attention is drawn to the name from whatever

* Bishop Lonsdale's son-in-law, now Lord Grimthorpe.

quarter, I feel that I do wrong in perpetuating it. I have always wished too, if it were possible, that Maurice's and Trench's reasons should be given to the club without their names being brought again before the public. I fear lest to a single member of the club there should arise a suspicion that one of our friends is not sufficiently careful about the integrity of the faith. I think that if matters stand as they are, we do not sufficiently consider what the effect may be on some of the younger members of the club, who do not know well Maurice, Trench, Hare, and others. You will perhaps have reason to smile when you find me wishing to put forward myself as a teacher in this matter. But I cannot well tell you all that is in my mind ; not, of course, that I have anything in my mind about Maurice and those who think with him. Why not let a written statement be drawn up by some one in reply to my letter, and the two be read at the next meeting of the club, so as that the members may understand the views of both parties, and yet neither of us appear in print? The statement in reply to mine need have no name appended, and, indeed, need not be the composition of one person. I have, since I wrote, seen two *Records*, and a friend has promised to send me the rest.

Yours very affectionately,

JOHN ALLEN.

Lord Houghton, in giving the *raison d'être* of the club, gave an explanation of the subject in dispute, which would probably be considered satisfactory by religious people in the present day.

April 20, 1849.

My dear Archdeacon,—On returning from Paris I find your note and the enclosures you mentioned.

I really think that all your correspondents would have been content with the true explanation that the Sterling Club, instead of having been founded with the intention of exhibiting or expressing any form of unbelief, had specially

for its purpose the bringing together of earnest men, who might not otherwise come in contact, and in the variety of whose opinions each might learn to appreciate and to honour the belief of others, *without* weakening his own.

I remain, yours truly and obliged,

RICHARD M. MILNES.

But even if Mr. Allen had never from his earliest childhood associated with any but the most scrupulously orthodox people, he was far too independent and outspoken, far too little of a courtier and diplomatist, far too much of a man, to make an eligible lieutenant to a Bishop who was not prepared for many a *mauvais quart d'heure*.

And strange to say, in after years, the Bishop capped his indiscretion by the appointment of Henry Moore, the Vicar of Eccleshall, to the archdeaconry of Stafford. "In the world," he was wont to say to his friends, "you will see many strange things, but you will never see more than one Henry Moore." Knowing as I do all that Archdeacon Moore did for the diocese and his archdeaconry—and perhaps no one knows it better than I do—I am persuaded that a more fit appointment could not have been made; but no Bishop who cared for a quiet life could possibly have made it. He was a far more difficult man to work with than Archdeacon Allen. His energy was unbounded, and energy was in his case associated, as it so often is, with an extraordinarily irritable temper. "Now, my good fellows," he is reported to have said, as he interposed his stalwart frame between two of his parishioners who had been fighting, "you must stop this." "Maister Moore," replied one of

the combatants, "he *at* me, and so I *at* him again." "But," answered the peacemaker, "the Bible says that you are not to strike those who strike you." "Maister Moore," retorted the man, "if any one *at* you, wouldn't you *at* him again?" "Now, now," began the perplexed vicar, whose veracity was at least equal to his combativeness. "Maister Moore," struck in the unabashed delinquent, "I know you; I know you well; and I am sure that if anybody *at* you, you would *at* him again immediately!"

It was only too true, and yet who can say whether, without his vehemence, in spite of which—I had almost said because of which—large numbers learned to love him, he could have rendered to the Church the services which have made his name a household word in every part of Staffordshire? "I am sure," was the lament of a poor woman who had once been a pupil in his schools, when she heard of his approaching departure from Eccleshall, where he had been vicar for many years, as she sat weeping on her doorstep—"I am sure he has often boxed my ears." His violence, which through long acquaintance with him she had come to understand, seemed positively to have endeared him to her.

The two Archdeacons were unlike and yet like one another. Allen was much the older Archdeacon; Moore was much the older man: the one was the more profound student; the other the readier debater: the one knew more; the other made more of what he knew: Moore was by far the broader Churchman;* Allen by far the more

* The following statement was once made to me by a highly educated Nonconformist, who seemed to be deeply interested in all that concerned the

really tolerant man : Moore was the more vehement ; Allen the more impulsive of the two : Moore knew more of the fabrics of the churches in his arch-deaconry than probably any other man in his position ; Allen was better acquainted with the clergy of his, and a greater help to them in their religious work : Moore was a Conservative, with a strong dash of wholesome Radicalism in his composition ; Allen a Liberal, with a strong vein of cautious Conservatism in his : but both were strongly in favour of the principle of a national religion, both full of zeal for the Church, and both warmly, devotedly attached to Bishop Lonsdale.

Two such men, brought constantly into contact, and representing different and sometimes opposite interests, could not but be at times in collision.

The following letter seems to have been written some eight years after Moore was appointed Arch-deacon :—

Prees, Shrewsbury, January 20, 1864.

Dear Archdeacon,—I have received the enclosed from Mr. G. Egerton to-day. I hope you will be present at St. Chad's vestry, Shrewsbury, on Tuesday next, at 12.30. One matter to be noted is that since you have been Archdeacon matters have been occasionally carried in a somewhat autocratic manner at our committee meetings at Lichfield, that, specifically, on March 18, 1861, you repeatedly interrupted those who differed from you, and took most of the talk to yourself. I do not blame an energetic man for being full of his own view of a subject, and for being

Church of England :—"I know you clergy well : there are three schools amongst you—the High Church, the Low Church, and the Broad Church. The pity is that you are all so narrow, and the narrowest of the three are the Broad Churchmen." It is not for me, who have no pretensions to be considered Broad, to say that this witness is true.

anxious to press it. My only wish is to show reason for administering in Shropshire the funds collected in Shropshire. The change last year, without discussion, from our unvarying precedent, so far as my experience goes, that our summer meeting should be held at Wolverhampton, and our autumn meeting at Stafford, seems to me a further reason for my view. I keep a copy of this letter to be read on Tuesday next.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN ALLEN.

The Venerable the Archdeacon of Stafford.

This is only one from a number of similar letters written on different occasions, which show that my father-in-law did not always find it easy to co-operate with his brother Archdeacon. But during the lifetime of Bishop Lonsdale, their differences of opinion were kept within bounds by their common loyalty to their ecclesiastical superior. After his death, however, they appear to have found it still harder to agree when the conflicting claims of their respective archdeaconries were in question, until on one memorable occasion the contention waxed so hot between them, that when it was over my father-in-law, distressed to have taken part in so fierce a controversy, went up to Moore and said, "My brother Archdeacon, I shall never strive with you again." "Oh, don't say that," replied the other, feeling no doubt that he was not free from blame for the dispute which had occurred. "No," replied Allen, "I never shall;" and he was as good as his word. Frequently afterwards he differed from the course recommended by the other, but he held his peace. He would never again expose himself to a temptation of which he knew the force.

The following reminiscences of my father-in-law have been kindly contributed by Lord Grimthorpe, the son-in-law of Bishop Lonsdale, on condition that they should appear exactly as he wrote them :—

From LORD GRIMTHORPE.

Probably there are not many persons surviving who had known Archdeacon Allen intimately so long as I had when he died, to my great regret, last year ; but others will be able to say more than I can about the performance of his ecclesiastical duties. I made his acquaintance at King's College, London, in 1840, where he was chaplain, and my father-in-law (though not yet so) was Principal, and Preacher of Lincoln's Inn. I had no connection with the college then, though I have now, but I used to go to whichever of those chapels Mr. Lonsdale preached at on Sunday mornings, and very often to his house at King's College. On Sunday afternoons, if I was there, I went with his family to the chapel, where Allen used to preach to a small congregation, and almost in the dark in winter ; for the students were not required to go there in the afternoon. I was at once struck with his originality and quaintness, and a kind of oratorical genius without any pretence of eloquence. I have always taken likes and dislikes pretty quickly, and soon became much attached to him. He was then married and I was not, and he sometimes asked me to his house in St. John's Wood, and I was very glad to spend quiet Sunday evenings with him and his wife, for whom I acquired as much regard as for himself.

He was then a school inspector, and the first of them, under the old system, before it was transformed by that vile School Board Act of Messrs. Forster and Gladstone, which was carried under the false pretence of being auxiliary to Church and other denominational schools ; whereas every man of common sense ought to have seen

that its tendency was and must be to supplant them, and to transfer the management of schools from competent people to incompetent ones, and to enable a majority of ignorant or mischievous ratepayers to stop religious education altogether. All the professed object of the Act would have been effected, and all the mischief prevented, if voluntary payments to any charity schools were allowed to be set off against the main education rate. But the Bishops quietly sat by, and the Tory majority in the House of Lords with them let all that be done, irrevocably I suppose, as all attempts to return from bad ways to good ones are dismissed as "retrograde" now.

The Archdeacon told us that he had met Mr. Forster some time after the Act had been in action, and said to him that he ought to get up in the House and confess that it had been a mistake. He did not tell us Forster's answer.

It seems odd to look back now and remember that Allen's acceptance of that office, though under the nomination of the Archbishop of Canterbury, was rather regarded with suspicion by the clergy, because the inspectors were to be officials of the State and to report to the Privy Council. He told me that when he was offered the place on the recommendation of Bishop Otter (who was Principal of King's College, when he first went there as chaplain, and also strongly recommended him to Bishop Lonsdale, when he became first acting and then actual Principal) he thought it right to go and consult Bishop Blomfield, because he had told the clergy at their Ordination that they might consult him in any difficulty. The Bishop at first refused to give him any answer; whereupon he said, "Then I conclude that your lordship does not approve of my taking it; so I shall decline," and was going. Thereupon Blomfield saw that would not do, and said, "Stop, Mr. Allen; don't be in such a hurry," whereas it was he that had been hasty, as usual; and the result was that he advised him to take the place, and he did so, and all the State inspectors of Church schools were so appointed, and were clergymen

until the aforesaid Education Act of 1870, which ignored the Church altogether.

Mr. Lonsdale was consecrated Bishop of Lichfield on the 3rd December, 1843, and consequently left King's College; but my intimacy with Allen continued. In 1846 the Bishop gave him the living of Prees, and, soon after the archdeaconry of Salop. I remember the first time we all drove over from Eccleshall to see him in that queer old vicarage, which was quite unsuitable to his large family and modern wants. So he only lived there a few months, and then went away for a time while another house was building. It may be necessary now to inform some people that Eccleshall Castle (though its castellation had vanished for ages) was then, and had been for twelve hundred years, the seat of the Bishops of Lichfield, but was abandoned by Bishop Selwyn for Lichfield Palace, and sold by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in 1868, as badly as most of their transactions of that kind.

The Archdeacon made a great mistake in the site of his house for one of his queer reasons, not worth recording. But I will repeat the Bishop's answer to him when he said he had kept a certain walk all askew in the garden because it was his predecessor's, who was one of those parsons who used to give out in church the meeting of the hounds, as they now do Saints' days and meetings of district visitors—"If I had thought you meant to walk in his *ways* I should not have put you here."

I and my wife often stayed with him, and used to enjoy it very much, and sometimes I alone. He used to walk out, making parish visits, sometimes a long way, every afternoon, unless he had to drive still farther, and I generally went with him, though I did not join in the visitations. He was very good company, both there and in his house. It was often said that no Bishop had two such Archdeacons as him and Archdeacon Moore, whom I used to accompany in just the same way, when he was Vicar of Eccleshall. Moore would stop in a harangue about Coleridge to shout to a woman in a field, or across

her garden, to scold her for not sending her children to school, and then go on with Coleridge as if he had not been interrupted. They were both men of wonderful vigour and originality in different ways. Moore retained his to the age of eighty-two, and then died almost suddenly, and I thought Allen would, as his brother, the vigorous Dean of St. David's, has to a still greater age.

Though he was both a lover and sayer of humorous things, I hardly remember any of them that will look as good as they sounded with his peculiar voice, between a laugh and a lamentation. I will try two or three. I once asked him while we were walking, "What does that young — do?" He stopped and struck his stick on the ground as his manner was, and said, "Well, he kills rats." Another time the Bishop and he and I were walking together, and talking of a certain other Bishop, who, I said, was made one because he was a Lord Chancellor's brother. The Bishop, half in joke, said, "You know, he was a Fellow of John's." I answered, "Yes, a Bishop of Ely's Fellow," *i.e.* nominated, not elected; whereupon Allen struck in, "Yes; he began with a job and ended with a job."

His severest things often had a kind of fun in them, which was never ill-natured, and he was never sarcastic. I by no means intend to condemn sarcasm universally, which is often the best weapon to use (except for people in authority, to whom it is fatal), but merely to state the fact that it was not the line that his severity took.

I dare say other people have mentioned that extraordinary notion of his, that if he said anything seriously (not jocosely) condemnatory of any person, he was bound to tell him of it; and it is superfluous to say that it got him into some serious quarrels, which the Bishop had to heal as well as he could. After one of these I asked him what possessed him to make one of those attacks on a gentleman who had done nothing worse than neglect some duty, in the Archdeacon's opinion. The only answer I got was, "Oh, John —; he's on the brink of the pit;" and then he could not help laughing at himself for it. Some of

those exploits became jokes of the diocese, and even the subjects of them forgave him, on account of their general respect for him, and their conviction that it was only his unusual honesty and simplicity, or, one may call it, a craze of his own, that made him volunteer a confession of what anybody else would have suppressed. Two Bishops were among the victims of his candour. One gave him no answer at all, and the other wrote to Bishop Lonsdale, who told him that he ought to apologize. So he wrote this, or something very near it: "My Lord,—The Bishop of Lichfield tells me I ought to apologize for my letter to your lordship. Therefore I do. Yours, etc., JOHN ALLEN."

Few people that I have talked to about him seemed to know how quickly he came to conclusions as to his work, and did it. I have seen him put out a batch of letters written between the post coming in and breakfast at 8.30. I by no means imply that his rapid conclusions were always right; but I doubt if taking any more time would have mended them, because their errors were those peculiar to his mind, and not to imperfect understanding of the facts or arguments he had to deal with. One reason of his doing so much so quickly was that singular brevity and abruptness of his style of writing, both in letters and charges and sermons. Moreover, he never argued in writing, but stated propositions of his own in the shortest terms, very often adding, "as I think," which he seemed to think sufficient.

His mind was certainly contradictory rather than assentative. A very wise young man, who was his curate for a time and died prematurely, a grandson of Bishop Lonsdale, said that when the Archdeacon told him he was going to do one of his hasty things, he used to fire off an objection and leave the room immediately, that the Archdeacon might reflect instead of contradicting, and the result was sometimes what he wanted, which he would not have got by arguing.

He never seemed to care whether anything he undertook was a forlorn hope, or had the best promise of success;

and undoubtedly his forlorn hopes sometimes succeeded beyond any expectation. He was generally very accurate about facts and law within the range of his own knowledge and business, though he was not always careful enough to ascertain the truth of things he was told, and believed and meddled on, and accordingly sometimes got a deserved rap on the knuckles for it. He saved the late Vicar of Eccleshall from being overridden by another Archdeacon with a sham committee as to the restoration of Eccleshall Church, which was begun before Bishop Lonsdale's death, and finished after it, by telling him how to proceed, with his churchwardens and no other committee, nominal or real. In reference to that, I have been looking at his record of Bishop Lonsdale in my *Life of him*, and wish I could write an equally good one of him. I would refer to it as a capital specimen of his style, and the only printed one that I know of, beyond ephemeral reports of his Charges. I do not remember his ever publishing anything myself; certainly no book, nor even a pamphlet, or an article in any periodical, that I know of.

As to his character in general, I can give you nothing better than Bishop Lonsdale's well-known saying, that "he had never known any man who feared God more and man less than Archdeacon Allen." His fearlessness was shown in a remarkable way early in his inspecting career. He had sent in a report containing some strong censure of a schoolmaster, which at first the Privy Council excised from the proof as they proposed to publish it. He insisted that they should publish all or none of his report, as he had the right of an author to do, and when they demurred he insisted on being heard by the Committee, of which Sir James Graham was chairman or a member and did his best to frighten him, telling he was a very young man and so forth, but in vain, and the report was published; and either in that case or another the schoolmaster brought an action against the publisher for libel, which the Government had to settle as they could. (That was before the great case of *Stockdale v. Hansard*, and the Act in conse-

quence thereof, to stop actions for publishing Parliamentary papers, however libellous.) I often said he would have made a splendid martyr if he had lived in burning times. I do not remember his expressing any strong political opinions, not even how he voted at elections. But his opinions were certainly for a considerable time what it was the fashion to call Liberal, until he found the truth of Lord Melbourne's famous saying, that "all the fools' predictions (meaning Tories) had turned out right, and the clever men's all wrong." As soon as Liberalism openly took the form of repudiating the tenth commandment in every direction, he gave it up, and perceived the true character of its Prophet and High Priest, as we "fools" had long before, while the "clever men" were putting him in the position to ruin everything he has had time to touch.

I always regarded Allen, and still do, as a kind of supernumerary member of Bishop Lonsdale's family, partly on account of the long connection and the great affection between them, and also from some considerable likenesses of character, though with very strong differences. The likenesses were in their entire and absolute honesty, simplicity, devotion to their work, and disregard of their own convenience: in their domestic affections and ways, both ruling their own houses well, and never passing over anything that they thought deserving of correction: and in the consequent affection and attention of their children: in their power of influencing others without the least attempt at dictation: in their liberality both in money and opinion, each equally tolerating and being ready to work with men of views very different from their own. Though the Bishop's literary style and scholarship and learning were of a much higher order, they were alike in their abhorrence of superfluous words and the profusion of loose, unmeaning language and sham eloquence which too many clergymen indulge in. If it was impossible to strike out or alter a word of any sentence uttered by the Bishop without spoiling it, it was impossible to express anything said by his favourite Archdeacon in fewer words; and they were

both remarkable for accuracy. It is needless to add that they were both impossible to have any intercourse with and not to be the better for it. The Bishop was certainly the wiser man of the two ; but, in spite of the Archdeacon's eccentricities, he also was, in the best sense, a man of the world ; that is, he understood it, and the men he had to deal with, though of course he was sometimes taken in, as even more suspicious and wisest people are.

I know nothing more that I can add usefully, though I do not feel that I have conveyed a full impression of my own appreciation of this very remarkable man, even as to those parts of his character and work which a layman and a lawyer could judge of, leaving the distinctly clerical side of it to others.

GRIMTHORPE.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOHN ALLEN AS ARCHDEACON.

“God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was designed to fill.”

COWPER, *The Winter Evening.*

IT was in December, 1843, that John Lonsdale was consecrated Bishop of Lichfield. In 1846 he offered John Allen the living of Prees. The offer was gratefully accepted, and in that year Mr. Allen left the stir and life of London for the seclusion and quietude of a small village in North Shropshire. The parish lies some fourteen miles north of Shrewsbury, and stands 360 feet above the level of the sea. Here John Allen lived for the next thirty-seven years in the faithful discharge of his sacred duties; here his three youngest children were born; and here, throughout the whole period of his residence, death never entered his dwelling.

The parish, which contained two thousand people, had been terribly neglected. “Oh, Miss Allen,” said an old parishioner not long ago to one of my sisters-in-law, “this was one of the wickedest places on earth before your father came here. There were eleven

public-houses, and in the dark people were even afraid of their lives; but now it's all turned upside down." It was not only the public-houses which were in fault; the Church was seriously to blame, and the parsonage was a type of the state of the parish. It was almost uninhabitable; so, after residing in it for a year, the new vicar appointed an unmarried man to act as *locum tenens* for the next twelve months, whilst a new house was being built. The site for this was selected, and the aspect of it arranged so as to command as large a number of beautiful views as possible. From the garden of the vicarage, and the windows which overlooked the garden, might be seen the Long Mountain, the Breidden, Moel Famma, and Cader Idris. The house was an unpretentious building, with many gables and many rooms. It stands almost at the highest point in the village, on a hill which falls abruptly towards the west into a plain stretching some twenty miles or so to the foot of the Breidden.

To the east of the house, not a hundred yards from it, stands the church. This structure in 1846, though, unlike the vicarage, it was water-tight, was not in a creditable state. When the priest-in-charge of Prees heard that Mr. Allen was made Arch-deacon, he wrote to him in his letter of congratulation, "You have at least this singular qualification for the position, that you can take the clergy into your own church, to show them all that a church ought *not* to be."

On the 13th of October, 1847, Bishop Lonsdale wrote to Mr. Allen:—

My dear Allen,—The Church of God in this diocese has lost a good and faithful servant in Archdeacon Bather, and one whose memory I shall ever cherish with grateful respect. Upon me rests the responsibility of filling the place which his death has made vacant, and it is a ground of unspeakable satisfaction, and I hope of thankfulness also, to me, that I am enabled (for I will not anticipate any obstacle) to do this in a way which is at once most gratifying to my own affections, and which will, I am sure, be most acceptable to the clergy and most beneficial to the Church. I regard it indeed as quite providential that your present position in Shropshire should have opened the way to your succession to the archdeaconry of Salop. I trust, therefore, that you will at once relieve my anxiety by accepting an office for which you are excellently qualified, and which will afford you means of usefulness far beyond what you and I can calculate.

Believe me, my dear Allen, your ever affectionate friend,

J. LICHFIELD.

The Rev. John Allen.

I have not found my father-in-law's reply, but it provoked the following answer from the Bishop :—

Eccleshall Castle, Staffordshire, October 18, 1847.

My dear Allen,—I cannot tell you how thankful I am for your acceptance of the archdeaconry, or how much I am gratified by the exceedingly kind terms in which you have accepted it. That you will thus become an instrument of incalculable good in the diocese, if it please God to give you health, I am fully persuaded, and I shall have the satisfaction of thinking that I have done *one* good thing since I became Bishop of Lichfield. I told Archdeacons Hodson and Hill that I intended to offer the archdeaconry to you, at which (having indeed anticipated it in their own minds) they both expressed, and I am sure most sincerely, unqualified satisfaction, and this without question will be the universal feeling.

But I have now a request to make to you. It is that you will kindly consent to act as Examining Chaplain *at least* for a time. This is a matter of great importance to me, and as other Archdeacons have done the like (Archdeacon Hodson, I believe, till the day of Bishop Ryder's death), I hope it will be no derogation from your dignity. You can be collated to the archdeaconry whenever you like, but perhaps, as you will hold your inspectorship till the end of the year, you may think it better to postpone your collation (which will not be a cold one) till you come to Eccleshall in December, to which I see no objection.

Mrs. Lonsdale and my daughters join in kindest regards and wishes to you, Mrs. Allen, and all yours. Mrs. Lonsdale tells me she shall write to somebody among them. She has written to Mrs. Bather to tell her of your appointment; she thought it right to do this, and I am sure it will be a comfort to Mrs. Bather. You will be pleased with Mr. Moore's note, which, of course, need not be returned.

Your ever affectionate friend,

J. LICHFIELD.

The Rev. John Allen.

I have heard from your cousin, E. E. Allen. I am glad he is to have a curacy in your archdeaconry. I fear the archdeaconry will not make you richer; but, as the Ecclesiastical Commissioners make up its income to £200 per annum, I hope its expenses will be paid.

Out of the innumerable letters of congratulation which Mr. Allen received I think that one should be preserved on its own account, and still more on account of the man who wrote it:—

October 18, 1847.

My dear Allen,—I always had a great reverence and affection for the Bishop of Lichfield, and a high opinion of his wisdom; you may be sure that his last act has increased all these feelings prodigiously.

I rejoice that the Church has one more office well filled, and that you will have more work to do for her. The honour I should rather condole with you upon, if I did not think you would be able to bear it, whatever it is, better than most men. You have been kept hitherto from officialty, have been taught to be a man in office, and why should we doubt that the same grace will be continued and increased to you? That it is grace I know, well feeling how much I and others want it, and that we might have it if we would ; but that increases the security. If you had to depend upon yourself, each new duty would be something very terrible ; as you have not, it is as good a ground as we can have for congratulation and thankfulness. I think I could be glad to see you a Bishop, which is saying a great deal about a dear friend ; but I have a strong faith that, by God's mercy, you will not be spoiled by shovel hat and lawn sleeves, or anything else that is most dangerous.

Ever very affectionately yours,

F. D. MAURICE.

The new Archdeacon's predecessor should be known, even to this generation, as the author of one of the best books ever written on the art of catechizing ; from his own generation he could not be hid, owing to the quaintness of a humour which would occasionally break out even on the most solemn occasions. "He freely confessed his sins," he said, when preaching the funeral sermon of his own brother, "and that without any desire of being contradicted." But perhaps it was not then known, and if it was it is probably now forgotten, how devout and holy a man he was.

It was one of the striking traits of Archdeacon Allen's character that he would dwell with delight on any revelation of piety in another ; and it was eminently characteristic of him to copy and preserve

a long extract from some notes of his predecessor, lent to him by Mrs. Bather. They conclude as follows :—

“Let me come to the throne of grace as bound and privileged. Let me fight against sloth ; go plodding on, comfort or none ; success or none ; appetite or none ; easily or painfully. Let me and all for whom I ought to pray receive henceforth always, through the service of Thy House, impressions so holy, so lively, so abiding, that we may have no appetite for doing our own pleasure, or speaking our own words, and may be so pre-occupied with all good thoughts, that there may be no room for evil ones to enter.”

To all which his successor would fervently, *ex animo*, say “Amen.”

Forty years ago the prospects of the Church were somewhat gloomy. The picture of what she then was may, perhaps, be painted in colours somewhat too dark by the vanity of the present generation, but her condition was sad enough. The gentry had succeeded in relegating the poor, for whom, if for any class in particular, churches had been built and endowed, into darkened corners, where it was difficult for them to hear and see ; and the efforts made to provide church accommodation for the rapidly increasing population were miserably inadequate. The clergy were little esteemed by those who ought to have supported them, and in the small archdeaconry of Salop alone there were no fewer than fifty livings worth less than £200 a year.

John Allen saw that he could best discharge his archidiaconal duties by caring for the poor, both

amongst the laity and the clergy. He understood what is meant by the brotherhood of man; and with his whole soul he hated exclusiveness, more especially when it appeared in the guise of religion and in the house of God. One of his first acts as Archdeacon was to tear off with his own hands a padlock from the door of a pew sacred to the comfort of some big squire who patronized Christianity by an occasional appearance at public worship. Alas! the pew was the great man's by virtue of a faculty, and the Archdeacon was obliged to confess that his zeal had outrun his discretion. But his sympathy with the Free and Open Church movement never waned. He did all that lay in his power to promote it; and, when his own church was restored, he induced his parishioners to consent to leave the seats unappropriated. It would be wearisome to mention all the churches which he helped to get built. Suffice it to say that one of them was in his own parish, and that it has now a separate ecclesiastical district assigned to it, with an endowment of £300 a year. After he had been Archdeacon for five and twenty years, another church in the immediate neighbourhood of Prees was rebuilt. The clergy of the archdeaconry wishing to show their appreciation of his services, he requested that their kindness might be expressed in the erection of a new church at Whixall, a parish of which he was rector. Some years afterwards, the clergy again desired to testify their affection for him.

Cound Rectory, Shrewsbury, February 6, 1877.

My dear Archdeacon,—It has suggested itself to me that many of the clergy might like to join in presenting

you with your portrait, if the idea should commend itself to you, and you should be pleased to give sittings to a competent artist. I have taken upon myself to write to the Rural Deans on the subject, and have received from them much encouragement. They express themselves most kindly in their regard for you. I feel that I cannot proceed any further in the matter without knowing whether the idea would be agreeable to yourself. Should your reply be favourable, I shall hope to take further counsel with the Rural Deans.

I remain, yours very truly,

AUGUSTUS THURSBY PELHAM.

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, February 7, 1877.

My dear Pelham,—You are most kind, and from the Rural Deans I have had continuous kindness, most serviceable help on all occasions. I should not like in any degree to feel insensible to your and their goodness. But the great desire of my heart, the rebuilding of Whixall Church, was done some years ago in part by some out of unmerited kindness to myself; and if any one wishes for a remembrance of my features when I am gone, a shilling laid out with Mr. Laing* will, I believe, purchase that which is more completely a shadow of me than what can be designed by the most cunning of human hands. I must ask leave to decline your goodness. As regards the outlay of money, all that I wish, external to myself, my family, my parish, is that each parish in this archdeaconry, and so far as I may presume to express a desire for the diocese and for the Church at large, every parish, may do more and more—as the parishes are, as I believe, happily doing year by year—for helping forward all that is good, *e.g.* making collections in the spring for the S.P.G., for the C.M.S. in the autumn, for the Church Extension Society, for the Incorporated Church Building Society, and the like. And I feel unwilling that a single shilling should be diverted from these good works (set about, as I trust they are, in

* A photographer well known in Shropshire.

the spirit of prayer and in humility) to a portrait of myself. I feel very grateful to you for your kindness to me. Mrs. Allen and my daughters feel very grateful to you.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN ALLEN.

Certainly the clergy owed him no little gratitude. He exerted himself to the utmost to advance their material interests. Through the Salop Poor Benefice Fund, which he established (it was, I believe, the first of its kind), he was instrumental, with the help of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in raising the incomes of almost all the benefices in the archdeaconry to at least £200 a year; and he promoted the building of parsonages wherever they were needed.

In public and in private, both in his charges and his personal appeals—I had almost said “in season and out of season”—he taught the wealthy laity that it was at once their duty and privilege to provide for the temporal necessities of their pastors, and to secure to them their independence. How bold was his advocacy of the Church’s claims upon the rich may be judged from the following letters:—

To LORD M. V——.

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, March 19, 1864.

Dear Lord ——,—I hope you will kindly appoint some day when I may call on you and plead this matter of church extension. You are just. You will not refuse before you hear. Your character, your position, your worldly means give you great influence. We are all of us responsible for the use of our influence, and we know not how soon our Master may call us to account.

You say that you believe the revenues of the Church are sufficient. Will not this statement seem absurd when

you consider how rapidly population increases, and how wealth is increasing, and how, in return for the pitiful support we dole out to the ministers of our new churches, these ministers give back, in the improved value of the property where they are located, an ample pecuniary return even for all the money they receive?

E.g. Mr. ——'s location at —— repays, even in a pecuniary point of view, the kindness you have done us by making arrangements so liberally for his being settled there.

You rightly say you have set an example of contributing largely. You have indeed done so most kindly, most liberally. Yet others also have set an example. Your income is, perhaps, three or four times that of our Bishop. His contributions are a pattern to all of us.

The only question with you, with me, with all, is—How can I best discharge those responsibilities with which God hath trusted me? And, certainly, when one considers the wealth and influence and prosperity of England, those who have a large stake in England's fortunes seem to have a special demand made on them to contribute all in their power to the true well-being of England.

No one can deny that the Church is, under God's blessing, doing its work in this country in a way in which it never has been done before; and the Church has a claim on your lordship, and on others in your position, that cannot be disregarded by you without great personal loss.

Ever your lordship's truly obliged and faithful servant,
JOHN ALLEN.

To the DUKE OF X——.

Prees, Shrewsbury, December 6, 1870.

My Lord Duke,—I was writing of your Grace to-day to another, and I wrote, "The Duke seems to me (except in helping poor benefices as his excellent father did) to keep an able secretary who has excellent reasons, fairly written, fully set forth, against helping any general Church work in these parts. The last time I tried to move the Duke of X—— for church extension (when churches on

his property, in his patronage, had drawn largely from our Church Extension Fund) the duke would give nothing." My letter to-day to my correspondent had reference to a letter I saw from your Grace's agent in reference to R—, and was called forth by the circumstances of our Education appeal.

I am your Grace's servant,

JOHN ALLEN.

The Lichfield Diocesan Church Extension Society is supported solely by voluntary contributions. In 1869 the Bishop issued a renewed appeal for funds, which appeal was met by nearly £20,000 from the residents and land-owners of the diocese. The Archdeacon of Salop waited on the Duke of X—, and urged the duke to give help. The duke answered uncertainly, but showed a letter from the Archdeacon of Stafford, urging a similar request. The duke is a large landowner in the archdeaconry of Stafford as well as in the archdeaconry of Salop. Archdeacon Allen repeated in writing his request. No help came, but a long excuse from the duke's secretary. The following places are on the duke's property in the Archdeaconry of Salop. The grants to each are from the Lichfield Church Extension Society.

A. Duke patron and owner, except the glebe and six acres. £110.

B. Duke patron and owner. £750.

C. Duke patron and principal owner. £30.

D. Duke patron and part owner. £400.

E. Duke patron and part owner. The church a memorial to the duke's father. £400.

(The clergy of each of the above-named cures are unexceptionable men, insufficiently remunerated.)

F. The duke a very large owner. £265.

G. The duke owner. £40.

H. The duke part owner. £300.

I. The duke part owner. £600.

J. The duke part owner. £150.

The question arises, why should the contributors to the Lichfield Church Extension Society discharge his Grace's obligations without help from the duke?

The duke has much property once held by religious houses; those who are guided by Bishop Butler, the author of the "Analogy," will think that there rests on such owners a special obligation to help works of piety and education.

Of J., in reference to the erection of a school, the Duke of Y—— writes, November 26, 1870, to Archdeacon Allen:—

"J. Where it appears that I have 1600 acres, and the Duke of X—— 2200, I offered to pay my proportionate amount; but the Duke of X—— will give nothing, and prefers that the rating plan should be adopted."

The rating plan transfers the cost from the owner of the land to the tenant farmer.

A copy of the above was sent to H——, a chaplain of the duke's, with this request:—

Please return the enclosed to me; the original has been sent to the Duke of X——. I cannot ask you to correct it, or to give any opinion on it. But I should be glad of correction and of guidance.

On receiving the chaplain's reply, the Archdeacon wrote:—

Prées, Shrewsbury, December 9, 1870.

My dear H——,—I am greatly obliged by your kindness in writing to me. If you can correct any of the facts in the paper sent, you will do me the greatest kindness. The duke's father was an excellent man. So far as I recollect, I never, in any instance, applied to him in vain for help. The only time I ever was in his house he treated me with singular courtesy, and gave me munificent help. But no testimony from such as I am is needed to bear witness to the excellence of his character. I do not know the extent of the Duke of X——'s property. I was talk-

ing some time ago with Captain Cust, and, if I did not misunderstand him, out of more than £40,000 a year that Lord Brownlow has in Shropshire, more than £20,000 went to the estate in the year of which Captain Cust was speaking. The question which presses on me is, Why should places on the duke's property come for help to the Church Extension Society? If all proprietors acted like the duke, the society would not exist. Churches and clergy would then be poorer than they are. You talk of the duke's endowing B. But my paper marks the Church Extension Society as giving £750 to B. Has the present duke helped the endowment? Are my figures erroneous? I am anxious before the paper is printed to get my figures correct. I will send it to-day to Mr. —.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN ALLEN.

To another friend of the duke's, he wrote :—

Prees, Shrewsbury, December 12, 1870.

My dear —,—I am greatly obliged by your cautions.

My argument is that all the clergy on cures in Salop in the duke's patronage are unexceptionable men.

It helps a man in the duke's position to pass his final account, after private expostulation unheeded, to have his conduct publicly criticized (Matt. xviii. 15-17). Great men are encompassed with snares, the words of the flatterer.

The health of the world is kept up partially by public criticism that is signed by the critic.

But what the Archdeacon did to improve the worldly position of the clergy was by no means his only claim on their affection. His kindness to them and consideration for them knew no bounds. To the poorest, the least educated, the youngest of them, he desired to be no more than a brother, asking nothing for himself except that, in every way

he could, he might befriend and help them. To absentees, and the negligent amongst them, more especially if they were affluent, he did not hesitate to speak his mind, and he took very good care that they did not desert their cures, if the law could compel their residence; and even to men whom he highly valued he occasionally thought it his duty to give a word of advice, after the manner of the subjoined letter:—

My dear ——,—I have said that for a well-endowed rector to leave his parish for months to the charge of a curate is terrible, and that his absence is a wound to society. We greatly need the Rural Dean of —— . More than two years ago, it was said to me, “The rector is much away from ——.” It was a sorrow to me, when last summer our Rural Deans were summoned to Lichfield, that the Rural Dean of —— came with us to Lichfield Station, but went further.

I heard last time I was at Lichfield that the Bishop said, when he last summoned his Cathedral Chapter, he had had a smaller attendance than he had ever known.

Bishop Selwyn said to a late rector, who desired to go to the sea, “If you were a curate you would take a dose of medicine.”

I am not sure that the foregoing reproof was deserved, but I insert it to show that his popularity even with his own order was not won by withholding what he discerned to be unpleasant truths.

The following letters, one to the wife of a neighbouring clergyman, and the other to Mr. Wightman, whose wife is so well and widely known for her philanthropic labours, show another, the more tender, side of his character:—

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, October 22, 1881.

Dear Mrs. ———,—Mrs. Allen and I, from what I heard on Thursday, and from what Anna told us yesterday, have desired earnestly to sympathize with you. The weakness and over-pressure of the nerves must be among the heaviest of the burdens laid upon us by our Heavenly Father. When I am most pressed, after the words of Scripture, the words of Toplady's hymn, "Rock of Ages," seem to me to bring most comfort. I strive every morning to pray for cleansing and for the outpouring of the Divine Spirit, and I try to assure my soul with the certain promises that my prayer will be answered. I think of the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

Surely for us our Lord endured the hiding of the Father's face; and in the Psalms again and again the deepest sorrow is portrayed. "All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me" (Psalm xlii.); but then the Psalm ends with a repetition of what had been felt before (ver. 5), "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, Who is the health of my countenance and my God" (ver. 11).

"Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

When a dear friend of mine was lying ill some time back, and I was looking out for words of comfort, I seemed to find what I wanted at the close of the "Pilgrim's Progress," where the letter was sent to Christiana—an arrow with a point sharpened with love—

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Faith, we have it not of ourselves; "ask, and it shall be given."

I will lay hold upon Jesus. I will set my feet on the rock. O Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me never be ashamed. The exhortations in the Visitation of the Sick, often as I read them, always seem to me fresh.

I knew a great sufferer who for seven years was not

able to keep anything on her stomach. She wrote three helpful books :—

1. "Sickness, its Trials and Blessings."
2. "Help and Comfort for the Sick Poor."
3. "Notes on the Visitation of the Sick."

I leave the first of these with you. The book was, as I am told, a great comfort to the wife of a man whom I had to do with.

But you may hardly be able to listen to any book.

Dear Mrs. —, I am affectionately yours,

JOHN ALLEN.

Mrs. Allen and my daughters beg their tenderest and kind regards to be sent to you.

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, September 18, 1878.

My dear Wightman,—The more I think of your possible removal from Shrewsbury, the less I like the prospect.

I am very anxious that the help that has been given to the C. M. S. and to the Bible Society in Shrewsbury should not be weakened. But this does not touch the point of what must necessarily be very precious to you, Mrs. Wightman's health. I feel I can say nothing on this head, except that, after her great and happy labours at Shrewsbury, it seems to me she would be justified in taking partial rest, and, as there is no one that I know of to take up any part of her work, is it not better that some of it should be left untouched, than that all should fall through?

I cannot bear, however, the idea of pressing too far the willing horse.

My feeling is strongly that we clergymen are stronger and more useful the longer we remain in one place. You have, under God's mercy, been a comfort and help to all for thirty-seven years, a long service.

If the new cure had special attractions, I should not write a word. But I cannot hear of those special attractions. There is a real difficulty to be grappled with on

first entering into a parish, in the entire ignorance of the characters of the parishioners.

Ever I am affectionately and gratefully yours,

JOHN ALLEN.

It was his rule, in compliance with a wish of Bishop Lonsdale, to attend all the Ruridecanal Chapter meetings in his Archdeaconry. At these, however, he always declined to preside, as he maintained that the chair belonged by right to the Rural Dean ; and, though he probably took a leading part in the discussions which arose, I find, on reading through the voluminous notes which he made of them, that it is impossible to distinguish what he said from what was said by others. All truth was dear to him, no matter whence it came ; and words of wisdom from some poor curate, of whom no one else thought much, would be just as highly esteemed by him as if he had uttered them himself. The following reminiscences are from the pen of the Rev. George Master, who had the advantage, which I had not, of being present with him at many Ruridecanal Chapter meetings :—

My reminiscences of Archdeacon Allen date from as far back as 1846, in which year, as one of Bishop Lonsdale's chaplains, he examined me, fresh from Oxford, for Holy Orders at Lichfield. There was a certain grave severity about him then, tempered nevertheless with consideration and kindness, which I never forgot. Indeed, I believe that for some years afterwards a slight tinge of fear mingled with my ever-increasing appreciation of his loveable and attractive character.

In 1848, the establishment, under his auspices, of Ruridecanal Chapters in the diocese of Lichfield, or rather in that part of it which constituted his archdeaconry, brought

him into more frequent contact with the clergy, and particularly with me, as Secretary of that held in the deanery of Ellesmere, of which place I commenced my clerical life as curate, since he made a point of attending every meeting, and by his presence, support, and guidance ensuring its success. "There will be many dull pages in these Chapters," he said; but none were dull at which he was present, and they soon established themselves as popular and agreeable *réunions*, full of suggestive usefulness to all who attended them. I remember that certain of the junior clergy distrusted the Archdeacon a little, thinking him "very broad" and somewhat of a Radical; and, indeed, I felt myself that his official antecedents as one of H.M.'s inspectors of schools induced perhaps a tendency to take a secular, rather than an ecclesiastical, view of burning educational and kindred subjects. But he was so thoroughly real and true, there was such a strong individuality about the man, that he soon bore down our prejudices, and secured a place in our hearts which he permanently retained. I think I see him now, his strongly marked countenance impressed with the gravity of matters under discussion; his words weighty and conclusive; look, mien, and manner indicative of intense earnestness and sincerity; and all distinctively characteristic of himself, and in accordance with his tall and rather gaunt figure, his not always well-brushed archdeaconal hat, his long feet and official gaiters.

Then, as time went on and near neighbourhood and social intercourse increased our intimacy, I learnt to value more and more, and, I hope, to profit by the wisdom and experience which were always at the service of his juniors, not concealing from him, however, but frankly confessing occasional want of agreement with some of his theories, and even of his practice. The truth is, that he was in some respects too good, or, at all events, too simple-minded, for the world in which he lived. He held, and acted on his belief, that if any public man or private friend did or said what in his opinion was mistaken or wrong, it was

his plain duty to address the man promptly by letter or in person, and set his fault before him in the plainest language. To do this was natural to him, it was but the outcome of the simple, straightforward habit of his mind ; but it brought him, as might have been expected, many a rebuff, and did not always, as far as could be seen at least, accomplish the good effect which he intended and desired. Nevertheless, having borne his testimony to the truth, and having "liberated his soul," he accepted with the utmost meekness and patience the inevitable and usually disagreeable result.

George Herbert of Bemerton was, I take it, his ideal of a parish priest ; and, indeed, he was no inadequate reproduction of the original. Quaint in speech, in action, in writing ; his incisive periods of the briefest ; his handwriting singularly bold and plain and legible ; his letters ordinarily occupying one side of a half-sheet of note-paper, but full of the pithiest and most weighty matter ; upon all matters of a serious nature he spoke and wrote with the solemnity which filled his soul and was eloquent upon his countenance as upon his lips ; while, in lighter moments, his keen sense of drollery and his remarkable "crowing" laugh bespoke his enjoyment of what was witty, and his thorough appreciation of humour and fun. I can recall instances in which his laughter was almost uncontrollable, and perhaps excessively prolonged.

Although by no means a High Churchman, he was entirely tolerant of the teaching and ritual of those who were, appreciative of everything that was zealous and earnest in all schools of thought which differed from his own ; and as years rolled on, and in the deanery of Ellesmere the work of the Church was developed in a remarkable degree, he threw himself into the upward movement with all his heart, never by word or action discouraging honest work, or placing any hindrance in the path of a brother whose mode of furthering the Master's cause was not identical with his own.

Genuine to the roots of his being ; absolutely and

entirely sincere ; careless of public opinion, so that only his own conscience approved ; rugged sometimes, perhaps, but always dependable ; considerate, warm-hearted, affectionate—his wife was “sweetheart” always, his children “little maids,” his household full of love of which he was himself the source.

This is my recollection of my dear friend forty years ago, and during the thirteen subsequent years in which we occupied contiguous parishes. We met occasionally only after that, notably at Tenby in 1878, when, during his stay with his brother Charles, he spent his much-needed holiday preaching in all the churches round about—“for May’s sake,” he said, advocating the cause of the Zanzibar Mission, to which his eldest daughter has nobly devoted her life. He insisted on taking my wife and myself to St. David’s, assuring us that his brother, now the Dean of that unique cathedral, would gladly receive strangers who were friends of his, which, indeed, we found to be the case, the reminiscences of that pleasant occasion lingering with us still.

I have one charming letter, of more than usual length, written to me by Archdeacon Allen upon the death of my father, and couched in well-chosen and touching language. No occasion, indeed, of sorrow or of joy which came within his cognizance as affecting a friend was allowed to lack the prompt expression of his sympathy and affection.

Those, who knew him but slightly, respected, if they did not always like him ; for he was too outspoken and regardless of conventionalities to be popular with men of the world. But those who knew him intimately loved him truly, and will cherish his memory while they live.

August 15, 1887.

The Charges which the Archdeacon delivered were, as might be expected, very practical and singularly brief. The following passages are extracts from three of them :—

I have some observations to address to the churchwardens before I make an end.

You are the guardians of the fabric of the church, its appurtenances, and its property. It is your duty not to permit any interference with these without a reference to the Bishop. One matter, gentlemen, on which the law is distinctly expressed, and (as I believe) generally understood, will require from you much discretion, impartiality, and courage, I mean the distribution of pews or seats. I entreat you not to be tempted by fear or favour from boldly doing your plain duty in this respect, namely, the seating the parishioners orderly and conveniently, so as best to provide for the accommodation of all. This duty rests with you as the officers of the Bishop. In the discharge of it you are subject to the Bishop's control. You are not to permit either the minister or the vestry to overrule you in the exercise of your honest judgment in this matter. I have heard of an attempt on the part of some of the inhabitants of one of the parishes in this archdeaconry to meet in vestry, for the purpose of letting the pews. Nothing can legalize such a practice with regard to an old parish church except a special Act of Parliament. I feel, however, that there are other and higher duties belonging to your post, on which you will permit me to add a word of exhortation. You are, together with the minister of your respective parishes, entrusted with the special oversight of the morals and behaviour of your fellow-parishioners. I am sure that my brethren the clergy will do what in them lies to have the best and fittest men chosen for your responsible and honourable office. Humanly speaking, there is no better helper, to a faithful minister in his efforts to Christianize his people, than the counsels and the support of a wise and faithful layman, in whose judgment the minister has confidence, and who will, as a brother, join heartily with him in his well-considered plans of aggression on the ignorance, the coldness, the deadness of his parish. But then, my Christian friends, you will surely acknowledge it to be

your duty that you give your best endeavours to answer to the demands for help which we, the clergy, have a right to claim at your hands, help in doing, according to the best of our judgment, all the good that unitedly we can be the means of effecting. And the first step in these most happy endeavours is for each of us to begin individually with himself and with his family. A churchwarden who is not watchful as to the words that may drop from his lips, or who indulges himself in acts of intemperance, or who rules his household ill, or who in any respect is negligent of his duty to our Master, such a one may be upright and honest according to human notions ; he may seem to take good care of the repairs of the church, and of the property of the parish ; but he fails in the matter of prime importance. A good churchwarden must be a faithful, good, and religious man.

As to poor benefices, while tendering to you my hearty thanks for the help you have so kindly given, I will only repeat the expression of my belief that no plea which has been urged in this matter has been put too strongly. Of all the arrangements connected with our Church that can be measured by figures and stated in words, nothing seems to me so disgraceful to us, laity as well as clergy, as our indifference to the labourers in God's vineyard receiving their fitting wages. We must never cease to complain while this scandal continues. We must call attention to the fact wherever there is a faithful pastor struggling with scanty means to keep out of debt, while he provides food and raiment and shelter for himself and his family ; other things also are required, comfort for a wife in sickness, and education for children.

We are in all ways greatly indebted to the Rural Deans, and specially I feel grateful to them for the pains they have continuously taken, in prudence and charity, to give effect to the Bishop's wishes for the periodical assembling of their rural Chapters. I doubt if anywhere these Chapters are held with more regularity and success than

in this part of Shropshire. They have been greatly useful, contributing much to the material work of the Church, and leading many of us to increased reflection and study in reference to the duties of our holy calling. They have united us in closer bonds of affection. They are true synods of the Church, assembled according to ancient precedents under the authority of our chief minister. No one of us can without blame refuse to give all the help in his power to make these Chapters serviceable, under God's blessing, to the best interests of the Church.

We are members of a body mutually dependent on each other's sympathy, having mutual claims on each other's help. No one can rightly say, "*I will seek to attend to my own soul, and to the souls of my parishioners, and there I will stop.*" There is a further work to be done. Each one of us should ask himself, "*How much am I contributing to the general well-being of the whole body of the Church?*" . . .

I earnestly solicit the churchwardens of our town parishes to consider whether more may not rightly be done to carry out the requirements of the law, that the accommodation in our old parish churches shall be available, so far as may be, for all the parishioners. If we know of a pew being illegally let, ought we not to interfere? Do not the interests of society claim our interference in these matters? Will not our Master inquire of us at the last whether we have done the best for His poor (St. James ii. 5)? Is there no case of an individual requiring only one sitting, yet hiring a whole pew? If the pew accommodate five, and only the hirer be found there, are not four practically shut out, four whom we most wish to reach with all the civilizing, comforting, ennobling influences of Christ's Gospel? Are not the blank spaces in the best parts of our churches sad sights? Ought not high Hanoverian pews, such as we suffer from in this church, to be brought before the parish vestry again and again, and authority for lowering them be requested? When I put

these solicitations before my friends the churchwardens, let it not be thought that I am insensible to the diligent pains and the prudent charity with which they discharge the responsible duties of their honourable office. I can honestly say that I cannot call to mind a single instance in this archdeaconry where I have not received cheerful and effectual co-operation from the wardens for the Church's good. . . .

There is, indeed, one advantage, more seeming than real, enjoyed by those who fail to comply with our Bishop's wishes that these rural Chapters should be attended by all the clergy. At these Chapters there is always some claim or other pressed upon us for pecuniary help. It will be suggested to us at the Synod that we should do more than we are doing in collecting alms from our flocks. Perhaps we may be further asked to make exertions to attend at some meeting. There is sure to be some demand, in one shape or other, made on us for help. Sometimes the cause of poor benefices is harshly pressed. Sometimes it is said that it is almost shameful that any parish in the archdeaconry should fail to contribute to the Salop Infirmary. Sometimes the disproportion between the large amount granted—£5865 for the eight years ending March 31st last—by the London Incorporated Church Building Society to this diocese, as contrasted with the small amount received from this diocese—£972 for the eight years ending March 31st last—is brought under our notice from the figures as set forth in the Bishop's Charge. Sometimes the question is roundly put, Do we do our duty to our flocks if we do not give them the opportunity of supporting one or both of the great missionary societies of the Church? Sometimes an advance is contemplated of a still more grave and serious kind, in a financial point of view; and we are requested fairly to weigh the arguments for collecting offerings for charitable objects every Sunday.

But grant that we escape these troublesome solicitations by non-attendance at the Chapters. Are we thereby

the richer, the happier, the better? Are our flocks indebted to us? Shall we, will they be better able to meet the great account at the last? A man who could blot out of the Scriptures all that is therein written of the duty of almsgiving, and all that is written therein also as to the dangers of riches and of ease, and of taking one's own way, might be able to urge logically much in his self-defence when he desires to shield himself from repeated solicitations to raise money, and when he declines, in this matter of attendance at our Chapter meetings, to follow the admonitions and to submit himself to the judgment of him to whom the charge over us is committed. But when, on the other hand, we consider that our Master's work is to be carried on by self-denial, with pressure, through conflict; when we consider, also, that that work will in one way or other go forward, whether or not we give all the help that is in our power, but that God graciously puts in our way opportunities for the sacrifice of our own will, in order that, if we lovingly comply, He may take occasion on our self-denial to enrich us the more; further, when we consider that we shall be called hereafter to a strict account, whether or not we have done all in our power to lead our people, through the exercise of frequent and liberal almsgiving, to a life of obedience and love, we may, perhaps, see reason to fear lest, in separating from our brethren, we fail of attaining to some of those providential helps, of which it is our own fault if we do not make serviceable use.

Nevertheless, the great good that is to be accomplished by us in the world will be realized, not by attendance at Chapter meetings, not by weekly offerings, not by apparent endeavours on behalf of poor benefice funds, or of church extension and missionary societies, but by our being often on our knees in secret (Matt. vi. 6; Luke xi. 13), and by our contentedly labouring, day by day, in that portion of God's vineyard in which we have been placed (Acts xx. 28), and by our being willing to be the servants of all men after the example of our Lord (John xiii. 15; 2 Cor.

iv. 5). It is to be accomplished by our coming close to our Lord, by our clinging to our Lord, by our drawing out of that storehouse of grace and life that is in Him all the supplies that we need. When we patiently sit by the bedside of our sick parishioner, and fix our hope on our Lord, secretly supplicating His assistance, we may with confidence expect from Him that word of counsel which will prove indeed to be a word of comfort and help. When we stand up to minister in the congregation, and are able to cast away all dependence upon ourselves, and to say in effect to our Lord, "Thou must come down and minister to this people," we may hope that our agency will in such cases be effective. But our great work is with ourselves (1 Tim. iv. 16). In proportion as we ourselves grow in self-denial and in self-control, in truth, in purity, in love, in holiness—in that proportion will the graces that we have received contribute, through the mercy of our Redeemer, to the building up of His spiritual temple. Riches do not help this; earthly station and the flattering words of our fellow-men do not help this. The most useful builders may be now the least known. Worldly failure is of little moment, and noways to be regretted by us, if it contribute to our success at last. The Master's approval is the one thing that we have to desire. He that is himself converted will prove the means of strengthening his brethren. In proportion as we are ourselves sanctified by the work of the Holy Ghost, we shall, through grace, contribute to the sanctification of our people. And this we must do, or we do nothing! yea, worse than nothing (Matt. xii. 30). It is the one mark of Christ's true ministers that such help others to be more holy. These are enabled of God's infinite mercy to lead their people to the true knowledge and love of our Lord.

When I visited the churches last year, nothing impressed me more strongly than the intelligence and right feeling of the churchwardens. With scarcely an exception they seemed to me to understand their duties fully, and to

have their hearts intent on the proper discharge of those duties. The town churchwardens will, however, permit me specially to urge upon them the obligation they are under to see that the accommodation afforded in the church is made available as far as may be for the benefit of all the parishioners.

In some of our town churches very painful feelings are excited when one looks at the high, exclusive pews, which seem to say, in defiant language, to the poor man, "Enter not here. Stay out in the cold passage; that side, or that corner near the door, is sufficiently good for you."

There are, perhaps, two theories practically at work in men's thoughts in reference to attendance at church.

A man may feel in his secret cogitations that he wishes to come to church because he is unwilling not to seem to do that which is considered respectable by his neighbours, but the last thing that he expects from such formal attendance is that he shall thereby be helped forward in his present efforts to do his duty, or receive direction, and strength, and comfort on his road to heaven. Now, if these be our feelings, we may reasonably think that the high pew for ourselves is all that can be wished for.

But if a man enters the church with reverence and godly fear, as sensible of God's great mercy in permitting us to come into His presence; if a man comes humbly penitent because of past omissions of duty, and earnestly desirous of grace to enable him to live according to God's will, and to make the best use of all those talents which God hath entrusted to us; if a man comes thirsting for the gifts of the Holy Ghost (John vii. 39), and having his heart set on realizing and perfecting his union with our Lord (Eph. iii. 16-19); in a word, if we come to church as sensible that we are all members of one body, and that in proportion as one suffers loss all suffer loss, and desiring that we may all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ; then, I believe, we shall never rest till we have got rid of our

pews—those hateful pews which nourish pride, and help sleep, and hinder faith and love and prayer.

For your own sakes, as well as for your brethren's sakes, I earnestly solicit your attention to this matter.

I do not wish the clergy to be busy about pews. I wish the churchwardens to attend to the matter. I wish the getting rid of our pews to be altogether the work of the laity. It is their interest, their business ; and, being rightly done, it will prove their happiness.

In Convocation, which the Archdeacon regularly attended, he spoke often, but never without having something to say, and rarely without saying it in the fewest possible words. The opinions which he then expressed can easily be gathered from this memoir. The following speech, delivered in the summer of 1878, must suffice as an example of his style :—

ECCLESIASTICAL BUILDINGS (FIRE ASSURANCE) BILL.

Canon Perry proposed, and Archdeacon Sanctuary seconded, that the following grievance be discussed, with a view of its being made an *articulus cleri* :—

That at a late session of this House it was resolved that it was desirable that the clergy should be enabled to be their own insurers against damage by fire. That a Bill has been brought into Parliament avowedly grounding itself upon this resolution ; but that this Bill, instead of being an enabling Bill merely, is absolutely compulsory on all future incumbents, obliging them to insure their buildings in the manner described in the Bill. That many of the clergy, while recognizing the value of the principle of the Bill, hold it to be a grievance that the liberty of choice hitherto allowed to the clergy as to the office in

which they will insure the buildings belonging to their benefices should be taken away. *Reformandum*.—His Grace the President and their lordships the Bishops are therefore prayed to oppose the compulsory clauses of this Bill, and to bring it back to that character which was contemplated in the resolution of Convocation. The motion was carried by 47 to 2.

Archdeacon Allen: I wish to say a word as to that terrible adjective "compulsory." The clergy at present are compelled to insure, and the only additional compulsion is to make them insure in a perfectly safe office at the smallest possible expense, and all the profits beyond would come back to the Church. I do not agree as to the remarks that have been made as to the management of Queen Anne's Bounty Board. My experience of the Board dates back thirty-one years, and at first I did find a great deal of red-tapeism. I know a good story about that which I will tell my brother Archdeacon in private. It is really one of the best stories I ever heard. ("Tell it now.") Well, it refers to the late Mr. Christopher Hodson, of whom, being dead, I do not wish to say anything disrespectful. The story is this. The lady who owned the great tithes of the parish of Wrockwardine Wood, in my archdeaconry, was willing to sell them to the curate, so as to endow the living and make him a rector, and to give him seven per cent. on the money paid. She did not like to hold ecclesiastical property, and so she made that proposal; and the curate was a Mr. Reginald Yonge, who is now alive. The curate said to me, "If you will go up and put this to Queen Anne's Bounty, they will surely listen to you; but they have not listened to me. I have pressed it on them ineffectually, and they tell me it is contrary to rules." I replied to the curate that I saw no use in my going to the secretary of the Bounty Board to ask them to change their rules; but the curate pleaded so earnestly that I waited on my old friend, Mr. Christopher Hodson, whom I had known as a boy at Westminster. Mr. Hodson was sitting at a beautiful table, in a most comfortable arm-

chair, with every delight in stationery before him. I explained to him the facts of the case. Mr. Hodson said, "It is impossible. The Board has never done such a thing ; and, besides, these rent-charges would fall in value." Mr. Hodson drew out on a small piece of paper a calculation which made it out that it was only six per cent. that the sum would produce on the total reduction of the rent-charges. I took the piece of paper and said, "Well, Mr. Hodson, I will do my best to get this calculation into the columns of the *Times* to-morrow, and I think that will tell my story." Mr. Hodson at once said, "Dear Mr. Allen, I have known you from a boy ; let us talk this matter over again"—(loud laughter)—and in a fortnight's time the tithes were secured, and the curate was made a rector. (Laughter.) That is a good many years ago, and I have had continual experience of Queen Anne's Bounty since that time. I have only this morning heard of an act of special kindness which has been done to a clergyman in the diocese of Lichfield. My belief is that those two great institutions which have to do with the possessions of the Church, viz. the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and Queen Anne's Bounty, although they have been badly managed in past times, are now much better administered, and, in fact, at present there is no fair word of exception to be said against Queen Anne's Bounty. This Bill is unfortunate in having the whole power of all the insurance companies directed against it ; and I am not surprised at it, for they now make enormous profits. I am informed on good authority that large sums, as much sometimes as sixty per cent., are paid to get insurers. The late Bishop Selwyn told me that, during the ten years that he had been Bishop of Lichfield, he had not known of a single case of a parsonage being burnt down, and during that time £7000 had been paid by the clergy, from which not a single penny had been drawn. Under this scheme all that £7000 would come back into the pockets of the clergy in one shape or another. Then, having this existing organization, by which small payments are already collected, the outlay

for costs is minimized ; and the expense of surveying is a mere bugbear. When it is said that this Bill will lay a new restriction upon the clergy, I reply, No ; it will only abridge the liberty of the clergy by forcing them to insure cheaply and safely. (Hear, hear.)

CHAPTER IX.

BATTLES.

“Melius est cum severitate diligere quam cum lenitate decipere.”—
AUGUSTINE.

“Cujus vita fulgur, ejus verba tonitrua.”

THE fearlessness of Archdeacon Allen, his strong sense of justice and of personal responsibility, his utter abhorrence of duplicity and jobs, and his rooted conviction, to which he was always giving expression in public and private, that every man is but a steward of the talents entrusted to him, were causes of antagonism to the world, which he shared with many other good people. There was one, however, which, so far as I know, was peculiar to himself. It was his rule not merely never to say behind a person's back what he would not say to his face, but also, if he ever did say anything unfavourable of another behind his back, at once to communicate it to him. This custom, from which, I believe, he rarely deviated, had at any rate one advantage. In spite of his natural impulsiveness, it made him careful, increasingly so as years went on, not to offend with his lips. Still, I do not commend it. If it became general I can conceive of only one

good result that could accrue from it. The revenue from the post-office would be so increased that the Chancellor of the Exchequer might easily abolish the income-tax: of wholesome moral effects, not one after the lapse of a few years, would be likely to remain. For a time there would be a great deal of quarrelling; afterwards many people would become as pachydermatous as modern members of Parliament, too thick-skinned to feel themselves, or to know when they were hurting others. To the Archdeacon, however, it was always a real pain to give offence. When he did so, it was because he believed he owed a duty not merely to truth, but to those whom he offended. This came to be understood; and it speaks well, I think, for the real good sense and good feeling of English society, that, in spite of this idiosyncrasy, he was so highly honoured and so much beloved.

A few illustrations will suffice to show how, with his temperament and his principles, he came to be at issue with others.

On one occasion he was informed that a Bishop, second to none in ability and influence in the Church, who was accustomed to write when he travelled, had kept some people out of a railway carriage by saying "occupied," when in reality the seat next him was only tenanted by his papers. "Then," said the Archdeacon, "he told a lie." On his return home he went to his study, sat down, communicated to the Bishop what he had said, and ended the letter with the words, "I am sorry that, if my information is correct, I cannot withdraw the statement." It was for this action that Bishop

Lonsdale counselled him to apologize, and he complied by writing, "Bishop Lonsdale bids me apologize to your lordship, and I therefore hereby apologize.—Your lordship's faithful servant, John Allen."

Having often complained of the meddlesomeness of a clergyman who, holding a benefice and being chaplain to a nobleman, greatly preferred the company of his patron to the society of his parishioners, the Archdeacon laid the matter before the Euri-decanal Chapter to which they both belonged.

July 11, 1862.

Complaint against X——

1. That if he finds time and eyesight to write or to read some rubbish about dividing large livings to make up the income of small livings, he might find time and eyesight to read the Book of Common Prayer and the Bible in his own church.

2. That if he can walk about Prees parish, digging up Mr. ——'s clover to search for coal, he can walk about B—— parish to search for those who were entrusted to his charge.

3. That if, after engaging to give the legal stipend, £120, to the curate, he takes back £20 for rent of furniture, plate, linen, books, that rent ought to be mentioned to the Bishop.

4. That if he has any cavil to utter against ——, the cavil should first be uttered to his face, before it is uttered to his parishioner behind his back.

5. That if it be Mr. ——'s duty to reveal the faults of the tenants to ——, he should first expostulate with the tenants, seeing that he is a clergyman, not a policeman, and is admitted on terms of special confidence to the cottages of the poor.

To another clergyman, at a time of much

theological excitement, he thought it his duty to write :—

Prees, Shrewsbury, September 29, 1874.

My dear ——,—The Rural Dean told me yesterday that, at the celebration of the Holy Communion, you mixed water with the wine. I said hastily, “It is the act of a simpleton.” I am bound to tell you what I said. You and I are bound to minister the Sacraments as this Church and realm hath received the same. Is it wonderful that the tenant of the chief house in your parish does not come to church? The English people are very jealous of obedience to the law. Please forgive my writing this.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN ALLEN.

After attacking a rich squire in the newspaper for some neglect of duty, real or supposed, he wrote to a clerical friend of his :—

Prees, Shrewsbury, October 30, 1863.

My dear ——,—Your constant kindness and most hearty, sympathizing friendship are a very great joy to me. I felt that an apology was due to you and to the other Rural Deans, who give me so ungrudgingly and so affectionately the most effectual aid, for allowing myself to be pelted at.

I have felt in Shropshire that we, as clergymen, have in many respects the greatest causes for thankfulness. But I have long since thought that one or two kindly men, who discharge a certain portion of their duties, leave a certain other portion of their duties wholly untouched; and that the neighbours, who ought to cry shame, seem tacitly to assent to such neglect, because these kindly men are rich men. As to ——, Mr. A—— gave the site, a bare pit-bank, and I was unhappily either forgetful or ignorant, till I saw the matter noticed in the paper, that he also gave £40 towards the parsonage house.

The writer in the *Shrewsbury Chronicle* seemed to me to have a strong notion of the relative weight of claims on clerical tithe-owners, as distinguished from lay tithe-owners. I wanted to do what I could to enlighten public opinion on this matter. I felt when Mr. A——'s letter appeared that he had made my position far more easy to defend.

If he be a great man, he ought to be courteous. If he be rich, he ought to pay his debts.

Mr. B——, minister of ——, a thorough gentleman, wrote twice, if not oftener, to Mr. A——, without getting any reply. Mr. B—— then asked me to write. I felt it was hopeless; but as I was asked by a clergyman apparently less well off than myself, I could not refuse. Mr. B—— left the neighbourhood soon afterwards.

When gentlemen take these unpromising cures, if they do not receive the treatment due to gentlemen, they will be likely to change their posts of work. It is not good for society that those who have failed in business should be appointed to these difficult cures. Happily we have still at C—— and at H—— gentlemen of unexceptionable character and work, as at other difficult posts in the archdeaconry.

Ever affectionately and gratefully yours,

JOHN ALLEN.

With reference to a similar if not the same subject, and in reply to a letter from Bishop Lonsdale, he had written:—

To BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

Llwynegryn, Mold, August 15, 1861.

My dear Lord,—I do not know what to say to your lordship in gratitude for the great kindness of your letter, of a piece with all your undeserved kindness to me. I did not send the printed paper about —— Deanery, for I knew it must give you great pain. I have shown it to no

one out of the deanery except one, whose advice I took in writing it, and one clergyman and one layman with whom I am much associated in work ; but it is impossible that a printed paper, circulated amongst all the clergy and several laity of — Deanery, can be private. It is absurd to speak of it as anonymous. My name is on the front of it. It is the substance of some of the matters I thought it right to mention in the public Chapter of the clergy. I am glad Mr. A—— has sent it. It is every way fitting that I should answer for it to your lordship. I shall have to answer for it at the last. I feel that no one can approve of it who does not know the circumstances of L—— Deanery. I did not know till I made inquiry that the £100 had not been paid to L——. I have repeatedly sent appeals to Mr. A—— for help to the Poor Benefice Fund. He took no notice of these appeals. He ought, as I believe, to have answered them. If a clergyman shows a rich layman a charitable cause which has special claims upon him, I believe the clergyman does the layman a service. This cause seems to me to have great as well as special claims (1 Thess. v. 12, 13). It is no more the business of the clergy than it is of the laity to beg for money for good objects. The laity ought to take this work off our hands, or at least they ought, as burdened with a heavy responsibility, as hastening to their account, to be grateful to those who point out to them the way to make their riches a blessing. I feel compelled in self-defence to send a copy of this to Mr. A——.

Ever your lordship's truly obliged and
affectionate servant,

JOHN ALLEN.

But perhaps the best justification of the Archdeacon's conduct in attacking others is to be found in the following letter to Mr. Denison, now Lord Grimthorpe. It is so characteristic of the writer that I give it *in extenso*.

Prees, Shrewsbury, November 14, 1868.

My dear Denison,—I am very much obliged by your most kind note. It has given me great pleasure. A pamphlet by E. Garbett, against Diocesan Synods, has been sent by some busybodies to every clergyman, and again to the churchwardens of every parish, as I believe, in this diocese. It seems to me written under the direction of some stirring Evangelicals who have money to spend, and wish to thwart Bishop Selwyn. The pamphlet is able ; it begins with apparent fairness, but about the middle turns round, and, without bringing any valid reason (as I think), tries to discredit the whole matter. It reads just like the speech of a clever advocate pleading one side of a case, with no facts and no real arguments to support him. Others, however, may look at the matter in a different way.

I am glad the Bishop of Ely goes to Lambeth. I hope he will be strong enough for the place. He has moderation. He is also in favour of Synods. No one is required to attend these Synods. There is complete liberty.

I had forgotten Mr. A——. I have, however, rummaged up from the bottom of a box the enclosed. The pith of the matter lies in the last two pages. I find the last line has reference to the just claims of others. Reading the pamphlet now again, and remembering all the circumstances of the case, I cannot think that I am greatly to blame. Nor do I think that the pamphlet has done harm. You have little idea of the feeling of some of the Shropshire squires as to the position of the clergy twenty years ago. I determined from the first to endeavour to alter this feeling, how justly, how successfully, must be judged of hereafter. The Shropshire squires, in some instances (I write of a literal fact), looked on the clergyman as good to be a game-beater, and the clergyman was a man of peace if he had never any collections in church.

In regard to the great lady you mention, it was solely because she had spoken ill of an estimable clergyman

behind his back, that I said if she had anything to say she ought to say it to his face. I adhere to this opinion, whether speaking evil of another behind his back be done by Archdeacons or great ladies. I feel that I ought to be entirely heedless what opinion men form of me. I must be very careful not to give any one cause needlessly to think ill of me. But human opinion seems to me the vainest of shadows. It is true that, by careful regard to the opinions of others, men who have abilities get carried to high places. But when they reach those high places, what do they find? Labour, solitude, misapprehension, disappointment, except in such rare cases as those of your honoured father-in-law, where there were all the qualifications to fit him for his post, unwearied labour, charity such as I have never known equalled, perfect simplicity of character; contentedness as first to be last, and yet unconsciousness that in so acting and feeling he was different from other men. As I believe, my quarrels spring up and grow in an unexpected manner. Something moves me strongly, and I write; but I little anticipate what will follow after the first letter. In the case of the *Record* I expected them to insert my letter and then to fall foul of it. But they wrote in a most evil temper about the letter, and yet refused to print it. Many of those with whom I act read the *Record*; I did not like that they should retain the impression which the *Record* had given of my words. A most valued friend, who is also a friend of the Dean of Gloucester's, told me, in his gentleness and simplicity, that the Dean was Nestor, little imagining I should fasten on him. My friend bitterly mourned his indiscretion. I thought I could now force the *Record* to print my words; but the *Record* was obstinate (in a certain way I admire them for their obstinacy), and the Dean seemed to me not to be straightforward, so I had no bowels of compassion for him, and I knew that by bringing forward his name I should draw attention to what I wish to get stated. I do not defend any part of my conduct in the matter.

I greatly admired some words from the Archbishop of

York that I saw in the *Morning Post* four days ago, "To know duty a life of duty must be led; to know God we must in a way of obedience learn to love God." These are not an exact citation, and the words followed on some other matter which seemed to me excellent, almost worthy of Butler.

Please remember me very kindly to Mrs. Denison.

Yours always gratefully,

JOHN ALLEN.

P.S.—It seems to me that we were sent into the world not only to help forward all that is good according to our power and our lights, but also to fight against that which is evil.

And this he felt we should do openly, in our own names, ready at all times to take the consequences for so doing.

Prees, Shrewsbury, September 14, 1872.

My dear ——,—I am greatly obliged by your letter. If an exchange can be accomplished all that I desire will be done. As to anonymous writing, for more than thirty years I have held the opinion I have expressed. I do not mean, of course, that history should always have the name appended. I continually send short paragraphs to the newspapers, notices of meetings, notices of subscriptions paid, and in no case have I objected to its being known that these paragraphs have been sent by me. But attacks on character, being anonymous, are, in my judgment, cowardly; and I must express this opinion in every way I can. I do not approve of many things I read in the newspaper, but I cannot think that my disapprobation of them ought to hinder me from taking in the newspaper. If I live in this age and hope to be of service to it, I must know what is going on in it. As to what I say, I never object to any one repeating it. I never write a confidential letter. Poor old —— is dead, but if he were living, he would have told you, had you asked him, that I did not

approve of his doings. When I was betrayed by excitement some years ago into using the word "satanic" as to the conduct of a person high in position in this country, by the post, the same day, I informed that person of what I had said.

Yours always gratefully,

JOHN ALLEN.

The following correspondence of an earlier date will show that he did not even regard the mysterious "we" of the press as morally absolved from obedience to the rule which he so uncompromisingly lays down:—

Prees, Salop.

My dear Mr. —,—I see in the *English Review* a statement that Mr. Maurice has a convenient memory, enabling him to forget facts that it may not suit him to remember, and that the writer in the *Review* has heard a different version of the story told by Mr. Maurice. Surely this will seem to you to be a charge of falsehood against Mr. Maurice. Would it not be manly and Christian to make this charge (if needful to be made) in plain English? Ought not he who makes such a charge to give his version of the story? Should this be done anonymously?

Yours most truly,

JOHN ALLEN.

My dear Mr. Archdeacon,—I am much obliged by your note. I am unwilling to make *private* differences and correspondence public, as Mr. Maurice has done, without asking any permission from the party concerned as much as himself. I do not want to make any complaints, but in my opinion the whole conduct of Mr. Maurice in the matter has been that of a man whose feelings of personal honour have been wholly overcome by his passions.

I remain, my dear sir, very truly yours,

—
I must decline all and every sort of correspondence with Mr. Maurice, directly or indirectly.

Prees, Salop, April 25, 1849.

My dear Friend,—I do not wish you to give yourself the trouble of replying to this, but I earnestly entreat you to consider that, whatever Mr. Maurice has done, he has put his name to it. And he does not bring a charge against any one for private misdoings, but for what is printed. The *English Review* insinuates that Mr. Maurice has told a lie, and that a tale can be told different from what Mr. Maurice has told. Ought not that tale to be told? If your friend be anonymously charged with falsehood, ought you not to beg people earnestly to consider whether such dealing may not come under the curse of smiting one's neighbour secretly? Mr. Maurice neither directly nor indirectly prompts these letters; he does not know of my writing to you; but if he be charged with falsehood, his friends claim that that charge should be substantiated.

I hold myself under no obligations to keep secret your answers to this demand. What has been done has been done in print, anonymously. If it be not owned and substantiated, what judgment must all honest men form of the *English Review*?

Yours most truly,

JOHN ALLEN.

Rev. W. —.

My dear Archdeacon,—As I do not intend to enter into any public discussion of the questions referred to in your letter, for reasons which I am ready to state in private to yourself, I must beg leave to decline replying to your questions, and at the same time to add that, as my previous letter was marked "private," I expect from your sense of propriety that it shall be treated as such.

Most sincerely yours,

P.S.—I have not the slightest objection to disclose the real state of the case to yourself or any mutual friend in

private ; but Mr. Maurice's public attack shall be met by nothing but a denial. The nature of that attack merits nothing else.

Prees, Salop, April 30, 1849.

My dear Friend,—The *English Review* has insinuated that Mr. Maurice is guilty of falsehood. I cannot treat as private any explanation of or apology for an anonymous charge of this kind publicly made.

Yours most truly,

JOHN ALLEN.

Rev. —.

My dear Sir,—My last letter not being marked "private" I cannot of course expect that you will regard it as such. I do not, however, consent to its publication.

With reference to my first letter, I must beg to say that, while I have said nothing in the letter which I *care* about being seen, I cannot consent to a letter marked "private" being shown, in opposition to the wishes of its writer, and must protest against your so doing. If you had any intention of making such use of my communication, you ought to have informed me in the first instance of your intention. I was otherwise bound to consider that in addressing me as a "friend" you would at least observe those ordinary rules of courtesy and honour which prevent any one from showing to another or making use of a "friend's" "private" communication in opposition to his expressed wishes.

I am, my dear sir, truly yours,

—

The Ven. Archdeacon Allen.

Prees, Salop, May 4, 1849.

My dear Friend,—So long as an anonymous writer confines himself to fair criticism and argument I am not disposed to complain. If he attacks character I think it is the act of a friend to endeavour to strip off the mask, so that the writer may consider well the nature of the

employment in which he is engaged. What I claim is that the anonymous charge against Mr. Maurice should be substantiated.

Yours most truly,

JOHN ALLEN.

I have unfortunately not been able to find the sermon to which allusion is made in the following letter, but the character and drift of it will be sufficiently obvious.

December 22, 1869.

I cannot agree about the rabbits. I think there is selfishness connected with high preservation of game. When our Master comes He will make inquiry as to these matters. We clergymen preach about drunkenness—we must not hold our tongues about the sins of the rich. A cottager has his land on low terms, but he sees the produce perish before his eyes; he does not keep in memory the low rent paid by him; he has got a quasi proprietorship in the place (“Irish treason,” a landowner exclaims). But the tenant is embittered; charity faileth. In this particular case a poor man, a very gentleman in his feelings, was lying ill of rheumatism. I sat long with him, and his heart was opened. He is the last person usually to complain of others, but he said he had rented land under Lord —, and was allowed to take the rabbits. The land had been rented by those who went before him. A few years ago, it was convenient to the Hon. — to have a covert belonging to Z—, and the Hon. — allows to Z— the game on the land rented by my rheumatic parishioner. Z— makes a large sum by the rabbits, sometimes trapping forty couples in twenty-four hours. Here was a change in the arrangement without consultation of the tenant. I, when I heard of it, went to Z—, who never comes to church. He was out, or declined to see me. I go to his house twice again, thrice in all, but I cannot see him. The matter presses on my thoughts, and I put

it into a sermon. My notion is that, when an odd thing is put into a sermon, it gets talked over and strikes the absent by reverberation. The sermon would never have been printed, but C—— disapproved three times over at three separate times. When the sermon is printed, I leave a copy at Z——'s door. Will the Master find fault? Ah, we must leave it all to the Day.

Some years afterwards, he wrote to a game preserver direct:—

Prees, Shrewsbury, February 6, 1873.

Dear ——,—You think me hard about the rabbits. I am confident of your earnest desire to be both kind and just; I have also full confidence in your admirable sense, when you look into a matter for yourself.

W——, Prees Lower Heath, told me (January 28, 1873), without my saying a word to lead to the subject of game, that on a field adjoining the covert, on which he had reaped thirty-five measures of barley, he last year reaped only five measures. He further said that Y—— used occasionally to give him a rabbit; that V——'s gamekeeper did not do so.

I want the gentlemen to have their sport, but I want them to earn their right to sport by honest labour in some work serviceable to the community, answerable to the unspeakable mercies for which all of us shall have to give a strict account at the last.

I am always yours gratefully and dutifully,

JOHN ALLEN.

To him nothing was more offensive than for a man born to wealth and high position to presume upon advantages, which ought really to have weighed him down to the earth with a sense of his responsibility to God. On one occasion he was staying at one of our fashionable watering-places, at a time when some races were going on in the

neighbourhood. The principal hotel in the town was the resort of the young blood of the neighbourhood, and, I am afraid, of the old blood, which imagined it was young. Night after night there was gaming in it, and the Archdeacon, having ascertained that this was so, at once took action. Great was the consternation of the whole county, where the Archdeacon was well known, when, at his instance, my host was summoned for having converted his house, after the manner, as I am informed, of some of his social superiors, into a gambling den.

This chapter would hardly be complete without the following story:—A nobleman had promised a subscription towards the building of a church in a parish where he had property. When the time came for the payment of the subscription, the money was not forthcoming. The Archdeacon wrote for it. He received no reply. He wrote again and again with as little effect. He then called on the nobleman. After being kept waiting for some time, he was admitted to an interview, and he asked for the fulfilment of the promise. The nobleman demurred. Then said the Archdeacon, “As I hold your promise, I shall put your lordship into the County Court.” There could be no doubt that the speaker would be as good, or, as his hearer would probably have put it, as bad as his word, so the nobleman sat down and wrote out a cheque for the amount of his subscription. The Archdeacon took it, and saying that God loved a cheerful giver, and had no regard for offerings extorted from fear, tore it up and threw it into the fire. He then left the room and the house. To

the credit of the nobleman, it must be added that he afterwards sent the money to the Archdeacon with an apology, having learned, let us trust, some useful lessons through the encounter which he had provoked. The money was then accepted. No one ever felt more thoroughly than the Archdeacon that *noblesse oblige*, and no one ever set himself more resolutely to counteract and minimize the temptations to which the inherent flunkeyism of mankind exposes those who are born or have risen to high positions.

Towards the close of his life he was physically incapable of taking any very active part in public affairs, and he was therefore unable to attack wickedness in high places with his former vigour. But his old intense indignation against successful and prosperous wrong-doing clung to him to the end. Having heard, some time before he resigned his archdeaconry, that there had been extensive bribery in a town with which he was connected at a general election, and having been informed by tradesman after tradesman that money had been offered them for their votes, he resolved to file a petition against the sitting member. He had already taken some steps towards this end, and had collected sufficient evidence, as he thought, to secure the success of the proceedings, when all his informants entreated that they might not be sworn as witnesses. The Archdeacon therefore felt obliged to abandon his intention, and had the mortification not long afterwards to find the gentleman, of whose innocence he was by no means assured, a member of H.M.'s Government. His chagrin was all the greater because the

Government was one with which, on the whole, he sympathized and agreed.

But if the Archdeacon was a fighter, he was generous and placable. With the school of which Dr. Littledale is so able and distinguished a representative, he had perhaps less sympathy than with any other, and on one occasion, for what reason I know not, he wrote a strong letter of remonstrance to that learned theologian. After his letter had gone, he heard from one who knew Dr. Littledale well of the good work which, in spite of much physical pain, he was doing in London ; so, on receiving from the doctor a most courteous reply, he wrote as follows :—

Prees, Shrewsbury, December 18, 1872.

Dear Dr. Littledale,—I hope Almighty God will bless you. The kindness of your letter, the statements made in it, go to my heart. It made me think of P. Sterry's preface to his discourse of "The Freedom of the Will." I shall venture to show your letter to the friend with whom I held converse about you ; and if you are ever at Shrewsbury, and think you can spare two and sixpence, and will come to Prees, or if you are ever at Crewe, and think you can spare three shillings for the same object, I will gladly send to the station to meet you, lodge you in the best room in the house, and ask the friend to whom I made the statement set down in my last letter to meet you. But if you are here on a Friday, you must forgive my having a leg of mutton on the table. Writing seriously (the invitation to Prees is in all seriousness), it was my purpose, before I received your letter, to observe Friday next in some way known to myself as a fast, not by abstinence from all food ; I still say, "Let Dr. Littledale fast the day he receives the Holy Communion : " one of my own children always does this ; but as I scrupulously avoid taking any notice of

what my child does, thinking that all should have liberty, so I supplicate of Dr. Littledale that he may not judge of me too harshly, because I look at the matter from a different point of view. Here St. Paul's teaching, 1 Cor. x. 29; Rom. xiv. 3, seems to me to claim attention. I was brought up by my father (a Welsh clergyman) to avoid striking at classes of men. No one has found more fault with others uncommissioned than I have; but I have always struck at individuals, and I believe I have always communicated with such privately before I struck at them publicly. I cannot press my example as one to be copied. But I grant, as every one must grant, that you will be able to find, now here, now there, a negligent missionary (alas! there are very many negligent country parsons); but I doubt the prudence and the charity of finding fault with missionaries as a class. I think Mr. —, or whoever he was that cited an anonymous correspondent in last Wednesday's *Guardian*, should (if he cited testimony so unfavourably) have given the accused's name. An anonymous accusation, in my judgment, equals calumny, slander. If a missionary of the S.P.G. neglects preaching, gives his time as a teacher of languages to add to his income, my thought would be—(1) Communicate with him privately; (2) with his Bishop or with S.P.G. (3) If neither of these take effect, make a public outcry, naming the man and all particulars. This seems to me what our Lord suggests, Matt. xviii. 17. I beg pardon for writing all this. It will be a real pleasure to me if you can find the opportunity to spend some days here under my roof. My wife will gladly welcome you.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN ALLEN.

CHAPTER X.

VIEWS THEOLOGICAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL.

“Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.”

It would be difficult to classify the Archdeacon's ecclesiastical and theological opinions. He was an eclectic, and disposed both by nature and education to be most tolerant. All schools of thought in the Church might have claimed him, and all must have been disappointed in him. With the good work which each of them did he sympathized warmly; with the leaders of all he was from time to time at issue. His brother Bird, for whom he entertained the warmest affection, was a strong Evangelical; Hugh James Rose, whom he greatly admired, and under whom he loyally laboured at King's College, was one of the earliest Tractarians; the late Dean of Westminster, with whom he often voted in Convocation, was, I need hardly say, A. P. Stanley. But his own opinions, large-hearted as he was, and careful, as he always took care to be, of the independence of others, were on most subjects definite enough. Whilst he gave credit to both Roman Catholics and Nonconformists for their devotion and earnestness, he believed that the Church of England

was the Catholic Church in this country, and he held and taught the doctrine of Apostolical Succession. Whilst he rejoiced in the new life which modern High Churchmen had been instrumental in throwing into the Church, he dreaded the spread of excessive ritualism and of the practice of auricular confession. Whilst he welcomed the emphasis with which Broad Churchmen insist upon the supremacy of truth, he shrank from any views which seemed to take from the fullness of the Atonement, or to throw doubt upon the reality of the Incarnation. Whilst he supported the authority of the Bishops, and would have wished to see their powers enlarged, he was yet averse from leaving it to them to determine the meaning of the Church's formularies. This, he maintained, was better done by lawyers. In this opinion, I believe, he never wavered, though he never pretended that recent rubrical interpretations were a fair exposition of the law. His contention was that he and many others had taken Holy Orders without any conception that the ornaments in dispute might be used in the Holy Communion, and that, therefore, no wrong had been done by their being prohibited. But he used often to tell the story of his meeting Mr. Benjamin Shaw, the junior counsel for the prosecution in the Ridsdale case, when the trial was going on, and asking him what he thought the result would be. Benjamin Shaw, who was one of his oldest friends, replied, "I am persuaded that the use of vestments is legal, and the eastward position illegal; but the judges are guided in coming to a decision by considerations not merely of law, but of policy; I think, therefore,

that they will allow the eastward position and condemn the use of vestments."

After the fulfilment of this prophecy, the Archdeacon, whilst he counselled submission, never indulged in and never approved attacks upon men who did not follow his advice. He thought them mistaken, but he respected them as sincere. The following correspondence will show that he wished them to be tolerated :—

Prees, Shrewsbury, December 1, 1869.

Dear ———,—On Monday the Bishop spoke of your proposed mission at ———, and asked, "Is he such an one as will take counsel if one feels he is going too far?" I ventured to say that I thought you a man of such strong religious feeling, and so blessed in influencing others for good, especially railway servants, that I was anxious you should have full liberty; that, though I personally disliked strongly what is called Ritualism, I thought you were more likely to keep within bounds by being trusted than by being asked to give a verbal pledge, which you would probably dislike. The Bishop said he found, in dealing with some of our extreme friends, they said, "We should have no objection to bind ourselves to follow your counsels if all Bishops were like you; but some Bishops have pressed their clergy hardly, and we cannot bind ourselves to follow your counsels without consulting our friends." "Then," said the Bishop, "I hope you will omit the word 'Catholic' in speaking of yourselves, for you break up the old Catholic plan of episcopal government, to be ruled by a private body, self-chosen." I do not mean that these were the Bishop's exact words, but this is the impression they left on me. I talked of the matter to T. B. Lloyd yesterday, and he said there could be no objection to my putting the question at the beginning of this letter to you. I keep a copy of this letter, and if

you kindly send to me a reply, I hope to show it to our Bishop.

Yours always,

JOHN ALLEN.

December 6, 1869.

Dear Mr. Archdeacon,—Thank you for your kind letter and expressions of confidence in me. I have now been twenty years in Holy Orders, and during that time God has granted me (and I don't say it in any spirit of self-complacency, for I feel painfully my own great short-comings) a fair measure of success. Though by no means inclined to hide my principles, I have ever lived in peace and harmony with my parishioners. At — the number of communicants will bear comparison with that of any other church in your archdeaconry. During the last twenty years my clerical income has not much exceeded an average of £100 a year. I am now willing to undertake a mission in —, and to give up worldly position and comforts, to work for God and His Church without any stipend, and I thank God that He has enabled me to do so; but I must most distinctly decline to pledge myself in any way to any particular line of action. I would give no promise of any kind whatever to any Bishop, however highly I might personally esteem him. The laws of the Church are for both Bishop and priest, and are equally binding upon both. I should not understand being asked to pledge myself further. To be willing to receive counsel is very different from being bound beforehand. I am, of course, perfectly aware that I and my fellow-workers would only be in the position of curates, and be liable to be dismissed at any moment; but I have such confidence in the equity of our Bishop, that I am willing to risk all that. If I should be thought worthy to go to —, I will pray and strive to win souls; but I must be pardoned in saying that I must do it in my own way, according to the liberty which the Church gives me. The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few, especially in our

towns. Where most souls are, there is God least. The Church ought not lightly to reject the services of those who freely offer themselves, and who long to spend and be spent in the service of their Master. Of course I expect, should I go to —, to meet with opposition, in some cases, perhaps, rather openly and plainly expressed ; but I always regard opposition as one of the best evidences of good doing or done. Are we not too much inclined in these days to look for immediate results, instead of waiting in patience and faith? I am not quite sure that I understand the meaning of the sentence beginning, "You will omit the word 'Catholic,' etc." I am a member of the Holy Catholic Church in England, and hope to die in her communion. Perhaps the Bishop meant to imply that those who call themselves Catholics are not truly deserving of the name, if they refuse to be guided by the Bishop. In answer to this, I would say most respectfully, that were our Bishops guided by the laws of the Catholic Church in the treatment of their clergy, and not by their own wishes and opinions, we should have no difficulty ; but it is because they too often set up their own private opinion, and require their clergy to submit to it without question, that we have drifted into this present state of anarchy. We are often taunted with the words of St. Ignatius, "Do nothing without the Bishop," when they who do so forget that he goes on to say that "The Bishop is to consult his clergy in all things." The Bishop is a constitutional governor, to be guided by law, and not a despot, to rule by his own caprice. Let our Bishops show themselves to be Catholic, and there will be no difficulty. At present, Bishops are thrust upon unwilling dioceses, and the priests are expected to yield obedience to one who has been appointed contrary to Catholic precedent, who sets aside Catholic customs, and preaches against Catholic doctrines. We cannot place confidence in Bishops unless they are individually as estimable as our own. I must apologize for not answering your letter before this ; but I was desirous of showing my reply, before sending it, to Mr.

—, as I am in hopes that, should I go to —, he will join us as an unpaid worker there. He once offered to do so, but since then his health has failed. I know you will forgive me for speaking plainly. Mr. — and I have conjointly purchased about three-quarters of an acre of land in the middle of the —, at a cost of £430. Thanking you for all your kindness on every occasion,

Believe me, yours affectionally in Christ,

T.

Prees, Shrewsbury, December 7, 1869.

My dear Lord,—After your lordship's words about T—'s offer for —, I could not rest without writing to him what is on the other side of this. I enclose his reply, which I have read twice. I am persuaded that he has a dutiful affection for your lordship. I feel that he has worked altogether for God hitherto, and that God has blessed him. I should be greatly happy if your lordship would give to him your fatherly blessing, and say to him, "Go forward."

Your lordship's dutiful and affectionate servant,

JOHN ALLEN.

From John Keble he differed on more than one important subject; but he entertained for him the highest admiration, and regarded it as a serious blot on the Church's system of patronage, that so great and noble a man should be left to die the vicar of a small country parish.

PATRONAGE IN THE CHURCH.

To the Editor of the *Times*.

Sir,—Will you allow a few words on the right use of patronage in the Church? Is the matter fully understood? A patron is held to discharge his trust when he puts a good man in a post. We are not in a healthy state till

patrons take all possible pains to be guided to the selection of the very best.

It is hard to illustrate one's meaning without being personal.

I have just read, in "Aids to Faith," Dr. M'Caul's "Essay on Prophecy."

As one reads this masterly discourse one thinks Professor Jowett owes us either a defence or a retractation.

But a question rises in reference to Dr. M'Caul. Ought not this great Hebrew scholar, of tried ability, of long labour, of blameless life, to be in a position of dignity? Can stalls and deaneries be given to better writers?

And may not a like question be asked in reference to one who, judged by the University achievements of his pupils, must be held to be the greatest living schoolmaster, having rendered to the State distinguished service, first as second master at Harrow, and next, for nearly twenty-seven years, in his present post?

Again, the prelate who has dispensed the largest amount of patronage has for thirty-five years ruled a diocese in which the writer of an immortal book, the saintly poet of our Church, serves unnoticed. An apology is due to these illustrious scholars for adverting to their position, and if there be no foundation for my remarks I am greatly to blame.

Sir, I am your faithful servant,

JOHN ALLEN,

Archdeacon of Salop, diocese of Lichfield.

Prees, Shrewsbury, November 8.

In the building of St. Chad's College at Denstone the Archdeacon was deeply interested. One of his warmest friends and nearest neighbours, Mr. Meynell, went from Fauls, of which he was the first vicar, to take charge of Denstone, and he enlisted the warm sympathy of the Archdeacon in an undertaking which owes perhaps as much to his energy

as to the munificence of Sir Percival Heywood, and is part of the noblest religious foundation of this century in England. The following letters to Lord Chichester and the *Record* will show how anxious the Archdeacon was to defend the Woodard schools against false charges :—

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, November 25, 1867.

Dear Lord Chichester,—I met last week Sir —, and I asked him if he knew anything of Mr. Woodard's schools in Sussex ; if he believed that they encouraged Romanizing tendencies ; if he had ever heard of any boy educated at those schools going over to Rome. Sir — said that he had never subscribed to the schools ; that, at first, there was an impression in the neighbourhood that the schools encouraged Romanizing tendencies, but that he believed that in this respect they were maligned ; that he had never heard of any boy educated at these schools going over to Rome ; that he knew some of the masters, who certainly seemed to him to have no Romanizing tendencies. Will you think of me as presuming too much on your past kindness if I ask leave to put the same questions to your lordship as I have noted as asked to Sir — ? If you are able to give an answer to these questions, or to any one of them, I hope your lordship will permit me to make use of your answer.

With respect, I am your lordship's dutiful servant,
JOHN ALLEN.

THE WOODARD SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the *Record*.

Sir,—I have seen to-day, in your paper of Monday last, an address from Burton-on-Trent to the Bishop of Lichfield in reference to the proposed school at Denstone. I have never heard of a person returning from the schools

under Mr. Woodard's management to be a trouble as a Ritualist or a Romanizer ; I have heard of many people returning from the schools under Mr. Woodard's management to be blessings in their respective neighbourhoods. If any one be able to controvert what Lord Lyttelton said at Burton-on-Trent on January 23 last, with so much clearness and vigour, as to Mr. Woodard's determination to stand altogether on the Prayer-book, neither less nor more, let that person come forward and give, not vague insinuations, but facts and reasons. Mr. Woodard's schools bring in, as I am told, a gross income of about £40,000 per annum. I believe that Mr. Woodard has been greatly blessed in doing our Master's work. Those who have confidence in Mr. Woodard will give him their support. I venture to ask of those who have not confidence in Mr. Woodard, that they will give us their prayers, offered through our Redeemer, that God may bless Mr. Woodard and those who work with him, and guide them aright. I do not think that so much good is being done in the world, that we can afford to be scant in our co-operation with those who seem to us to be setting forward our Master's kingdom.

Sir, I am your faithful servant,

J. A., Archdeacon.

Prees, Shrewsbury, March 1, 1867.

On the occasion of a great gathering at Denstone in aid of the College, the Archdeacon was asked to advocate the claims of the institution from the pulpit. I give his address partly to explain the grounds on which he supported the undertaking, but partly also to illustrate his ordinary style of preaching.

There have, I think, been very few clergymen who have preached so briefly that one of their sermons would bear insertion as a paragraph in a chapter.

Prov. xiv. 34, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

As our experience of the world enlarges, the conviction is more and more strongly pressed upon us that true religion is the only safeguard of commonwealths; that a regard to God's Will, as our sure guide, as the all-controlling authority, is that which keeps the mass of mankind from turning to corruption. He who (in the hands of God) does most to write on the minds of those about him the truths and the precepts of God's Word, he is the greatest benefactor of his fellow-men. But how are those truths and those precepts, humanly speaking, to be best written? In advanced life, when the mind is scribbled over with other teachings? or in early youth, when the mind is comparatively an unblurred page; when the memory is as yet unburdened; when the character, with God's help, may be distinctly impressed; when the habits may be formed; when the twig is as yet pliable, before the limbs of the tree have grown hard and crooked? Unquestionably youth is the seed-time of life. The efforts wisely made with the young for their improvement are the efforts most likely to be blessed with success. The benefits of a good education have been spoken of again and again, but they can never be spoken of too often. The old familiar lessons, "*That the soul be without knowledge it is not good; and that if we train up a child in the way in which he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it*"—these old and familiar lessons are indeed truisms, so long as we merely assent to them in idleness; but when we endeavour to act in conformity with these lessons, and when we compare these well-worn statements with the results of our experience, we find them ever fresh, still practical, full of sweetness, most apt for our instruction and our guidance. Let any one observe in his own neighbourhood how one man, by his honest labour, by his courtesy and consideration for others, by his love of justice, by his modesty and self-control, is the holdfast of society and the comfort of all that have to do with him. Let

a man enter a household and observe how the family is ordered. In one household there is quietness and decency, and comfort and love. Each member of such a happy family has for every day the appointed work of the day, and, by God's blessing, finds delight in fulfilling the daily task. The bread is honestly eaten by each in the sweat of the brow. Or, on the other hand, let a man observe the misery of other households, and the evils and the sorrows that are caused by the misconduct of individuals. One man gives way to lust, and affects, it may be in the way of direct consequence, those who are yet unborn, contributing to their misery in this present state, and to their eternal misery. Another man gives way to drunkenness, and so makes an open road to unthought-of crimes. Another, through lack of truthfulness and justice, loosens all the bands of society. Another man, simply from indolence, is a weakness and a disappointment to all who have dealings with him. Education must have a great effect on the comfort of individuals, on the happiness of families, on the well-being of society; and, carrying our thoughts beyond the limits of this present life, education must have a great effect on the salvation of men's souls, on that which the Scriptures teach us is the earnest desire of our Redeemer, and which, in the most effectual manner, sets forth the glory of God. He who rightly labours in the cause of good education, he assuredly, under the blessing of God, is in all points of view the effectual benefactor of his fellow-men. *Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.* We must consider these words as a lesson for present duty. We must not look at other nations, we must look at ourselves; we must confess with shame that, with all our boasted advantages, we are far from being Christian people. We have read recently that, in the outbreak in New Zealand, the natives have been stirred up by what they have seen of the ungodliness of the settlers, the men who have gone out from our own homes, to feel that assuredly a people who break loose from due restraint in so many transgressions of the Divine

law cannot receive the Divine blessing, cannot be the objects of God's favour. We know, when we consider the state of our streets at night in our large towns; when we reckon up on the Sunday the vacant places in our buildings set apart for God's worship; when we notice in our rural districts the number of illegitimate births; when we look into the records of drunkenness, and of the crimes that are occasioned thereby; when we hear of the great incomes of our rich men, and of the sums that are spent on their selfish enjoyments, as compared with the offerings that appear to be given to God;—we know, if we consider these matters, and if we look into our own hearts, and into the course of our daily lives, how much room there is for improvement. And we shall surely, if we are honest in such self-examination at home, and clear-sighted in our observation of what takes place around us, feel that there is a powerful call made upon us to put forth greater efforts to set forward God's Will, and, seeking God's blessing, to do what in us lies to leave the world better than we found it. Our great hope, so far as men can labour, is in education. God trusts the coming generation to the care of us who are now at work in the world. Many words are spoken on this subject of education that leave out of sight altogether the great matter, which is the necessity for education being in the hands of truly religious men—men who have a distinct belief, and who study to act in conformity with that belief; men who have the love of God and of Christ in their hearts, and who love their brethren for God's sake. The experience of the last thirty-five years in Ireland is greatly against the establishment of a colourless religious education. The experience of the last twenty-eight years in England is greatly in favour of distinct religious teaching. In this school, for which to-day we humbly seek God's blessing, asking your prayers and your effectual help, the teaching will be based on a distinct profession of faith, the faith that is taught us by the Church in the Book of Common Prayer. We desire not to step a hair's breadth beyond the teaching of the Book of Common Prayer. We

claim not to be set back a hair's breadth short of that teaching. There have been controversies on this matter ; but, by God's help, we will seek to do our work, looking only to our Lord, asking the sympathy and prayers of all Christian men, making no answer to gainsayers, but going straight forward in what we believe to be the path of duty. The Hebrew proverb saith, "*May our reward at the last be like that of him who, under a false accusation, holds his peace.*" The inspired Apostle teaches us, "*So is the will of God, that with well-doing we are to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men ;*" he sets before us the example of our Lord, Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again. There may be imperfections in our work, or rather there must be imperfections in our work, for the work is carried on by human instruments ; but, looking back twenty years at the history of the movement with which this school is specially connected, we humbly trust that we may say with reverence that we believe that God's blessing has rested on that movement ; and we desire earnestly, through the merits of our Redeemer, that that blessing may rest on it more and more. We only get help from our Lord. "Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it." Let us look unceasingly to our Lord, asking Him of His mercy to grant to us the spirit to think and do always such things as be rightful. So shall we not be disappointed at the last.

Subjoined are a number of letters on a variety of subjects—Church Rates, the Extension of the Diaconate, the Burials Bill, the Preaching of Clergymen in Dissenting Places of Worship, the Purchase of Livings, Free and Open Seats, Infidelity, etc., etc.

CHURCH RATES.

To the Editor of the *Times*.

Sir,—Compulsory church rates having been abolished, it becomes the inhabitants of rural parishes to consider

how the expenses of public worship and the care of churches and churchyards may most fitly be provided for. The difficulty will comparatively be little felt in towns. It seems desirable, in rural parishes, that every effort should be made to work the new Act, and to preserve the existing machinery, passing a voluntary rate. Owners and occupiers, having bought or hired lands or houses subject to the payment of church rates, may justly be asked to continue such payments, fairly calculated on the average of the last ten or twenty years.

Such payments, however, should, in my judgment, be made to the maintenance of the place of worship attended by the payers, *i.e.* no persons regularly attending a Dissenting chapel should be called upon to make payments for the expenses of public worship at the church.

Sir, I am your faithful servant,

JOHN ALLEN.

Prees, Shrewsbury, August 5.

PERMANENT DIACONATE.

To the BISHOP OF ELY.

November 21, 1870.

Lay readers are being ordained with a solemn service by several Bishops. I imagine none such would be so ordained who were not found to be men of common sense, and well acquainted with the English Bible, and making solemn profession of attachment to the doctrines of the Church, and believed to be men of holiness and diligence and prudence and charity. But if so, why might not the service be that of the Ordination of Deacons? These lay readers cannot do anything that simple laymen may not do. I do not like that the Bishops should do anything that seems to abridge the liberty of ordinary laymen, and it seems to me undesirable that Bishops should use publicly a new service not recognized by the law. Is there any objection to deacons following a secular employment, con-

tinuing shoemakers, farmers, tradesmen, doctors, magistrates, etc., and looking for no payment for ministerial work in the Church? The most capable of these deacons might, after trial, be licensed to preach. Those who wish to give themselves wholly to the work of the ministry, and being found to use their office as a deacon well, might be examined for the priesthood. Without interfering with the Bishop's liberty to admit to Priests' Orders any deacon of whose special qualifications for the ministry the Bishop was assured, I would have the deacons required (in ordinary case) to pass an examination by the cathedral authorities, in the Greek Testament, Dogmatic Theology, Church History, Butler's "Analogy," etc., before they were put on the Bishop's list as candidates for the priesthood. If only the best deacons were ordained, priests' patrons would have less power to abuse their trust. Curates might, in ordinary cases, be only deacons with a licence to preach. In many poor benefices it would greatly help the pastor to have the best laymen of his parish put in a position to administer the cup in the Holy Communion, etc. Such laymen, as deacons, might sometimes be kept from straying into the ranks of Dissent. They would establish a precedent for not too readily ordaining priests. Our examination for Priests' Orders, as being the pass of preferment, ought to be made far more stringent.

Your lordship's dutiful servant,

JOHN ALLEN.

June 1, 1876.

I am very anxious that a new order, "Evangelists," should not be set up. These will not help the clergy more than Scripture readers, unless the law be altered. Clergymen want assistants to administer the cup, and occasionally to baptize a baby. An evangelist would not feel that he had the true blessing of Ordination; he would be outside the corporation, as it were. We want the Church to be a tree, striking its roots downwards deep, so as to draw all the nutriment from the lowest beds that, under God's mercy,

may be available. I am also very anxious that there should be a prolonged service—say, five years—enjoined on a deacon. Let us pray that every deacon may be modest and humble, and may so well behave himself in the inferior office, as that he may be found worthy to be called to the higher ministry.

But may we not supplicate their lordships the Bishops to do what they can to make this prayer a reality, *i.e.* to break through the pernicious custom of ordaining deacons, almost as a matter of course (after a certain period of service), to be priests? If the Bishops would raise the standard of the priesthood, some unhappy appointments now made to benefices would be impossible. I think that we should strive to make our existing state of things a reality. I do not want any alteration in the law. What I desiderate is that a general paper should be signed by the Bishops to the effect that no deacon would henceforth be admitted as a candidate for Priests' Orders, *i.e.* not be received to the examination in Ember Week, till he had given real proof, so far as man can judge, of his fitness for his holy work.

EXTENSION OF THE DIACONATE.

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, November 22, 1873.

Sir,—When Bishops “ordain” lay readers, they very nearly do what is *illegal*; they certainly do what is *unreal*. It is the duty of every Christian to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to do what in us lies to make known (under God’s blessing) the excellence and the love of Him in Whom we live, and move, and have our being. Every country clergyman knows of tailors’ apprentices, wheelwrights’ apprentices, who so speak of the eternal world, and of man’s duty to God, and of God’s love to man, as that hearts seem thereby to be happily touched under the influence of the Divine Spirit.

Every one of us hath groaned under the purposeless

words and perplexing utterances of men who are utterly unfit to teach others, but who have received from the Bishop a licence to preach on the very day that they were ordained to the diaconate, before they had been proved for the office of preachers. But yet Bishops continue to make the licence to preach a mere form. Many souls are thus, as I believe, lost to our Master. Many admirable teachers work against the Church, losing thus a portion of their highest happiness, instead of in the Church and for the Church, or rather (I should say) for our Master, because our Bishops have prescribed to themselves a fictitious character of qualification for admission to the inferior office of the ministry. When once men are brought into the lower order of the ministry, time should be allowed to prove their fitness to teach and to preach, before a licence for preaching should be granted to them. And it seems to me consistent with a Bishop's duty, and helpful to patrons, and serviceable to the Church, that admission to the higher office of the priesthood should be made a real distinction granted on proved efficiency.

The Bishop of Winchester is heartily in favour of the extension of the diaconate. I believe the Archbishop of York is inclined to look favourably on this matter. We ought on every consideration to do what is possible to deepen and widen the foundations of the Church.

JOHN ALLEN.

ON PAID DEPUTATIONS.

December 1, 1863.

My dear Mr. Yate,—I beg your frank counsel on the meeting yesterday. It seems to me a strong argument against paid deputations.

If one of the lay members of the committee of the National Society, a gentleman of strong practical interest in the work, well acquainted with its claims on the public, had addressed us we should have been helped. I do not say that our friend made a bad speech, but there seemed

to me to be an incongruity of the speech with the speaker. The paper read had far better have been distributed as a printed paper. I looked round the room as our friend was speaking, and I saw six or seven clergymen before me who, if two or three hours' notice had been given them, would have made on the matter a far more effective and helpful speech; and I asked myself, why should the expenses of our friend be charged on the society; why should the good Vicar of Meole Brace have him for ten days as a guest, when I fear the result will be to deaden the interest of the Shrewsbury people in public meetings for helping forward the work of the Church? One always is greatly helped and cheered and strengthened by the grave and wise and charitable words of our honoured Bishop; but for the National Society, when you have said that you must help it on the ground of gratitude and on the score of policy, it seems to me that you have said all. I want our valued Bishop to reserve his strength for purely episcopal work. I never would ask him to preside at a meeting with speeches, or to attend such a meeting, except at Eccleshall. I never grudge asking him to preach, for preaching is a main part of his work in his diocese. But I grudge his presence at a public meeting. Yet the hearty way in which thanks were proposed to him yesterday, and the kindness and pleasantry with which he answered those thanks, added to his opening speech and his blessing, were, as it seems to me, the only matters for which we could be thankful.

Perhaps the meeting may lead one or two of the clergy to solicit one or two annual subscriptions, and £16 were collected; but the price seems to me too dear that we pay for this result.

Please return to me this letter. I have written with entire frankness, and I hope you will feel able to do the like; and if so, I shall make use of your letter.

Yours, dear Mr. Yate,

Always gratefully and affectionately,

JOHN ALLEN.

ON BOLINGBROKE'S WORKS.

1868.

Sir,—Have any of your readers looked at an article on “Bolingbroke” in the March number of the *Contemporary Review*? The article seems to me, in every point of view, worthless. But I should not venture to take any public notice of it if it did not seem to me mischievous, and if I had not on a previous occasion privately expostulated with the editor on what seemed to me an ill-written and unprofitable article on Toland. I should have thought that, if it were not for the help of a periodical like the *Contemporary Review*, few readers of the present age would trouble themselves with the almost forgotten rubbish of the times of George I. and George II. I do not possess any of Toland’s writings; but I have in past years more than once attempted to find out what it was that men could read in Bolingbroke with admiration and approval. I have never heard of any sentence from either Toland or Bolingbroke that has produced any salutary effect in the world. I think the responsibility of an editor of a Review (intended to be read by Christian men and women) ought to extend so far as either to exclude what is plainly unchristian, or to give the antidote with the poison. It is true that, in this review of Bolingbroke, the writer (after going on for ten pages in giving Bolingbroke’s sentiments, without any notice whether the reviewer agrees or dissents, citing the shocking words used by Bolingbroke of the Apostle Paul without a word of regret or expostulation, and seeming also almost to agree with Bolingbroke in undermining the authority of St. John) puts together, without judgment or care, some of Toland’s criticisms on Bolingbroke; and, when he comes on the last two pages, the reviewer ventures to say of Bolingbroke, “that his critics have pronounced him deficient in learning, depth, comprehensiveness, and consistency,” that his mind wanted a substratum, and adds some disparaging remarks. But if

these remarks are well founded, the question arises, Why draw attention to this trifle in theology, and why produce so many of his sentiments, which cannot but give pain to very many rightly thinking, inoffensive people?

When a friend invites you to a feast, you expect to find healthful meat on his table.

JOHN ALLEN.

Prees, Shrewsbury, March 20, 1869.

ON THE BURIALS BILL.

To A. J. BERESFORD HOPE, ESQ., M.P.

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, April 1, 1870.

Dear Sir,—I hope the clergy will welcome the Burials Bill. But the clergy ought to be allowed to decline using the Burial Service, without being exposed to the charge of judging the deceased. A brother clergyman, or a Baptist minister being induced by the relatives of the deceased to use the words of our Prayer-book or any other fitting words in the churchyard, ought to be free to enter the churchyard. Please forgive my asking you to bring this matter before the committee.

Dear sir, I am your dutiful servant,

JOHN ALLEN,
Archdeacon of Salop.

To the Editor of the *Times*.

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, May 17, 1876.

Sir,—I hope Lord Grey's Burial Bill will find favour. It may be amended as to the constitution of the burial board; but, on the one hand, the concession that clergymen should not in all cases be forced to read words that are at times felt to be sadly inapplicable, and, on the other hand, the free admission of Nonconformists to perform an orderly service in our parish graveyards, seem to me the only

means of escape from our serious difficulties in this matter. A clergyman may fairly say to the survivors, "I had not that knowledge of your deceased friend that will enable me fully to sympathize with you in what you desire in the way of consolation to yourselves, and of reverence to the dead." The clergyman is the pastor of the living ; he ought not to be regarded as a necessary adjunct to the burial of a dead body. We must not claim to limit Nonconformists to any printed forms ; they ask for freedom in their prayers. They are as desirous of having orderly burials as we clergymen can be. Nothing seems to me more objectionable than an alternative service. This would seem to make the clergyman the divider between the sheep and the goats.

Sir, I am your faithful servant,

JOHN ALLEN,
Archdeacon of Salop.

ON ETERNAL HOPE.

Sir,—He is no friend to sinners who allows a word to escape tending to lessen men's fears as to the consequences of sin. We are in a condition of ignorance, but our speculations cannot alter the realities of our condition. So far as experience teaches, the two roads on which men travel diverge continually further and further apart. We are sure that the Judge will do right ; but on this side the grave, no one can measure the gulf that is fixed between Dives and Lazarus ; no one can limit the awful declarations from the lips of our Saviour as to what shall be at the day of doom. To me, Bishop Butler's notice of some circumstances in the natural course of punishments at present, which are analogous to what religion teaches us concerning a future state of punishment, is terrible ("Analogy" 1, 2, *ad fin.*).

JOHN ALLEN.

ON THE INCREASE OF THE EPISCOPATE.

Prees, Shrewsbury, October 23, 1867.

It seems to me we should aim at three arrangements:—

1. Permission being given to a Bishop to name the consenting dean of his cathedral church to the Sovereign for approval to be consecrated as a coadjutor Bishop. Such coadjutor Bishop to have no legal powers of correction of the clergy, nor to ordain except on the written request of the Bishop of the see.

2. Permission being given to a Bishop to name any sufficiently endowed consenting clergyman to the Sovereign for approval to be consecrated as a Bishop, with territorial and independent oversight; the allotment of territory to be sanctioned by the Bishop and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and subjected to the Queen in Council. Such territorial allotment not necessarily to continue after the removal of the newly consecrated Bishop.

3. Permission, on an income of not less than £2000 per annum being secured to the satisfaction of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, for the erection of a new see with the consent of the Queen in Council, the Queen nominating the Bishop. Such Bishop, on rising to the seniority, to receive the income of the last deceased Bishop on the old arrangement (excluding the Bishops of London, Durham, Winchester); the new Bishop to receive the £2000 per annum above secured till he in his turn rose to the seniority.

JOHN ALLEN.

Prees, Shrewsbury, December 12, 1872.

Sir,—It is said that the Roman Catholics contemplate a new Archbishop's see at Liverpool. All honour to them for their zeal. May we be like them in this respect. The Church of England is greatly in need of more Bishops. Will you kindly give help to let her voice be heard in this matter? In what follows I express only my own opinions. Some of our Bishops, as I fear, do not give help in this

matter—at least, Lord Harrowby has expressed that opinion; but I write as a private clergyman. It is impossible that the present staff can adequately do the work. Some parishes are the despair of the Bishop. I want, in every such case, that the Bishop, attended by the Archdeacon, the Rural Dean, the churchwardens, etc., should, after due notice, hold a public visitation of such parish, and, if necessary, that the Bishop should personally go to the sick man's cottage, and say, "When did your pastor last visit you?" Some cobwebs would thus be swept away. At least the Bishop would be felt to be one who did his best to set in order things that are wanting. But for this, we should want a Bishop in every county except Rutlandshire, and for Lancashire, Staffordshire, and some other counties, possibly, we should be glad of two. In Yorkshire, three or more. I feel sure that funds would be forthcoming from private sources if an enabling Act were passed, that when an endowment and a residence (to the satisfaction of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners) were provided, they should be empowered to lay before the Queen in Council a scheme making arrangements as to income, the limits of the diocese, the cathedral church, etc.; and so, on the Queen's approval, a new see should be created as now a new parish is created, the patronage being with the Crown. I want power to be given for arranging that the income should increase when the Bishop rose to the seniority and was called to attend in the House of Peers. I want a new Bishop, even in an old see, to begin with a modest income; but that every Bishop, if he lived to be of the number of the twenty-four seniors, should have at least the income now assigned to the junior Bishop. There would be a difficulty in a new Bishop going to an old historical palace, like Salisbury, with a very scanty income; some special arrangements would be needed in some cases. But some of our Bishops are overhoused. It cannot help a Bishop to do his work that he live in a house that requires three housemaids to keep it in order, or to live in grounds that require £300 a year for their care; Danbury,

for example, never ought to have been bought, and ought to be sold. The Bishop of Manchester has left his great residence, living in a modest dwelling, and has created an interest in his diocese in favour of episcopacy previously unknown.

JOHN ALLEN,
Archdeacon of Salop, diocese of Lichfield.

Prees, Salop, March 1, 1873.

My dear Lord,—Is it possible that I can complain of injustice? As I understood my gravamen, it was that certain parishes are the despair of the Bishop; that it would be good in such cases for the Bishop to hold a personal visitation, accompanied by the Archdeacon, Rural Dean, etc., and endeavour to sweep away the cobwebs; that a Bishop's primary office was to set in order things that are wanting. . . . It is quite a secondary matter whether or not a Bishop keeps three housemaids or spends £300 per annum on keeping up the grounds of his palace. No one can defend Danbury, and I believe Rischolme has no historical associations with the see that are of much value. The making the money question the prominent matter seems to me unhappy.

Your lordship's dutiful servant,

JOHN ALLEN.

The Lord Bishop of Lincoln.

ON SECESSION FROM THE CHURCH AFTER THE DELIVERANCE OF THE BENNETT JUDGMENT.

December 20, 1872. 4 p.m.

Oh, Mr. Molyneux, I have something to say to you which, I am sure, will be approved by our good and honoured friend (Lord Hill)! Forsake not the fortress till you are turned out. Stick to the ship while there is a sound plank between you and the abyss. If you think any one in the Church preaches unsound doctrine, be the more diligent in preaching the spiritual nature of God,

our only pardon and cleansing by the blood of Jesus, God's freeness in giving, in answer to prayer, His Holy Spirit our only strength, the true priesthood of all God's faithful people. Hear me! We have just risen from our knees, praying God to take away our unhappy divisions. Come back!

ON JOHN STUART MILL.

November 29, 1873.

My dear ——,—I have been reading Mill's Autobiography. The book is very interesting, but is it not also very sad? This terrible putting forward of hell as made by God (p. 41), is it not an unfair, a mischievous representation of the teaching of the Bible? We cannot indeed solve the mystery of evil. But there may be some inherent venom in sin, separating the soul from God, which venom is by no means of God's creation, which venom is against God's Will. What do we atoms of a moment know of these matters? Yet, looking within, we in some sense know that we have something of divinity within us, however the divine part of our nature may be hindered by our lusts, our falsehood, our pride, our other devilish evils. Every one knows that he can strive upwards, looking upwards; every one knows, when he is yielding to temptation, that it is his own fault. Our moral sense, which J. S. Mill would ignore as so much idle fancy, is real, real as our sense of sweetness or bitterness, though it may be clouded.

When J. S. Mill writes slightly of Whewell (pp. 224, 225), the question is begged. Whewell, I think, speaks somewhere as if man's constitution were impregnated with certain forms which are not developed till the circumstances of life develop them, as a texture may be marked by a pattern which is not visible till immersed in a dye. There is indeed one passage in J. S. Mill (p. 169), "Though our character is formed by circumstances, our own desires can do much to shape those circumstances; what is really inspiriting and ennobling in the doctrine of free-will is the

conviction that we have real power over the formation of our own character," which seems to me to overthrow his theories, and which, together with the postulate which all Christian men require, "God exists, and is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him," seems to me to grant all that any of us can wish for.

Certainly this history of bringing up a child without any religious belief does not seem to help man to the attainment of speculative truth or of happiness. I had rather believe all the fables and the legends in the Talmud and Alcoran than that this universal frame is without a mind. He that saith the eye was not made by a designer who knew the laws of light is constituted differently from me. And I see no reason why he should not also say that the Greek letters being jumbled together from all eternity at last composed the "Iliad." The world exists; how did it come? I know not why any one should preach atheism. It is terribly cold to the heart; it separates us from those who in all ages have done most to ameliorate the condition of their fellow-men; it cannot (as I think) be preached by any one without some fears that the preaching is a lie. Then he who would encourage us to look favourably on speculations that question the principle of hereditary property (p. 163), seems to me to strike at thrift, and he who desires freer relations between the sexes (p. 107) seems to me to strike at purity, and at that which proves man's greatest earthly happiness, family affection.

Most affectionately yours,
JOHN ALLEN.

ON PREACHING IN THE CHAPELS OF NONCONFORMISTS.

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, July 10, 1874.

Dear Dean of Westminster,—On Thursday, October 8 next, the clergy of two Rural Deaneries (Hodnet and Whitchurch) meet at this house to consider the question,

“How far can an ordained minister, within the limits of his own parish, co-operate in public services with those who do not usually worship with us?” The question was suggested by the leading Primitive Methodist in this parish asking me if I would preach in the Primitive Methodist Chapel at Prees. I am under the impression that a parson in his own parish may officiate in any meeting-house, without breaking any law of the Church. P. Skelton preached in the meeting-house in his parish Fintona.

I wish I might hope that you and Lady Augusta Stanley, in your way to or from Scotland, could rest here October 8 and 9. It would rejoice your heart to see Stoke-on-Tern church, rebuilt after the old pattern, opened May 23, 1874. The Rector of Stoke, Rowland Corbet, has a brotherhood of clergy, and a noble library in his house. Prees is on the Crewe and Shrewsbury line, three-and-fourpence distant from Crewe, two-and-sixpence distant from Shrewsbury. But if you and Lady Augusta Stanley cannot do Mrs. Allen and myself this kindness, could you send to me references to any serviceable books on the terms of Communion? I also wish for the original authority for the harsh words about Dissenters, said to have been used by Archbishop Sheldon, and for the ridicule that he is said to have encouraged at Lambeth of the preaching and praying of Dissenters. The Primitive Methodists at Prees have done a great work in encouraging sobriety and thrift. Thirty years ago there were in Prees ten houses where intoxicating liquor was sold; now there are only two, and in only one of these can drink be consumed on the premises. This happy change is not due solely to the exertions of Primitive Methodists. Part of it, as we hope, is due to the labours of Church folk (under God's blessing); part is due to the improved education of the young; part perhaps to the penny newspaper, which brings gossip to the home; but the Primitive Methodists have been special labourers on the side of sobriety. I could not preach if I were not episcopally ordained, but I must not judge others. I want that we, the clergy,

should look upon those who do not worship with us as not necessarily our enemies ; that we should secretly beg a blessing on the religious labours of all who profess and call themselves Christians ; that we should make it our main business in striving after unity to draw near ourselves to the centre of unity. Do you know the preface to Peter Sterry's discourse of "The Freedom of the Will" ?

Yours, dear Dean of Westminster, sincerely,

JOHN ALLEN.

AGAINST CHANGES IN THE PRAYER-BOOK.

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, October 31, 1874.

Dear Dr. Pusey,—I earnestly hope we may have from you some words recommending at this time that nothing may be done to alter the rubrics. Some friends have written to me as if the leaving our rubrics to be interpreted by the law courts was handing us over bound hand and foot to Cæsar. But the law courts have ever been on the side of extension ; and there seems reason in leaving English sentences to be construed by those who are least likely to construe them under a theological bias. Several Chapter meetings have been held in this archdeaconry to consider the questions submitted to us by our Bishop, as to whether it be desirable to retain or explain the Ornaments Rubric, and as to the position of the celebrant. The weight of opinion amongst the clergy of this archdeaconry seems to be against meddling in any way with the Prayer-book. The Ellesmere Chapter, largely attended, October 12, 1874, unanimously held that the Ornaments Rubric should be retained, and that the clergy of this Chapter are unwilling to suggest any alteration in the present rubrics. The Shrewsbury Chapter, October 13, ruled that the rubric should in any case be retained, and that no alteration be made in the rubric as to the position of the celebrant. The Hodnet and Whitchurch united Chapters ruled, October 15 (18 to 2), that the Ornaments Rubric

be retained, and (19 to 1) that they are unwilling to suggest any alterations in the present rubrics. At the Condover Chapter, October 15, the feeling was against any alteration in the Prayer-book. The Rector of Cound writes to me, "I believe all the clergy present would have signed a memorial to that effect." At the Edgmond Chapter (October 23) a resolution was carried *nem. con.* against any alteration in the present rubrics of the Prayer-book. At the Wem Chapter (October 27, largely attended) a resolution was carried *nem. con.* against any alteration in our present rubrics. At the Wrockwardine Chapter (October 29), with only one dissentient, it was resolved that they "decline to recommend any alteration of the Prayer-book or rubrics; but, while desiring that a definite meaning should be given to the latter, they deprecate a too rigid enforcement of conformity to the same." The only exception to the above conclusions in the nine Chapters of this archdeaconry seems to have been in the Shifnal Chapter (October 20), where a resolution was carried expressing a desire that the Ornaments Rubric should be displaced by some plainer statement, and where it was definitely ruled (7 to 4—all did not vote) that the north side of the Table should be understood to mean the north end, and that the Prayer of Consecration be said by the priest at the north end.

Yours, dear sir, dutifully,

JOHN ALLEN.

ON FEES.

Prees, Shrewsbury, December 15, 1874.

My dear Lord,—The enclosed came to-day without my expecting it. I hope you will pardon my writing what occurs to my thoughts. To look to the Archbishops and to the Chancellor to alter the fees, brings to one's memory Æsop's fable of the carter crying to Hercules. I feel sure the authorities in this diocese can alter the fees in this diocese. Mr. ——— was ready to take two guineas instead

of three guineas a day. Previously, when the Archbishops and the Chancellor altered the fees, they made a mess. They gave me, as Archdeacon of Salop, two shillings from each parish, when I had previously received sixpence. I think in some dioceses they raised twelve to eighteen shillings. If your lordship attended as many Rural Chapters in Salop as I do, you would have been impressed by the bitter lamentation of the clergy on this matter. The poorer clergy feel the most. We ought, as I think, to exercise our legal power of holding counsel, with the hope of giving some relief.

Your lordship's dutiful and affectionate servant,

JOHN ALLEN.

The Lord Bishop of Lichfield.

ON FREE AND UNAPPROPRIATED SEATS.

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, February 24, 1875.

Dear Lady M——,—Your letter gave me pleasure. You will be surprised. I said to myself as I read it, "The General is certainly better; he is getting combative." I desire to do all I can to help free seats, though I cannot go all lengths with Mr. Herford, and denounce those who, in churches built since 1821, legally have pews-rents. Practically our society now helps none except where the seats are all free. I think if the General were to inquire of the secretary he would find that of late years all the churches helped by us have been free. As to making a rule, I have no objection to putting your kind letter into the Bishop's hands, and doing all I can to support its views. But I wish the General had heard what the Bishop said last Monday week at Shrewsbury, about persons declining to subscribe to our Church Extension Society, because their opinions (on the stamping out of ritual, etc.) were not regarded. We feel that we have but a small piece of ground to stand upon, when we ask help of those who are simply residents within the diocese; our great claim (as we imagine) is on landowners, and on the

great employers of labour. The General and yourself have, under God's blessing, done very much at ——. I wish he was thoroughly well. Though he has never come to see me at Prees, I should like to be forming a plan this morning (though the wind is in the north-east, and the snow is coming down) for driving over to ——, asking you to give me luncheon, and asking him, as a military man, to defend the position of one who is not General Commanding-in-Chief withholding his help while the Russians are swarming up the heights of Inkerman, because a flank action, of which he has not the control, is not organized exactly as he wishes it to be. The new Chancellor of Lichfield diocese * takes the chair at a meeting in aid of the Bishop's appeal for Church Extension at Wellington on Monday next at three. Please give our kind regards and our best wishes to General ——.

Yours, dear Lady M——, sincerely,

JOHN ALLEN.

ON CLERICAL PREFERMENT.

Prees, Shrewsbury, July 30, 1875.

My Lord Archbishop,—The Bishop of Lichfield stated yesterday that the Rector of —— (pop. 5375), having been non-resident, was called by his Bishop into residence. But your Grace overruled the Bishop. Surely the cure of souls in that diocese is with the Bishop. Surely the Bishop ought to be supported in his endeavours to bring non-residents into residence. A grievous public scandal has been continued, and made more hateful to honest men by your Grace's action in this matter. I have always felt that your Grace desired to do God's work as in God's presence. I have been greatly thankful for your Grace's efforts to uphold the law. But in Mr. ——'s case you encourage a breach of the law. May I add that the charges of nepotism recently brought forward (as it would seem with reason) are a grievous sorrow to many. These charges seem to me

* A near relative of his correspondent.

specially painful when I think of such men as —— (an older labourer than your Grace) being passed over. No one knows of my writing this ; no one has suggested any part of this. If the letter be blamable the blame rests altogether with me.

Your Grace's unworthy servant,

JOHN ALLEN.

The Most Reverend the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Prees, Shrewsbury, August 6, 1875.

My Lord Archbishop,—Your Grace is too kind to me. The charges I read in the *Times*. I certainly saw them repeated in other papers. Many years ago, one who knows your Grace well, said to me that your Grace acted every day as one who felt that he must give account to God.

And I have felt this in respect to your Grace. I have greatly valued your published utterances, and the course you have taken in Church matters. The word "private" prefixed to your letter prevents me from making use of it. It is not for me to justify your Grace. But, in the interests of the Church and of religion, it seems to me desirable that some lawyer should take the list of names of persons preferred by your Grace, as given in the newspapers, and show, one by one, that the particular statements as to their near affinity to your Grace are unfounded. I think a clergyman, fit for the office, who accepts the work of Rural Dean, confers an obligation on the Bishop. I think honorary canons unrealities.

I have not known a more consistent worker, a man of more gravity, sense, and piety, than —— . I have known him for fifty-two years, as a schoolboy at Westminster, as curate at ——, as Vicar of ——, as a proctor in Convocation. I have spent nights in his father's house, as well as in his own house. He has spent nights in mine. Happy, as I think, would that Bishop be who took —— as a trusted counsellor.

I am your Grace's unworthy servant,

JOHN ALLEN.

P.S. — has not the slightest notion that I think he ought to have been preferred, or that I take any interest in his position. If what I have written is blamable, the blame is with me. I have consulted no one.

The Most Reverend the Archbishop of Canterbury.

ON THE SALE OF LIVINGS.

To the Editor of the *Times*.

Sir,—I observe in the *Times* of yesterday an advertisement, "Wanted to purchase the advowson or next presentation, etc., with prospect of early possession. Address, the Rev. C. H. M., etc." The following advertisement, for the like purchase, asks for "immediate possession." Will you allow me, through your columns, to submit to the notice of "C. H. M." and others the following queries? I leave out of sight the question how far "immediate possession" can be legally made a matter of bargain:—

1. Would it not be better for those who have money, and who desire a fixed post in the ministry of the Church, to take a newly formed benefice with small income, many of which earnestly crave a respectable pastor whose means enable him to live in the post?

I believe that the money given for presentations makes a bad investment, viewed merely as a matter of worldly gain. The money is burdened with serious responsibilities, and must in part be regarded as the purchase of an annuity, subject to such deductions as would pay for the curate's service, etc.

2. Do not the people of a cure thus treated look upon their pastor as a merchant in the lowest sense of the word?

3. Does not the pastor thereby throw away his fair chance of rising in his profession?

4. When the difficulties arise that are sure to confront every pastor that grapples with his duties, is not the pastor weakened when he feels that he has himself to blame for being where he is?

I believe that if "C. H. M." would consult any clergyman who, five years ago, took the step which "C. H. M." meditates taking, he will find that such a purchase has been bitterly regretted.

I am, sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN ALLEN,

Archdeacon of Salop, diocese of Lichfield.

Prees, Shrewsbury, June 5.

ON THE PUBLIC WORSHIP REGULATION ACT.

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, November 12, 1877.

Dear Lord Archbishop,—How can I be pardoned for writing what follows! There is, I think, no living man whose words I desire more to reverence than yours. But the report in the *John Bull* of Saturday of your Grace's Charge has perplexed me. What is our Sphinx? I cannot see how the Public Worship Regulation Act has given the Church of England any new question to solve. That Act has made the law more trenchant, its operation more speedy. It is notorious that the ministers of the English Church have in some instances broken the law with impunity. That impunity is now in a fair way to be ended. It may be said the law has been strained to forbid vestments. But at least vestments were unheard of forty years ago. The law, as your Grace understood it when you were ordained, has not been altered. We are more under Episcopal guidance than we were. If we submit to the Bishop we are safe from Lord Penzance. If there be a blot, it does not seem to me to be wise to hit it when we have no power to remove it. I think the English Church may be left under God to the counsel and guidance of her own Bishops. Some clergymen are in an irritated condition. A small rub may make an ugly sore.

I am your Grace's dutiful servant,

JOHN ALLEN.

The Most Reverend the Archbishop of Dublin.

ON THE BIBLE SOCIETY AND RITUAL.

In a letter to his daughter at Zanzibar, he writes :—

I find that Bishop Cornish says, till he went to Madagascar, he had nothing to do with the Bible Society ; but out there he found he could not comfortably teach the people of his charge without using the publications of the Bible Society ; he is ready to bear witness in favour of that Society ; at this I greatly rejoice.

In another he wrote :—

A foolish clergyman of the diocese of Manchester has written to the *Record* on the Universities Mission, because Mr. —— is a member of the E.C.U. and wore a chasuble at Northmoor, and because Mr. —— asked for a chasuble. I have written to the *Record* some lines, and if these be admitted I hope to take the opportunity of writing more on behalf of Bishop Steere's Mission.

CHAPTER XI.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL VIEWS.

“Homo sum : humani nihil a me alienum puto.”

FROM the foregoing chapter it will be gathered that the Archdeacon approved the Bill enabling Nonconformists to take funerals in the graveyards of the Church. His reasons for supporting it are clearly stated in a letter which has already been published in the Life of Mr. Samuel Morley.

Prees Vicarage, November 29, 1875.

Dear Mr. Morley,— . . . As to the Burials Bill, I have done what I could to set before my Bishop and my brethren in the archdeaconry my convictions.

1. There is a natural desire to lay our dead with those who have gone before.

2. Some of our parishioners may have a kind of special property in our churchyards. Some of the soil of our churchyards represents what was once the kindred flesh and blood of those who are now living.

3. If a sick person be ministered to by a Nonconformist minister up to the time of death, may not the relatives be excused for desiring to have that minister speaking to them at the grave?

4. It is possible to conceive the case of an incumbent, by his own ill conduct, making himself displeasing to the sorrowing survivors.

5. There is a sanitary necessity for burying a dead body. If I have not been able to draw the living man to worship in the church, why should I fasten on the dead body, and enforce my claim to read the Burial Service over it?

6. We must treat the dead bodies of Christians with reverence. Those bodies have been the temples of the Holy Ghost, and we shall see them reanimated.

7. It seems to me dishonourable to our Master that I should claim to read the Burial Service to unwilling hearers.

8. I want to be excused from burying dogs with a form of religion sadly inapplicable. By dogs, I do not mean Nonconformists, but those who in Holy Scripture are called dogs.

9. As for security against a disorderly service in our churchyards, provision might be made for that requirement. Speaking generally, we must all feel that the Nonconformists, as a body, are as desirous of having an orderly service as Church-people can be.

Yours very truly,

JOHN ALLEN.

The clergy have not been excused from burying "dogs;" but the Archdeacon never seemed to regret that the Bill had become law. His view was that Nonconformists could best be won to the Church by the clergy "out-praying them, out-working them, out-loving them," and that if they could not be won at all, they still ought to be treated with the utmost generosity; and I am not sure that even the calm assertion of Mr. Morley's biographer, that the passing of the Burials Bill is evidence of the Church's property being national, would have altered his opinion of the wisdom and equity of the Act.

It was, however, a very great regret to him to find so many Nonconformists joining secularists in

their demand for the exclusion of religious teaching from our National schools. How deeply he felt the importance of retaining it, and how greatly he resented all discouragement to it, may be learned from some of the following letters and papers. They bear different dates, and were called forth by a series of attacks upon the principle of religious education.

In meeting these attacks he was not always and wholly unsuccessful. His previous connection with the Education Department, and his friendship with some of the best amongst the Nonconformists, more especially with Mr. S. Morley, gave him an influence which he used with great effect in support of what he regarded as the side of truth and righteousness. Still it will be seen that, though he was disposed to welcome Mr. Forster's Bill in the first instance, he was by no means satisfied with the shape which it ultimately assumed.

September, 1867.

My Lord Bishop,—I spent two days last month with Mr. Samuel Morley in visiting St. David's Cathedral. He is a leading Dissenter. He helps liberally in building Dissenting chapels. But, at St. David's, he said he thought the restoration a national work, and he gave to the fund £50. We had much talk on the subject of education. He fears that in the reformed Parliament a great effort will be made to establish a purely secular system of education, supported by rates. He has drawn up the following scheme of his views, in which he marks a modification of the present system, which, in its main features, he desires to strengthen. Will you pardon the liberty I take in asking you to read a copy of what he has written? If you are kind enough to write anything on the matter, what you write will be shown to him. "Congregationalists are for the most part strongly in favour of religious education, as involving the employ-

ment of pious teachers' liberty and scope for instruction in the truths of God's Word, and the employment of the highest motives in maintaining the discipline of the school and in training children in the way they should go." It is, however, regarded as unjust that any who contribute to the taxation of the country should be excluded from the advantages afforded by the Parliamentary grant, and therefore it is desired—

1. That the recommendation of the Royal Commission on Education should be added to the terms now required by the Revised Code, viz. "That any school shall be eligible for aid which is registered at the office of the Privy Council on the report of an inspector as an elementary school for the education of the poorer classes."

2. That payment for results should be made in all schools so registered, irrespective of the teacher's certificate, but in strict accordance with the other regulations of the Revised Code.

The adoption of these suggestions is recommended by the following considerations:—(*a*) It would go far to prevent the adoption of a secular system which has been advocated as a neutralization of the injustice involved in the present system. (*b*) It would meet the necessities of schools in rural districts, and remove the strongest objection to the existing system, which is liberal where help is least needed, and renders no aid where the necessity for aid is most palpable. (*c*) It would greatly simplify the present system, which, without a large amount of simplification, cannot, according to Mr. Lingen's evidence, become national. (*d*) It is evident that the proposal of large schemes of education will soon be brought forward; and in view of this fact it is submitted that such modifications of the present system should be made as may render it more generally acceptable and more capable of reaching the most neglected districts.

I have the honour to be your faithful servant,

JOHN ALLEN.

The Bishop of St. David's.

From BISHOP THIRLWALL.

Abergwili Palace, Carmarthen, September 6, 1867.

My dear Archdeacon,—I had heard from Mr. Charles Allen of Mr. Morley's liberality, which does him the highest honour.

I think that many friends of denominational education would *now* be willing to adopt his suggestions, if they would indeed prevent the adoption of what is called a secular system; and I should be one of the last to object to them. But if I read the signs of the times aright, one of the first measures of the next Parliament will be the establishment of an undenominational system. But though I consider this event as inevitable, I do not look forward to it with the dread which it excites in many minds, as necessarily injurious to the interests of religion. I think that there is much exaggeration and oversight in the contrast in which secular and religious education are commonly placed to one another, and I lamented that in the last Report of the National Society the terms "secular" and "godless" are treated as equivalents. In an address which I delivered at the opening of a new school at Llanelly last June, I ventured to enunciate two propositions which may sound paradoxical, but which I hold very firmly: 1. That there is no such thing as purely secular education in a well-conducted school, though it may exclude all directly religious, *i.e.* theological, teaching. 2. That the teaching of the Catechism may be no more religious than an exercise in the Rule of Three.

But I fully admit that the establishment of an undenominational system would impose new duties on the ministers of all denominations, as it would entirely prevent them from relegating the religious instruction of the young to the schoolmaster. But I am not convinced that this would be a result absolutely evil. I was much confirmed in my opinion by the late Report of the Rev. James Fraser on the common school system in Canada and the United

States, and by his statements of the general results of his experience and observation.

I am, my dear Archdeacon, yours faithfully,

C. ST. DAVID'S.

From SIR J. P. KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH.

Gawthorpe, Burnley, Lancashire, October 15, 1867.

My dear Archdeacon Allen,—I have left your letter of September 3 unanswered, because I wanted to see what support Mr. Samuel Morley's plan would receive from the Congregational Dissenters.

It was of course obvious that its value as a means to the end sought would greatly depend on the concurrence of the majority of that body. I am glad now to find from the reports of the proceedings before the Congregational Union at Manchester, that similar proposals have the support of Mr. Baines, Mr. Miall, Mr. J. Morley, Dr. Vaughan, and other leaders of opinion among Congregationalists.

I have received letters also from leading Congregationalists, pressing me to declare my own opinion on the subject.

The question cannot be separated from Mr. Walter's proposals as to the small parishes. I have long entertained (with respect to that proposal) the idea that it was capable of solution, without a fatal blow to the training colleges.

I am disposed to consider the proposals made by the Congregationalists, and to endeavour to devise a mode of reconciling them with the maintenance of the training colleges.

I am going to work diligently on the two questions, and if I satisfy my own mind, I will take some opportunity of publishing my views. Meanwhile, I should wish this letter to be considered as confidential, though I have no objection to your communicating it privately to Mr. Samuel Morley, nor to your assuring him of the entire

and cordial sympathy with the two objects that he has in view, viz. the maintenance of the religious organization and structure of national education, and full justice to the Congregational Dissenters, by enabling them to accept Government aid for the completion of their school system. . . .

Yours faithfully,
J. P. KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH.

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, January 27, 1868.

Dear Sir James Shuttleworth,—I am greatly indebted to you for your most vigorous memorandum on popular education. It seems to me done with great ability and impartiality. I hope Mr. Lingen will carefully study the middle paragraph of page 30. What we want at the Council office is sympathy with the work, and not simply honest efforts to guard the public purse. I do not mean that sympathy will dispense with honesty, but the two primary virtues are essential here as elsewhere.

We must, as I think, supplicate our rulers to make the conscience clause more distinct, and less capable of being worked to the annoyance of zealous men. It seems to me sufficient to require that (1) no child be required to learn any religious form (catechism or prayer) to which the parent may object; (2) no child shall be required to attend any religious service to which the parent may object. I do not mean that such clauses may not be abused, but we must in this imperfect world take a choice, make a compromise. No evil can be greater than the indisposing all zealous persons from co-operating with the State in the matter of the education of the poor. It ought to be thankfully acknowledged how successful the training of our school teachers (selected from the choicest pupils, morally and intellectually) has been. During the twenty years I have known the north of Shropshire, I can scarcely call to recollection the fact of a trained teacher going wrong. Yet they are placed in circumstances of special

difficulty, raised often from the humblest class, set down amidst unsympathizing neighbours, with no prospect of further advance.

Yours, dear Sir James Shuttleworth, always gratefully,
JOHN ALLEN.

Prees, Shrewsbury, March 10, 1870.

Dear —,—,—I am greatly indebted to you for your questions of March 7. My wish is that we should do all we can loyally to welcome and heartily to support Mr. Forster's Bill. I felt when I read his speech, that the more the League considered it, the less they would like it. It seems to me, from his point of view, an honest endeavour to meet the difficulties of the case. The crisis may be one of extreme importance. I hope you will not think that I mean to be abrupt by endeavouring to be brief.

I wish our trumpet to give no uncertain sound. I have been pained by the paper put forth by the National Society; its suggestions seem to me to be mischievous. I think as to (1) That we must accept secular schools as set up henceforth by the State; (2) That a conscience clause is just, and the form proposed by Mr. Forster unexceptionable; (3 *a*) not suffered; (*b*) but approved and welcomed.

(4)

(5) I have no expectation that the proposed compulsion or any compulsion will be of much service. I wish, in spiritual matters, our motto to be, "Not by constraint," but I am not desirous to press my opinions as to compulsion.

(6) Where there is an ascertained deficiency, and where the people for the year of allowance are sluggish, I see no other means of meeting the expense than an education rate.

(7) Many High Churchmen object to the inspector examining the religious teaching. When I acted as inspector the religious part of the examination was happi-

ness to me, but I am content under present circumstances with non-denominational inspection.

Yours gratefully,
JOHN ALLEN.

Prees, Shrewsbury, March 18, 1874.

Dear Lord Harrowby,—In case we could procure a sufficient number of weighty signers of a request that your lordship would preside at a public meeting, to petition her Majesty to take into her royal consideration, with the advice of her ministers and Parliament, the propriety of directing her inspectors of schools, in cases where the managers do not object, and where the parents of the children do not object, to examine the children in their knowledge of Holy Scripture, will your lordship be disposed favourably to consider such a request? I look at the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy. I consider how much we Englishmen owe to the full and free teaching of God's Word. I remember that the Ten Commandments are written on the first page of our statutes. I turn to the coronation oath, where our sovereign, at the most solemn and public period of her life, did promise and swear that she would to the utmost of her power maintain the laws of God. I note that in 1839 the nation affirmed that no education was to be encouraged by the State, but such as was based on the principles and doctrines of revealed religion; and I feel that it is of vital importance to our well-being as a nation to do all in our power to remedy what seems to me a fatal defect in the Education Act of 1870.

Dear Lord Harrowby, I am, with respect,
Your dutiful servant,
JOHN ALLEN.

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, September 4, 1878.

Dear Mr. Carlyle,—Mr. Spedding once took me, nearly forty years ago, to your house. I was one of the inspectors of schools appointed in 1839, at the recommendation of Lord Lansdowne. He, Lord J. Russell, Sir G. Grey, Sir

F. Baring, and Mr. Spring Rice laid it down as a fundamental rule that no national system of education was to be encouraged, but such as was based on the doctrines and precepts of revealed religion. This held till 1870, when all reference to Holy Scripture was struck out of the Education Act. I do not judge Mr. Forster or Mr. Gladstone. Statesmen with nobler aims have, as I think, never ruled this country. But in thus leaving out the Bible from the State education of this country, a fatal mistake was, as I think, committed. I am for perfect toleration; but I think the Queen's inspectors (where they do not object, and where the school managers do not object, and where the parents of the children do not object) should be free to examine the scholars in their knowledge of Holy Scripture. I am persuaded that if every man and woman in England who could write their names were polled on this question, an enormous majority would be on the side of recognizing Holy Scripture as the source of that knowledge which is of prime importance to man. I keep a copy of this letter. If you felt that you could write any words on this matter that might be printed, your testimony to the value of the teaching of the Bible would (under God's blessing) be of real service. England owes much to the recognition of the value of the teaching of the Bible that was acknowledged in the days of Henry the Eighth.

Dear Mr. Carlyle, I am, with respect, your servant,
JOHN ALLEN.

The following is an extract from a letter to his daughter at Zanzibar:—

14, Brompton Crescent, S.W., June 3, 1880.

I went yesterday to Mr. Mundella, the new Vice-President of the Board of Education, asking him if the ministry could not in some way formally recognize Holy Scripture as the storehouse of that knowledge which is most necessary for man. He said he entirely sympathized with me in theory; that he wished some practical means

for bringing forward the matter could be devised ; that he had spoken of his sense of the value of Holy Scripture in education when Mr. Forster's Bill passed ; that if I would write to him a plan he would carefully consider it. I do not know if I can produce any plan that he will think worthy of attention.

The following is a speech which he made on the same subject :—

My great wish in being here to-day is that we may, under God's blessing, do something rightly to help the people of England to retrace what seems to me a fatal step in our recent legislation for the teaching of the poor. I am no politician. I have never voted for a member of Parliament. I am sure that the Education Act of 1870 was honestly intended. But I have a firm belief in the active, constant control of God over the affairs of this life. I believe that He takes notice of what is done by communities, as well as by individuals, to give honour to His Name. It seems to me a fatal step in legislating for the education of the poor in this Christian country that no mention should be made of Him in Whom we live and move and have our being. The true knowledge of God is in itself life everlasting. If we go back to the example of him who ought in some real sense to be our father, and who is set forth to us as our pattern, we find him commended, as one that would command his children and his household after him, that they should keep the way of the Lord. If we go back to the first recorded legislation as to the education of the young, we find God's law, as given by Moses, "Ye shall lay up these My words in your heart and in your soul, and ye shall teach them your children." When the royal Psalmist encouraged others by his experience, he said, "Come, ye children, hearken unto me ; I will teach you the fear of the Lord." When our Master left us, His parting injunction was that we should go and make scholars of all, teaching them to observe whatever He had com-

manded. We must respect the consciences of others ; we must give to others full toleration ; but the doctrine that a Christian State has nothing to do with the teaching of religion is in politics a mischievous novelty. As it is the duty of a Christian head of a household to provide, in a spirit of toleration, fitting Christian instruction to the members of his family, and to have family prayer, so it is the duty of the rulers of a State to provide, in a spirit of toleration, the best instruction for those who from their circumstances are least able to help themselves. In our prudent and charitable endeavours to provide a Christian education for the people of England, we may confidently look for God's blessing. One step which, as I think, ought to be retraced is, when the managers of a school do not object to the children being examined in their knowledge of the Holy Bible, the Queen's inspector should be directed to examine them in what is the most necessary of all knowledge. While, however, I note this, I strongly feel that our great dependence, under God, for the Christian education of the people is not in any material arrangements that may be made as to the subjects of instruction and examination in our schools, but on the Christian character of our teachers. All of us must acknowledge with thankfulness the great success that has attended on the labour of those who are connected with our training colleges. We clergymen owe a large debt of gratitude to our fellow-workers in the schools for the poor. The Christian teachers of the last thirty years have done very much for the best interests of the people of England. Co-operation for a noble object is a great help to sympathy. We meet here to-day, clergymen and school teachers, in hope and prayer that God will enable us to give year by year increasing effect to the salutary teaching of His written Word, which is the source of all that is most precious in our boasted civilization—the rule of purity, truth, righteousness, charity ; the charter of our hopes for time and for eternity.

Politically, the Archdeacon was, like almost

every member of his family, a Liberal of the old school. His eldest brother, Mr. Joshua Allen, used to lament that he, Dean Church, then Rector of Whatley, and Mr. Bennett, of Frome, were almost the only leading Churchmen in the part of Somersetshire where he resided who were not Tories. His brother Charles did more, I suppose, to return Liberals to Parliament from the Pembroke Burghs, during his residence at Tenby, than any other man; and the Archdeacon in conversation always gave one to understand that he was tarred with the same brush. But he differed widely from Mr. Gladstone in regard to the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Indeed, he believed, with the late Professor Selwyn and others, that her Majesty would have been justified in refusing her assent to that measure.

THE CORONATION OATH.

To the Editor of the *Morning Post*.

Sir,—Will you allow room for a few words on the coronation oath? On June 28, 1838, in Westminster Abbey, the Archbishop put this question to the Queen: “Will you, to the utmost of your power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the United Church of England and Ireland, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof, as by law established, within England and Ireland, and the territories thereto belonging? And will you preserve unto the Bishops and clergy of England and Ireland, and to the Churches there committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them, or

any of them?" To which question the Queen answered, "All this I promise to do," confirming her promise with an oath of special solemnity. This oath was imposed, as I believe, to hinder the process now attempted to be carried on by Mr. Gladstone. It seems to me open to Parliament to pass a law, that in no future coronation of a sovereign shall any oath be taken having reference to religion, though this would seem to me a sad departure from the principles established after 1688. But as matters stand it seems to me reasonable for the Queen to say, "At the most solemn crisis of my life, when I was taking up my heavy burden, you, the people of England, required me to enter, not into a contract with yourselves, but into relations with our Master above. What I said at your bidding was to Him, and not to you. It cannot be fitting for you to treat me as a being without a conscience." I am very unwilling to say a word against Mr. Gladstone. He seems to me, in God's hands, to have been a minister of peace in his commercial treaties. By his watchfulness over the national expenditure, he has set forward righteousness, and added to the strength of this country. By the post-office savings banks he has encouraged thrift and self-respect and self-improvement. By taking off the paper duty and making cheap newspapers possible, he has encouraged education. Whenever I have read his speeches on educational or religious topics, I have been instructed and helped.

Sir, I am your faithful servant,

JOHN ALLEN,

Archdeacon of Salop.

Prees, Shrewsbury.

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, Nov. 1, 1876.

My dear Meynell,— . . . This day is a noted day in your history and that of Denstone. Was it not ten years since your prayers seemed to have the first visible answer in respect to a middle school?

I hope you will have a happy visit at Hawarden.

The greatest and noblest of English statesmen, as I used to think, will be your host.

R

His care of the national expenditure set forward righteousness; his commercial treaties made him, in God's hands, the minister of peace; his repeal of the paper duties helped education; his post-office savings banks have greatly helped thrift; but when he disestablished the Irish Church, and provided that the surplus should relieve the landowners from the support of lunatic asylums (if he had divided the property among Roman Catholics and Presbyterians, though this could not have been carried, I should have found no fault), he seemed to me to commit a fatal mistake, and he seems to me to have had little success as a statesman ever since.

Nov. 3. I began this and could not finish it. . . . Your kind letter was a great pleasure to all of us. We specially value that view taken by your brother Frank from the cottage in the Dog-Kennel Field, the highest point of Prees parish. I am glad to hear of your brother Gerard's success. Please remember me kindly to him and to his wife. I think of her now, in her cheerful zeal dusting the interior of Prees Church. We must not lead people to look for better bread than can be made of wheat. We have our condition here framed for our trial by our Master. I think we must be very careful about leading people to look for a visible director. Of course every Christian man who is wise will be able, under God's blessing, to give in time of need a word of fitting counsel. But I think each separate soul is directed and commanded to go to our Lord for all we need. "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink."

Ever affectionately yours,

JOHN ALLEN.

After he left Prees he voted twice, and on both occasions against a supporter of Mr. Gladstone, in 1885 because he thought that the utterances of that great statesman about the Church were far too vague, and in 1886 because he believed that the establishment of a separate Parliament for

Ireland would be a most serious evil. So strong was his conviction on this point, that when he was unable to stand without support, and could hardly bear to be seen out of his own house, he insisted upon being taken in a bath-chair to the polling booth to vote for Lord Anson, who was standing for the Lichfield division of Staffordshire as a Liberal Unionist. This was his last public act.

But averse as he was from taking any active part in politics, he lamented the miserable condition of a large part of the population, and he was very well aware that no great improvement was to be hoped for without the aid of law. He preached, and showed by his practice that he believed, that religion had to do with every department of life and work.

In the parish of Prees there were few causes of greater thankfulness to the Archdeacon than the independence which had been gained by a large number of the labourers. It was, he always felt, part of a clergyman's duty to encourage thrift and industry, and he welcomed all efforts, political or otherwise, to increase the material prosperity of the people.

THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.

To the Editor of the *Times*.

Sir,—Paragraph 2 of Mr. Temple's letter in your issue of Saturday last, conveys an erroneous impression.

In this parish there are numberless acres that have been reclaimed from grig and moss and peat by those who had no other capital than their spare hours of labour, and no

other security than their faith in the consideration and justice of the ground landlord. In this parish some forty cottagers keep each a cow ; each cow is in a club ; no brief is ever carried round when a cow dies. After being vicar here for more than twenty-seven years, I have given oftentimes half a crown for the loss occasioned by the death of a pig. I never gave sixpence for the loss occasioned by the death of a cow. Cow-keeping puts phosphate of lime into the bones of the children.

Land has a special character. It is essentially different from all other property. Originally, it was held as a trust from the sovereign, subject to special responsibilities. It has still special moral responsibilities of the gravest kind.

Sir, I am your faithful servant,

JOHN ALLEN.

Prees, Shrewsbury, December 22, 1873.

Prees, Shrewsbury, April 24, 1879.

Dear Mr. Morley,—I read your letter the day it appeared. I thought your words humane, wise, right. I cannot understand an employer not feeling it his duty to say to his men, "By all means unite, if you think you better your condition thereby ; by all means emigrate, if you can better yourselves thereby. I love freedom of action myself ; I am bound to encourage freedom of action in others." I do not think myself bound to give more than the market wages to the labourers that I employ in Prees. But I feel myself bound to give every help to education, to intelligence, to thrift, so that, if the labourer cannot live on the wages offered, he may find better. I do not approve of some words reported as said by Mr. Roebuck, to the effect that it was sad and shameful to encourage labourers to emigrate. When the hive is too full the bees must swarm. The sons of the greatest nobleman in the land must emigrate if they cannot find employment here.

The young and vigorous labourer who emigrates enriches us who stay behind in a threefold degree : (1) by leaving the labour market open ; (2) by creating a new

market for our wares ; (3) by sending home wool, timber, and Australian meat.

We should be like rats in a cave, ready each to fly at the other's throat, if it were not for emigration.

I want the large landowners, when a farm is vacant, to consider it as a rich cake to cut up in slices to reward in different degrees deserving labourers, who shall be charged for two, three, four, or five acres not only the rental that the great farmer paid, but also an increase on that rental, to pay for the increased trouble of management. If a labourer can show £60 in the savings bank, let him have two acres on hire ; if we can show £100 in the savings bank (and some of our Prees labourers can show more than £100), let him have five acres on hire. In this parish we have forty cottagers, each of whom keeps a cow. Consider how much phosphate of lime this puts into the bones of the children. But then in this parish, D.G., we have an old-fashioned state of things, farms of five, of eighteen, of fifty, of eighty, of one hundred and fifty acres, so many several rungs in the ladder by which the labourer can climb to the farmer class ; so many happy homes of hopeful, thrifty, striving, mounting agriculturists. But in these days of great wealth, an agent is never easy till he can get the landowner to make monster farms, with monster buildings at a monstrous cost. There is thus dug an impassable chasm between the labourer and the farmer. The farmer is neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring. The labourer is sunken, hopeless, unthrifty, discontented.

Yours, dear Mr. Morley, sincerely,

JOHN ALLEN.

S. Morley, Esq.

To the Editor of the *Times*.

Sir,—I have been greatly interested by the reports of your Special Commissioner in Ireland. He writes from Cashel, August 10, that by the side of "vast breadths of corn, . . . worthy of the best counties in England, . . .

the ordinary Irish farmer of the neighbourhood, holding from fifteen to fifty-five acres, can, under reasonable conditions of tenure, compete fairly with his more powerful rival." I wish the question to be considered how far the small tenant may not "pay quite as high a rent, and secure as ample a share of profit, as his wealthier and more independent neighbour." . . .

I live in an old-fashioned parish, where there are holdings of three, five, twelve, twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred acres. A cottager on the glebe holds his land in the ninth generation under successive vicars of this place. The cottagers and the farmers are bound together by many mutual acts of kindness. In seed-time the farmer lends his team to his poorer neighbour. In harvest-time the debt of charity is gladly repaid with willing service. I tremble when I hear of what is done, in more distant parts, to separate the cottager from the farmer, depressing the labourer, with no compensating advantage, I believe, to the employer and capitalist.

I am, sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN ALLEN.

Prees, Shrewsbury, August 25.

ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Prees, Shrewsbury, October 14, 1857.

My dear Blakesley,—May I write a line of thanks for your excellent letter in the *Times* of yesterday? May I also be pardoned for expressing a doubt whether your statement of the views of political economists, as made in the last paragraph, if interpreted as approving these views, be not too sweeping and exclusive? It seemed to me, when I read Mill's "Political Economy," that his views, perfect as they appeared to be, so far as they went, failed to deal with arrangements of property that in England, at least, have an extensive and powerful influence on our social well-being. I mean the existence of large properties in

the hands of corporations, as implying corresponding duties. It seems to me a question fairly debateable, whether, on the lowest grounds of merely increasing the material wealth of a country, it may not be advisable for a Government to maintain in every parish, at a cost varying from £80 to £2000 per annum, a recognized teacher of thrift, temperance, and charity. The money is spent on the neighbourhood equally as if it were received by an hereditary landlord. Vested in a corporation, it adds to the cement of society, and stimulates the exertions of many hopeful youths at the University, and perhaps of some pupils at our National schools.

I have come to the conclusion that the let-alone doctrines of the political economists are wrong, as commonly stated, when applied to material doctors (including hospitals) and spiritual doctors (including school teachers, clergymen, etc.). I must not occupy your time with my lucubrations on a large subject.

Yours truly,
JOHN ALLEN.

ON GAME LAWS.

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, September 11, 1872.

Dear Sir,—I am obliged by your kindness in writing and sending to me your words about the game laws. I do not wish to see the game laws swept away. I wish the country gentleman to have his sport, but I wish no mercy to be shown to the rabbits, and I am afraid the hares must be condemned also; and I am persuaded that the present fashion of making the number of birds and animals killed in a day a subject of boast and rivalry, is degrading and demoralizing to all who have to do with it.

Dear sir, I am your servant,

JOHN ALLEN.

F. A. M—, Esq.

With almost every phase of the movement for the reform of intemperance he had the warmest sympathy, though only for a short time was he a total abstainer himself. His object in taking the pledge was to encourage a poor drunkard in the village of Prees to do the same. "If you, sir," said the man, "will take it, I will take it also." The appeal was irresistible. A fortnight afterwards the poor fellow who made it was drunk again; and the Archdeacon, two years later, was persuaded by some medical man to go back to the use of wine. In this he was at all times extremely sparing; and to those who knew him and his manner of life, or indeed to those who have ever looked upon his face, which bore witness to the severity of his self-restraint and the nobility of his mind, there must be something intensely comic in the remark of an old woman to Mrs. Allen during the brief period of his teetotalism, "Eh dear, mum, what a comfort it must be to you, when the Archdeacon's out of a night, to know that he's taken the pledge!" "The teetotalers," he used often to say to me, "have all the argument on their side, except that which health supplies." He might, I then feared, be too old to change his diet, so I did not bring forward the ever-accumulating facts, which prove that a drug which is morally most dangerous is not physiologically helpful. A paper which he at one time circulated in his parish will show that he understood the moral grounds which are the real basis of the whole total abstinence movement.

“Hold Thou me up and I shall be safe.”

LETTER TO THE PARISHIONERS OF PREES FROM THEIR PASTOR, ON PUTTING HIS NAME TO THE FOLLOWING PLEDGE :—

“I do voluntarily promise that by God’s help I will abstain from all intoxicating liquors, except when used medicinally or in a religious ordinance.”

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, December 27, 1852.

My Christian Friends,—Having recently been led specially to consider the great and wide-spreading evils of intemperance, the idleness and poverty, the domestic and personal misery which it causes, the crimes occasioned by it, the eternal ruin of souls to which it tends ; and not being conscious that the efforts made by me to check these evils have in any case worked the desired effect, I have asked myself—

1. Whether the blessing of God does not seem to have rested on the temperance movement ?

2. Whether the teaching of Holy Scripture can be rightly urged against such voluntary abstinence ?

3. Whether the commendations of the Rechabites and of John the Baptist, and our Saviour’s precepts as to self-denial, do not (so far as they go) seem favourable to such a promise ?

4. Whether, as indulgence in intoxicating liquors has proved a stumbling-block to many, and as the influence of a single example spreads further than we can calculate, St. Paul’s teaching (1 Cor. viii. 9, 13 ; Rom. xiv. 21) may not be urged in favour of such a promise ?

5. Whether, as our Master commands us to pluck out a right eye if it cause us to stumble, we may not be bound to such an easy abstinence from lawful indulgence, if there be a reasonable hope of thereby helping our neighbour ?

6. Whether we may not with reason look for God’s blessing, through the merits of our Redeemer, on such a

promise made in humility, seriousness, and charity (Rom. xiv. 3)?

7. Whether, though some who now put their names to such a promise may appear to be in no danger of yielding sinfully to temptations to intemperance, yet as others now living in drunkenness once appeared to be entirely free from the influence of such temptations, such a promise may not be safest for all (1 Cor. x. 12)?

8. Whether in numberless instances such a promise has not proved a turning-point in the drunkard's career?

9. Whether the weight of medical evidence be not in favour of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors as generally conducive to the health and strength of man?

10. Whether our expenditure as a nation in intoxicating liquors, compared with our expenditure in works of piety and charity, be not dishonourable to our Christian profession and displeasing to Almighty God, justly calling down His anger upon us?

11. Whether such a promise rightly made is likely ever to be regretted?

The matter of these questions and of what seems to me their proper solution will be supplied in some tracts which I hope freely to circulate among you.

I am, my Christian friends, your affectionate servant,
JOHN ALLEN.

When asked to support the Church of England Temperance Society, he wrote:—

Prees, Shrewsbury, October 9, 1875.

Dear Mr. Fenton,—I am not able to see my way to forming a Church of England Temperance Society in Prees, because (1) I do not understand a modified pledge of temperance. We are all pledged in the highest way to temperance. I understand a total abstinence pledge; and I have tried total abstinence for some years, but my medical man told me that I was injuring my health; and as my pledge expressly provided for obedience to medical

counsel, I now take what I believe helps my health. (2) The Primitive Methodists have (thanks be to God) a most flourishing Good Templar Guild at Prees, and I am unwilling in this matter to start a rival plan. If, however, my presence at Shrewsbury on Wednesday next at three p.m. will not be understood as pledging me to support the Church of England Temperance Society in my parish, but simply as my profession of a desire to do all I can to counteract drunkenness; and if I may be permitted to state my belief that the matter to which our endeavours should be directed is alteration of the licensing laws, and shortening the hours during which drink is sold, I shall gladly do my best to be present. But the coming week is with me an unusually busy week.

Dear Mr. Fenton, I am, with a grateful sense of your constant and most serviceable help,

Sincerely yours,

JOHN ALLEN.

Of the United Kingdom Alliance he was a vice-president, and a warm supporter. He was converted to the policy which it has so long and so consistently advocated by Mr. Hugh Birley, the Conservative member for Manchester.

"Surely," said Mr. Birley, "if a large landowner is allowed to close the public-houses on his property by a stroke of his pen, the people amongst whom a public-house stands, and who have the best opportunity for knowing when it does them harm, ought to be able to close it by their votes." To this argument there is no answer; and the Archdeacon, who, not being a politician, was uninfluenced by the logic of votes, saw at once that there was none, and admitted it.

To the last he was always ready to take the chair at temperance meetings, and was most indig-

nant if any efforts to check drunkenness were depreciated, more especially by men of wealth and high position. In November, 1879, the following paragraph appeared in the *Echo* :—

“THE HOUSE IN AN UPROAR.—The Theatre Royal, Shrewsbury, was last night patronized, it is said, by a crowded audience of ‘racing men,’ and some of them, described as ‘roughs,’ interfered with the performance by making loud and rude remarks. Nor was this all. The artistes were pelted with ‘filthy objects,’ and the occupants of the gallery and side boxes threw flour and pepper into the pit. A large reward has been offered for the apprehension of the rioters.”

The Archdeacon thereupon wrote to a great man who was connected with the races to remonstrate, and the great man was ill-mannered enough to produce the letter for the amusement of the members of the hunt. The Archdeacon, when he heard this, at once sent the correspondence which had taken place between them to the newspapers.

To the Editor of the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*.

November 19, 1879.

Sir—I did not know till to-day that W—— had sent my letter to him, of November 15, to be read to the members of the hunt. I kept no copy of that letter. Last November there was a serious riot at the Shrewsbury Races. W——’s name appeared as one of the stewards. I wrote to him on the evil that these races caused. I am told that the respectable tradesmen at Shrewsbury think the races a nuisance. This year I drew attention to a paragraph in the *Echo* of Friday last in my letter to W——. That paragraph stated that on the previous day the theatre at Shrewsbury, with a crowded audience of racing men and roughs, was

in an uproar. The artistes were pelted with filthy objects. I asked W—— if the races did any good. They caused expenditure of money at the public-houses. His reply was :—

November 16, 1879.

“Dear Mr. Archdeacon,—I was not able to go to Salop Races this year, and no one from here went there, so I know nothing of what you read in the *Echo*. Still, from my experience, there is as much drunkenness at temperance meetings as at races.

“Yours truly,
“W——.”

Prees, Shrewsbury, November 17, 1879.

Dear ——,—It is very good of you to write to me. Your influence is very great. Surely you are in error. Do not rashly speak evil of temperance meetings. When I came to Prees, in 1846, there were ten houses in this parish where strong drink was sold. Many of the farmers habitually attended the public-house of an evening. Now, through God's blessing on the efforts of many, specially the magistrates, the Primitive Methodists, the school, there are only two houses in which strong drink is sold—*i.e.* the number of places of temptation is reduced to one in five. Of these two houses one is only for the sale of strong drink off the premises. We have had here many temperance meetings. No one of our farmers, or scarcely one, goes to the public-house. No one stays late at market. Of the public-houses still standing, the former occupant of the New Inn always used to come to church in the morning; but I am told that if anything was said in the sermon of the evils of drunkenness he would use very bad language on his way home. But one day he put an end to his own life; his daughter, who married a subsequent tenant, put an end to herself by drinking—*i.e.* she brought on disease by drink and died in the prime of life. Have you ever considered how many women have been left widows by their husbands

shortening their lives through drink? Have you ever noticed how many within your own experience have put an end to themselves through drink? Have you ever inquired in a lunatic asylum how many have been brought thither by drink? You must have taken heed to what judges have said about the effects of drink. I am not a teetotaler, though I tried it for some time. I am in my seventieth year, and I know not how soon I may be called upon to answer for all my responsibilities. Your kind father and your kind uncle gave me sovereigns at Westminster five times—March 1, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827, 1828. I earnestly wish that the best blessings may ever be yours.

Dear sir, I am dutifully yours.

November 18, 1879.

Dear Mr. Archdeacon,—I quite agree with you in the mischief that is caused by immoderate drinking, and the advantage of other places for the poorer population to meet than public-houses, but I fear all large gatherings produce the evil you complain of. Some temperance fêtes I have known near here have shown they do not practise what they teach on every occasion. As to Shrewsbury Races, I fancy they are not as popular as they were in Trait's time, from what I see in the newspapers.

Yours sincerely,

W—

One further proof of his deep interest in the poor, and earnest desire to help them, must here be given. He collected thirty-two prints from the "Smaller Passion," by Albert Dürer, and had them published by Messrs. Bemrose, of Derby, for a penny, under the title of "The Gospel of the Unlearned." His exposition of these prints is, I think, worthy of being reproduced.

ALBERT DÜRER'S PICTURES.

These are the work of one of the greatest artists that have ever lived ; one also of whom Melancthon said, "that his least merit was his art." To many these prints will appear crude, grim, and grotesque ; but let us study them for a few moments before we judge them. Art cannot be appreciated without cultivation. A popular preacher is reported to have said recently, after visiting the galleries of Italy, that, though he had seen so many portraits of the Virgin Mary, he could not yet tell what she was like. The blind, however, do not commonly proclaim so blatantly their own incapacity. Some of the features of these prints will be appreciated at the first glance. In 2, the humble devotion of the rugged shepherds is expressed with singular force. In 3, the half-denuded palm tree shows how eager the people have been to strip its fronds. The almost statuesque position in which our Saviour rides, seems to show how full His heart was of emotions very different from what we might have imagined would be called up in our own breasts by the acclamations of the multitude. In 4, the greedy money-changer still grabbles after his coin ; covetousness being one of the last vices driven out of man's heart. In 5, Judas holds up his head unabashed, almost defiant. Never were crushing sorrow, combined with absolute submission, portrayed better than in 7. The vivacity of action portrayed in 8 is marvellous. In 9, A. Dürer seems to have wished to show that self-indulgence made a man hypocritical, as well as unjust. The porpoise figure that sits on the bench, the rudeness of the witnesses, the quiet homestead in the distance, will each repay our study. Who can look at 10 and 11 and not be helped to feel more acutely what it was that our Lord went through for our sakes ? The madness of the rabble, the patience of our adorable Redeemer, are they not here shown to us that we may learn in suffering to commit our souls unto God, and to overcome evil with good ? At 18

we seem to see the burden of our sins crushing our Lord to the earth; we say, "*Happy Simon! who was permitted for a time to lift the end of the Cross.*" We pardon the introduction of the legend of Veronica. In 19, there is brought before us the weakness of our Lord, as He lies panting, almost worn out, absolutely passive in the hands of His murderers; and yet His failing eyes still look upwards in prayer for their forgiveness, a noticeable contrast to the energy of the executioner, who in his fury has leaped into the hole dug for the foot of the Cross, and with redoubled blows drives the nail through our Saviour's hand. The sorrow of the women watching afar off, and the wild landscape in the background, have been drawn with care and skill and effect. In 21, the brawny disciple coming carefully down the ladder with his precious burden, is almost seen to totter. The affectionate gentleness with which the left arm clasps Christ's lifeless frame is in itself a sermon; here, and in 22, and in 23, the absolute death of the limbs is forcibly marked. In 24, turning your eyes to the glorious sunrise, you see the women coming. In 25, you seem to feel the assurance of our Saviour's power to strengthen the faith of His followers. The face, the attitude, is full of comfort and encouragement. "*I ascend to My Father and your Father; and to My God and your God.*" In 26, there is a sudden outburst of light, as the bread is broken. In 27, please observe the tenderness with which the right arm of our Saviour seems to lift the probing hand of Thomas, as if our Lord had said, "*Make thyself sure, that others may also be sure;*" and Peter stands by, moved with rapture at our Saviour's condescension and love. In 28, scarcely more than our Lord's feet are seen; but, as we look at them, we seem to feel the steadiness, the quietude, with which the eternal Son returns to His place; we can stand gazing, as the disciples did, around. 31 is, perhaps, the marvel of the book. Scarcely four inches by five enclose the greatest of all subjects of contemplation—the matter which, if we are wise, will be continually in our thoughts. The Saviour is seated, and

the world is at His feet. The trumpets, swinging to and fro, fill creation with their awful summons. John the Baptist and the Virgin Mary, the representative man and the representative woman, kneel before our Lord. The dead are rising. On the right hand is the joy of the redeemed, their passage to light unapproachable by mortal man, the perfection of blessedness ; on the left are the terrors that need continually to be preached. These designs were drawn when artists believed what they endeavoured to portray. Their purpose was serious. They desired to bring before the thoughts of men the realities of our present condition of responsibility—the greatness of our Saviour's love. These prints need religious feeling to appreciate them. The events they represent are the most true and effective in their abiding influence, the most instructive, the most comforting, that have ever taken place in the world. If we seek to look at these prints aright they may, under God's blessing, help us to realize the infinite love of Him Whom truly to know is everlasting life.

It was not, however, only to the poor or even only to the living that he felt consideration to be due. He desired, as the following letter to the *Times* will show, that justice should be done to all, even to those whose places on earth could know them no more.

December 29, 1874.

Sir,—Ought not some one, in the interests of justice, to make a grave protest against matters that have been published in the *Greville Memoirs*? So far as we can learn, Queen Adelaide was one of the best women that ever wore a crown. Yet the editor has permitted the most shameful imputation, absolutely groundless, to be printed about her now that she is in her grave. To have got at the body servant of King George IV., and to have picked up dirt about him after his death, seems to be scandalous. But it may be fitting that men should see in

various lights and from different points of view how empty was the glare, how valueless the lacquer with which he was surrounded. The worst matter, however, connected with the publication of these memoirs, is the declaration that the later portion will be delayed for several years. In other words, the noticeable members of the English Court, ten or twenty years ago, are warned that after they are gone and no effectual contradiction can be given to the most abominable falsehoods, there may be an explosion of filthy gossip to blacken and pollute their memories.

Sir, I am your faithful servant,

JOHN ALLEN.

CHAPTER XII.

BISHOP SELWYN—FOREIGN MISSIONS.

1862—1874.

Ἀποστολαὶ γὰρ μακάριαι μέν, ἀλλ' ὅμως
Δακνουσι τοὺς τεκόντας, ὅπαν ἄλλοις δόμοις
Παῖδας παραδιδῶ πολλά μοχθήσας πατήρ.

EUR., *Iph. in Aul.*

IN 1862 the following correspondence took place between two of the Shropshire Rural Deans :—

Wrockwardine Vicarage, Salop, December, 1862.

Dear Mr. Egerton,—When the Rural Deans of the arch-deaconry of Salop met at Eccleshall in November last, by invitation of our Bishop, to confer on matters relating to our several Rural Deaneries, you will remember that the church of Whixall in your Rural Deanery was spoken of as being in a condition the badness of which could scarcely be exceeded. I need not repeat to you the particulars of decay and damp which were said to have made it quite unfit for the sacred purposes for which it was consecrated, and to have rendered the present building incapable of restoration. It was evident that nothing short of a new church on a better site would meet the necessities of the case. While we were talking of the deplorable state of Whixall Church, a suggestion was made which was welcomed by us all, and which appeared likely to meet with the general approbation of the arch-deaconry, and to lead to a speedy and gratifying consummation of our wishes. It also seemed to accord

with the strongly expressed desire of our excellent Diocesan, that the evils complained of at Whixall might not be allowed to continue. The suggestion was that we might connect the occasion with the offering a testimonial to the Archdeacon, of a nature which must naturally *be so gratifying to his feelings as the erection of a church to the glory of God, and the good of the inhabitants of Whixall, in such an important part of his parish.*

It is thought that a church capable of containing three hundred sittings might be built in a plain but ecclesiastical style for about £1500. Other expenses, including the purchase of a new site (the present site being extremely low and damp), would also be incurred. It is anxiously desired by those who are most interested in the undertaking, that all the sittings in the new church should be *free*, in accordance with the character of the Church as the House of God. Subscriptions amounting to upwards of £400 have already been promised. I venture to propose that we should endeavour to raise the sum of £100 in each Rural Deanery, in aid of the good work, and in token of our esteem for the Archdeacon. Should this scheme appear to you feasible, perhaps as Rural Dean of the district in which Whixall is situated you will consider how best it may be brought before the clergy and laity of the archdeaconry. I can only pledge myself to do my utmost to raise the appointed share for this Rural Deanery.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,
GEORGE L. YATE.

Rectory, Whitchurch, Salop, December, 1862.

Dear Mr. Yate,—I have carefully considered your letter. Your primary motive in suggesting the building of a new church in a place where it is sorely needed gives to the project its first claim upon the sympathy and support of Churchmen; but you have added a further motive which stamps it with special interest in the minds of all in this archdeaconry who value the unwearied diligence with which the Archdeacon has devoted himself to his duties, stirring us up by

his cheerful zeal and forward example to every good work for a period of fifteen years. We cannot, I think, make a stronger appeal to the clergy and laity of the archdeaconry than by the publication of your letter. The proposition which it contains comes with propriety from yourself as the senior Rural Dean in the archdeaconry. I doubt not that it will meet the approval of all the others, with whom I will lose no time in communicating upon the subject, and inviting their co-operation.

Believe me, etc., etc.,

W. H. EGERTON.

Amongst the subscribers to Whixall Church was Bishop Lonsdale. When the fact became known to the Archdeacon, he wrote :—

Prees, Shrewsbury, January, 1863.

My dear Lord,—I have heard this morning from W. Egerton of your lordship's munificent kindness to me in reference to Whixall Church. I have thought how I should write to you most fitly. First, my feelings ought to be those of deep humility.

But in writing to you I can only express my gratitude. All my intercourse with your lordship, from 1838 till now, has been a constant education of the best and most serviceable kind, and that, too, communicated in the happiest way with unfailing gentleness and charity.

You then, 1846, put me in a parish which, except as regards spiritual condition, was, as I believe, the happiest parish and neighbourhood in which I could be located; where my health and that of my wife and children has hitherto, through God's blessing, been perfect; where the pleasant prospects around and the kindness of the neighbours waken up week after week renewed feelings of thankfulness.

1847, your lordship then put me in a position of trust and honour, which never allows me to be idle, and which does not painfully overstrain my faculties. I am seriously

persuaded that there is no other position in which I could be so happy, under God's continued mercy, as this in which your goodness has placed me.

I expected (after what you so kindly stated) that your liberality would lead you to give a tenth, or perhaps even a fifth, of the sum you have so generously announced to W. Egerton. His letter this morning communicating your promise, with the words by which it was accompanied, has filled me with gratitude, and, as I hope, still deeper feelings.

My lord, I am, with the truest respect and affection,

Your Lordship's dutiful servant,

JOHN ALLEN.

Subjoined to the copy of the above letter which I have found amongst the Archdeacon's papers is the following note :—

W. Egerton writes, January 18, 1863 :—"The Bishop gives £100 to show his 'grateful and affectionate respect to the Archdeacon.'"

The Church was completed, and on the 12th of September, 1867, was consecrated by Bishop Lonsdale. The subject of his sermon on the occasion was love ; his text, Heb. x. 24, 25. In the course of his sermon he said :—

"But, my friends, the work now before us has a *special* claim, a *claim of its own* to be accounted a work of *love*, a claim which seems to me to come immediately home to us in this division of the diocese. It is a happy illustration of those well-known words of the Apostle Paul, so nearly concerning both the ministers and the ministered unto in the Church of Christ—"We beseech you, brethren, to know them which labour among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you, and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake."

For twenty years there has been over the Church in

this Archdeaconry one of whose honest single-mindedness of purpose, unceasing devotion to the discharge of his duties, open-handed liberality, kind and wide hospitality, if I were to speak at large, *he* would have no *liking* and *others* would have no *need* to hear.

Many of those among whom he has so laboured have desired to show by some substantial and enduring evidence how highly they *esteemed him in love*, for his work's sake. And they have attained their object in this goodly and sacred edifice, built in a parish with which he is closely connected, and in which he cannot but take a special interest. Could they have attained it *more happily* or *more holily*, more in accordance with his character or office, or with the aim of his whole ministerial life?

And now, my friends and brethren, I have only to ask you, in few words, for a present and practical *application* of my words to *yourselves*. The text (Heb. x. 24, 25) admonishes us to "consider one another" for good. And surely the promoters of this church may well ask to be considered kindly and liberally, when they call upon you to contribute freely and bountifully to the supply of the deficiency in the means for defraying the cost which they have incurred, for the accomplishment of their wise and charitable purpose. The text teaches us, especially when we assemble ourselves together, to provoke one another to love and good works. Those of whom I have been speaking have put before you here a provocation both to *love* and to *good works* which cannot be misunderstood; have they not, then, a right to expect that it shall be met in a *like spirit* of love, and with a *like reality of action*? "Charity"—love—St. Paul tells us, "never faileth." It never ceases to commend itself to us, either as a *lesson* or as a *reward*. The school of *faith* is a *high school*; but, if the great *Apostle of faith* is to be believed, the school of *love* is *still higher*. We have learnt enough, it may be, in the school of *faith*; we have all of us yet *much to learn*; we must ever be learners in the school of *love*. And as we become better scholars *there*, so shall we become more *like*

our Master ; so shall we have *more of His mark upon us* ; so shall we have a better hope of being acknowledged by Him as His at the last."

But love, though it conquers time, does not abolish death. Little can those have imagined who heard that afternoon the Bishop's voice so clear, so strong, which only wavered with emotion as he spoke of him with whom he had been associated for nearly thirty years, that he was, as it were, putting the finishing touch, so far as this world is concerned, to a tried and sacred friendship. Whixall Church was the hundred and fifty-sixth consecrated by Bishop Lonsdale, and the last. On the 19th of the following month, at eleven a.m., he attended a meeting in the Shire Hall, Stafford, in behalf of Denstone College. The meeting, which was intended to have been confined to friends of the school, comprised, as a matter of fact, many persons who vehemently opposed it. It was easy to understand the reason of their presence ; for a number of anonymous handbills, impugning the honour and motives of Canon Woodard and his allies, were placarded throughout the town, and distributed at the door of the hall. The result was, that after the chairman had been listened to with the respect due to his position and age, the other speakers addressed an impatient audience, in the midst of interruptions and under the influence of excitement. The Bishop, therefore, thought it necessary to speak again. I shall never forget his words, and the effect of them. They were lucid, most clearly delivered, most happily chosen, and well calculated not merely to allay suspicion, but to promote peace and good-will

amongst all good and honest men. He never again appeared in public. On the last day of his life he stood forth for the last time in the character which he had so often filled of a peacemaker in the Church of God ; and, after occupying the seat next to the one in which, not many years before, Judge Talfourd had died, almost in the act of pronouncing sentence of death upon a prisoner, he returned to Eccleshall to die the same evening as suddenly, and to enter into the blessing which our Lord has specially promised to the peacemakers.

By no one was the shock of his death felt more than by Archdeacon Allen.

After some delay, Bishop Selwyn was appointed to the see of Lichfield. When the post was first offered to him, he declined it. Had he been guided by his own inclination, and had he consulted his own happiness, he would have persisted in his refusal. To one who lived, as he did, for God and the Church, it was, of course, an unfelt sacrifice to resign the position of metropolitan for that of a suffragan Bishop, and the romance and adventure of mission work at the Antipodes for the conventional duties of clerical work at home ; but it assuredly cost him much to leave labours to which he was accustomed, for labours with which he was not familiar ; a diocese which he had formed himself, for one of which he knew nothing ; and, above all, a clergy, who loved and trusted him, for one divided into parties, fighting for opinions which, rightly or wrongly, were regarded as vital. He had come to a time of life when men love peace ; he found himself in England in the midst of strife.

Besides, those nearest to him in ecclesiastical rank in the Church, above him and below, were a difficulty to him. He felt bound, out of regard for authority, not, if he could possibly avoid it, to oppose the Archbishop of Canterbury, and he yet very often differed from the Archbishop. He desired to work amicably with his Archdeacons, and yet they sometimes, even when they might have avoided it, opposed him.

One of them actually followed him from Ruridecanal Chapter to Ruridecanal Chapter to checkmate him in the effort to carry out Bishop Lonsdale's intention of establishing synods or conferences in the diocese, and would probably have continued to do so if some of the clergy had not remonstrated with him on the scandal he was creating. In this matter Archdeacon Allen took the opposite side, and, as the following speech will show, supported his diocesan.

In explaining the synods, I shall try to make the meeting understand the Bishop's views as well as I can, but I must be understood as not pledging the Bishop to anything. Diocesan synods are not certain, for as yet Stafford and Derby have not been consulted; but in Salop the Bishop's proposition has been received with marvellous unanimity. An archidiaconal synod will be held for Salop very soon. The idea of synods in this diocese did not originate with this Bishop, but with Bishop Lonsdale last spring. All the Rural Deaneries were consulted. The word synod might terrify some, but it simply means "meeting," "coming together." It will not touch on the prerogatives of the Queen, for it would be only a voluntary association, binding upon those alone who agreed to its authority. No one wants to alter the principles of the Church of Eng-

land ; we are satisfied with it. Moreover, to make any change without the vote of the Lords and Commons and the Queen's consent would be impossible. At the first meeting the synod would declare itself incompetent to deal with certain questions. A sovereign with absolute power is weak, because he is isolated. The Bishop is such a sovereign. He wishes to have his hands strengthened by a body of constituted advisers selected by the whole body of his diocese. It is what he has carried into effect and found most useful in New Zealand. The further good of synods is that they would do away with the notion that the Church means the clergy. It would give the laity a voice in Church matters, and, feeling their power, they would take an interest. It has been said that a synod meets to discuss, but not to decide authoritatively on anything. But there is nothing so pernicious as discussion without action. It lays open all sores without tending to heal them. As the Bishop proposes, it will tend to charity. It will bring the links into their proper places. We may expect the best results. What is that ? The decrease of selfishness. Men will be drawn from their everyday interest to that of the Church and God.

The Bishop ultimately carried the day. Conferences have been held for the last twenty years in the diocese of Lichfield ; and he would be a bold man who proposed to abolish them now.

Bishop Selwyn, on his enthronement, left England to pay a final visit to his old diocese. During his absence the following letters passed between him and the Archdeacon :—

At sea near St. Thomas, July 14, 1868.

My dear Archdeacon,—Though I have nothing whatever to say, I like to keep up my connection with the diocese, from which I am receding at the rate of three hundred miles a day, lest you should think that all my heart is flying off again towards New Zealand. I confess

that a large portion of it is in my old land; but if it please God that I reach it in safety, and am able to hold the General Synod of the Province of New Zealand, and get Bishop Harper appointed Primate in my room, and somebody to succeed me in my own diocese, then I shall begin to feel contented with my new lot, and shall be able to work with you with an undivided mind. In the mean time, I hope that the Diocesan Fund will supply a good contribution to the Bishoprics of New Zealand Endowment Fund, according to the suggestion in my address to the synod.

By this time, I hope that Bishop Trower is among you, who, with my *incomparable* private secretary, Rev. Frederic Thatcher, will, I am quite sure, keep things in order. I do not know whether Bishop Trower will convene the standing committees, as I did not presume to fetter his discretion with so much as one instruction. But whether he convene them or not, my excellent Archdeacons and Rural Deans will prepare the way by obtaining such information as will enable us, by God's blessing, to go to work in earnest next year. The simple question is, "What are the wants of the diocese?" having found the answer, then never to rest till they are supplied.

Mrs. Selwyn unites with me in very kind remembrance to Mrs. Allen and G., A., M., B., O.*

Yours very faithfully,

G. A. LICHFIELD AND N.Z.

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, July 29, 1868.

My dear Lord,—Your most kind letter of July 14, received to-day, is a great pleasure to me. Bishop Trower was with us at the consecration of the Market Drayton Cemetery on July 6. He pleased us all. Mr. Chute was most kind and hospitable. Bishop Trower kindly comes to me on August 29, preaching the following day in Prees Church for the S.P.G. He has summoned the standing committee for August 27. I shall, D.V., attend.

* The Archdeacon's unmarried daughters—Grace, Anna, Margaret, Beatrice, and Octavia.

I have told Mr. Thatcher that, if anything brings him into Shropshire, it will be a great kindness if he will take up his lodging under my roof.

My children and Mrs. Allen are much pleased with your most kind remembrance of them. . . .

Ever your Lordship's dutiful and affectionate servant,

JOHN ALLEN.

Bishop Trower, whilst in charge of the diocese, administered its affairs with great ability. I find amongst the Archdeacon's papers the following tribute to his courtesy and wisdom:—

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, December 11, 1868.

My dear Moore,—I am very much obliged by your kind note. I will communicate it without delay to the Rural Deans. Perhaps some will write directly to you. Those who write to me shall have their communications forwarded to you.

I greatly value Bishop Trower's services amongst us. His liberality has been marvellous. He has been unwearied in labour; his courtesy, kindness, pleasantry, and cultivation must have endeared him to every one with whom he comes in contact. He has set all of us an example of self-denial. I should like, if twenty persons were disposed to join, who could without inconvenience spare a sovereign after their Christmas bills were paid, to give him a silver inkstand, which his descendants two hundred years hence might show as a token of his connection with Lichfield.

Yours always,

JOHN ALLEN.

To the Venerable Archdeacon of Stafford.

On the return of Bishop Selwyn, Archdeacon Allen resigned the post of examining chaplain, which he had held since 1846. This action, of course, need only have signified that he was no longer as young as he had been. But, as a matter

of fact, the relations between him and his diocesan were not for some years as cordial as they had been in Bishop Lonsdale's time.

It is not for me to apportion blame for whatever slight estrangement there may have been between men who were both so good and so wise. Possibly it would have been no reflection on the disciples of St. John if they found it a little difficult to co-operate with St. Paul; and yet who could wish St. John or St. Paul had been other than he was? Bishop Lonsdale and Bishop Selwyn probably differed in temperament and in methods of action no more than did these two great Apostles; and those who knew both well would certainly not have wished either to have been merged into the other, and can easily see how those who only knew one well would be apt not duly to appreciate the excellences of the other.

One matter in which the Bishop was deeply interested was the inspection of National Schools in religious knowledge. To him it seemed that the passing of Mr. Forster's Bill rendered the appointment of a diocesan inspector in religious knowledge necessary, if the Church was to have any guarantee that the children were being taught the principles of our faith. The Archdeacon thought otherwise.

ON RELIGIOUS INSPECTION.

To G. L. YATE.

July 19, 1871.

I have a difficulty about this religious inspection of our schools. I do not like to fail to second anything recommended by our Bishop, but I am unable to persuade myself that the money for this object will be well spent.

Thirty-five years ago, inspection was needed to see that the teachers were honestly industrious and capable in their calling. Many teachers were then incapable, many indolent. But religious teaching, as I think, must be secured (under God's blessing) by taking pains to get good teachers, by impressing on the teachers the importance of their office, as training up souls for an eternal existence, by the increased labours of the clergy in the schools, by public catechizing in the church, by seeing that good training schools are duly supported. I have little faith in the results of an examination in religious knowledge once a year. Inspection is worrying to teachers and clergymen; one inspection a year is (as I think) enough. I fear the development of a rivalry between the so-called religious inspection and the State inspection. I do not myself fear an inspector teaching wrong doctrine, but I know that this fear has been felt by High Church clergymen as well as by Low Church clergymen, if one may so designate them.

There were other and graver causes of difference between them, but it is needless to dwell further upon the subject; indeed, I should not have touched upon it at all, if the Archdeacon, who had always admired Bishop Selwyn as a hero, had not also learned before his death to honour him as a saint. As for the Bishop, I am not aware that he ever, by a single word, showed his sense of annoyance at the line of action which one whom he esteemed so highly as Archdeacon Allen thought it his duty to take in opposition to his schemes. Once, when the Archdeacon had informed him of some remonstrance which he had addressed to a person in authority, he replied:—

The Palace, Lichfield, March 18, 1876.

My dear Mr. Archdeacon,—I think that we are always the better for being told of our defects. How your admoni-

tions will be taken I cannot say. For myself, I may say that your precious balms never break my head.

I remain yours most truly and affectionately,
G. A. LICHFIELD.

The Bishop was as generous and large-hearted as he was fearless and self-sacrificing. "People are too impatient," he once said to me. "I have come to a widely different sphere of work from that to which I have been accustomed, but I shall in time accommodate myself to my environment." He did; and no honest man who followed his work as Bishop of Lichfield would deny the greatness of the services which he rendered to the diocese of Lichfield and the Church in England. Certainly Archdeacon Allen would not have done so. He was one of the pall-bearers on the occasion of the Bishop's funeral on the 18th of April, 1878, and I doubt whether, in the vast assemblage which gathered from all parts of England in the Cathedral Close at Lichfield on that memorable day, there were many hearts more full of sorrow and of joy, of sorrow for those who had been bereaved, and joy for him who had gone home, than John Allen's. I have heard of his saying that Bishop Selwyn seemed almost too good for this world.

Amongst other bonds of sympathy between them was a common interest in missionary work. The Archdeacon had long been anxious to see more enthusiasm for the conversion of the world kindled at home, and was somewhat discontented with the methods adopted for this purpose by the great missionary societies.

To E. HAWKINS.

May 7, 1860.

I doubt whether, except in the case of a very great orator, any one except a missionary who has been actually engaged in the work does much to help a parochial meeting. We have several neighbours who can make a respectable speech, and I will engage (unless you have an actual missionary to send) to get up an annual meeting here with a home crop of speeches. We must have a deputation for Shrewsbury, and for a few other places of note.

To the SECRETARY S.P.G.

April 13, 1868.

If we can make the publications more interesting we shall greatly help the Society. It seems to me a mistake to encourage more than one publication. Different editors desire to get the choice bits of information, all the publications are thereby starved. It seems to me a mistake to pay the deficiency of a supplemental publication. Such will rest on the funds of the Society, and be careless about making itself remunerative. A friend wishing to preach or speak for the Society should be able to go to one publication, assured of finding there all the interesting matter that has reached the office. Whoever reads the communications from missionaries should, as he reads, mark for transcription all the interesting matter. The full date should be added, with writer's name, and distance and direction of place from the nearest point marked on the maps. These should be all printed in the monthly or quarterly minutes, and gathered up in the annual volume. Such minutes should be the only publication of the Society, but should not be considered as copyright. There should be skeleton maps, all on one scale size; a double page, if needed, of every missionary diocese or other division, in type metal, marking only two

or three chief places and the main lines of draining. These should be continually reproduced in illustration of the minutes. The drawings or photographs sent home for illustration should be directly copied, and not reduced by an artist to a uniform level of mere prettiness. They should vary in size and character—no stint in the reproduction of such. These minutes, abundantly illustrated, should be supplied gratis, monthly or quarterly, to any parish or correspondent proportionally to the contributions sent. In many schools these minutes would soon become the geographical reading-book, and the interest in the Society's works would, as I believe, be greatly extended and quickened, while the cost of its publications would be greatly lessened.

It seems, however, to be a hardship to say to an editor, now receiving a salary, we do not want your further services.

Yours, dear sir, with best wishes, sincerely,

JOHN ALLEN.

In 1875 an event took place which vastly increased the Archdeacon's interest in the cause of foreign missions. It had always been his endeavour to teach his children, of whom not less than eight were daughters, that God meant them to be useful to others. The lesson, constantly repeated, has borne fruit. Several of his daughters who are unmarried have been trained as nurses, and amongst them his eldest daughter. In 1874 she was at the head of an institution for governesses in St. Martin's parish, Scarborough. She liked the work, for which she was well qualified, and her father rejoiced to think that she had found her vocation.

May 6, 1873.

My dearest May,—Your dear mother and I were greatly rejoiced to see the last report of the Scarborough Conva-

lescent Home. There is no greater happiness on this side of the grave to a parent than to have the comfortable hope that his children are, through the mercy of our Redeemer, living to do God's work in the world.

But ere long Miss Allen received a call to go elsewhere, and she felt that she must not decline it. A lady who had volunteered to go to Zanzibar as nurse to the hospital there, was obliged to change her plans, and asked Miss Allen if she knew of any one who could take her place. Miss Allen applied to her next unmarried sister, who was prevented from leaving England by physical weakness. She then wrote to her father, and requested leave to go herself. The proposal took him by surprise, and he at first demurred.

Prees, Shrewsbury, June 23, 1875.

My dearest May,—I have endeavoured to look on the favourable side of your going to Zanzibar. . . . I must guard myself against withholding my consent. But I feel strongly that you are happily placed at Scarborough. It seems to me worth living for, a real subject for thankfulness, if one can make a dissenting governess, in her season of weak health, feel that she has had a home, as you have done, and will do, as I trust, many times over, at Scarborough. Your work is, as I trust, a missionary work where you are. . . . I think you must consider the placings of Providence as well as what may seem to be the calls of Providence. You have, as I believe, reason to be grateful to God for what He has enabled you to do at Scarborough. I think sons may be called to leave father and home for missionary work; but I cannot, in Scripture, find authority for women to leave home, except under the protection of a husband or a brother.

When, however, he found that she was bent

upon going, and believed that God had separated her for the work, he no longer opposed the scheme.

Lower House of Convocation, Jerusalem Chambers,
Westminster, S.W., June 29, 1875.

My dearest May,—I have got the enclosed very kind and sensible letter from Grace, which has helped me to look with more comfort on your proposed visit to Africa.

I earnestly hope and pray that we may all be daily led to seek humbly for guidance and strength for our hourly needs.

Prees, August 2, 1875.

I earnestly hope and pray that your being led to give yourself to this work, may help me to offer myself more entirely to the service of our most loving Master.

The warm sympathy of the great modern apostle to the Gentiles, who had not long before sent forth his own son (now Bishop of Melanesia) to work in his old ecclesiastical province, was naturally awakened by Miss Allen's dedication of herself to missionary enterprise, and he invited her, with all members of her family who could accompany her, to break her journey, when she was *en route* for Zanzibar, *viâ* London, at Lichfield.

On October 28, 1875, there was Evensong, with special prayers for God's blessing on her who was about to leave father and mother in the service of her Lord, in the parish church of Prees. Early the next morning there was a celebration of the Holy Communion there, with the same intention. In the afternoon, the Archdeacon, Mrs. Allen, Miss Allen, and several of her sisters set out for Lichfield. It was a sorrowful journey, until at Stafford the Bishop joined the party. Then all was

changed. He at once took charge of everything and every one, of shawls, rugs, umbrellas, luggage, the Archdeacon, and the ladies, and met Mrs. Allen's remonstrance at his thus burdening himself by the playful rejoinder, "I am only a good porter spoiled." When the train started, however, he proved that he was something more; for he kept up the spirits of his companions by the liveliness of his talk, until they reached their destination for the night. At the palace, after dinner, he took his guests into the study, and, opening a case, presented Miss Allen with a side-saddle, such as his experience had taught him would be most likely to be useful to her abroad.

That evening there was a solemn service in the Bishop's Chapel, with the earnest supplication to God that He would go with her and guide her in all her ways; and the next morning, in the same place, there was a celebration of the Holy Communion. In this the only variation from ordinary custom was that, whilst Miss Allen knelt at the altar rails after receiving, the Bishop laid his hands upon her, in token, as it were, that she was consecrated to a life of labour and self-sacrifice for Christ's sake.

About midday, the Archdeacon, Miss Allen, and one of her sisters started for town from the platform of Lichfield Station, to which the Bishop had brought them, and where he stood waving adieu to them till the train was out of sight; but even then, though all for the moment, and one for ever on earth had seen the last of him, his hospitable care pursued them, for he insisted on their occupying his rooms at the Lollards' Tower so long as they remained in

London. Two days afterwards, the Archdeacon was obliged to return to Shropshire. A day later, Miss Allen went on board and left England for Zanzibar.

From that time the Archdeacon, so long as he had health and strength, threw himself with his whole heart into his daughter's work. Up to the date of her leaving England, it had been difficult to persuade him to speak or preach anywhere out of his own archdeaconry; now he was prepared to go anywhere and everywhere in support of the Mission to Central Africa.

In cathedrals and in parish churches, at drawing-room meetings, and at gatherings of simple village folk, he was to be found pleading with double earnestness as a minister of the Gospel and a father, in aid of the work to which God had called, and he had given, his child. He had no great fluency of speech; he could not attract by passionate appeals or vivid word-painting; but his grey hairs, his venerable appearance, his transparent sincerity, his readiness, when now no longer young, to undergo any fatigue and to take any trouble to attract help to a cause which had become most dear to him, were in themselves an eloquence which needed no adornment.

His daughter was engaged in furthering the religious emancipation of a continent, for the deliverance of which from slavery his brother had given his life. The thought kindled his enthusiasm, and his enthusiasm kindled the enthusiasm of others. A considerable sum of money accrued to the Mission through his exertions. How thoroughly he identi-

fied himself with it his letters to his daughter show. These were frequent and regular. Of their nature and contents it will be possible to judge from a few passages from them, which I have selected for publication :—

August 2, 1875.

I hope you will select the best travelling bag, duly fitted, that you can find for £5, and accept it as my offering for your comfort in going to Zanzibar. Before the Bishop spoke of having a service at Lichfield, I had felt that your mother and your sisters would like to have an early Communion with you (at eight a.m.) at Prees, and I told — last evening that I should have this, and that any one in the parish who desired thus outwardly to join in prayer with us and you might do this. There would be no sermon on the occasion, but there would be an offertory for the Mission. The service at Prees would be on a week-day, on the day you left Prees if you approved. Our only strength in this matter is in prayer. — has been reading Bishop Steere's address and likes it, as all must like it. It is so simple and earnest. I earnestly hope and pray that your being led to give yourself to this work may help me to offer myself more entirely to the service of our most loving Master, and that it may stir up us all in this neighbourhood to take more interest in missionary work.

May 23, 1877.

Here am I sitting opposite to Bishop Steere in my study, he and I both writing letters. He preached a most business-like sermon in Prees Church last evening. . . . Bishop Steere talks very freely and naturally, and seems, under God's blessing, entirely fitted for his work. S— and several Dissenters were last evening at church. The Stoke brethren sang with such hearty vigour; they made our service very impressive, as I thought. . . . B. Shaw, more than a year ago, said to me that the Privy Council, in its judgments considered what was politic as well as

what was strict law. He prophesied that the eastward position would be allowed, though he believed it to be illegal; that vestments would be disallowed, though he believed them to be legal.

June 20, 1877.

We have been thinking much of you. The Bishop away; your friend away; one more* taken to her eternal rest. But, blessed be God, you have our Lord by your side, and you know that He is all-sufficient for cleansing, for healing, for guidance, for support. And in lightening by His help the sorrows of the world you have the assurance that a cup of cold water only, given in His Name, will not lose its reward. May God's best blessings ever be with you. May we be stirred up to be earnest, and more earnest in prayer for holding up your hands as Aaron and Hur did those of Moses.

October 12, 1878.

Archdeacon Blunt's letter to you is quite beautiful. I ventured to send to him my thanks for it, and to ask of him if he would allow me to preach for the Central African Mission in his church some evening between November 10 and November 17. I have also written to the Dean of —, to ask for the use of — Cathedral on a week-day afternoon, as we used St. David's in the morning. . . . I sometimes say if I have only three hearers, and if the collection only reaches three-halfpence, I am content to preach. If one does one's best the issue must be in God's hands. . . . I have heard from the Dean of —. He cannot give me a weekday afternoon in the Minster; but he asks me to meet the Bishop of Capetown at his house, who preaches at the Minster the previous Sunday, November 10, and to attend a meeting at — on the 11th, and to divide the proceeds with the Bishop of Capetown. I cannot do this; I feel it would not be fair on him (the Bishop of Capetown). I greatly dislike two deputations,

* A nurse whom Miss Allen took out with her to the hospital at Zanzibar.

and I also dislike greatly the division of funds. One meeting should have, as I think, one speaker and one object, and the whole attention should be fixed on one thing. Archdeacon Blunt kindly offers his pulpit on a Wednesday evening.

March 11, 1880.

You must, indeed, with a kind of holy sorrow, think of the pastor at Umba whom you have lost ; yet you must have the highest joy to think that one who seemed so faithful and self-denying hath been taken into the immediate presence of our Redeemer and God, all troubles over, all dangers past ; safe for ever in unutterable bliss, leaving behind a memory of works done that must preach to others. Your going out has certainly stirred me up to do more in speaking for missions. I am now under an engagement to speak at Leaton, near Shrewsbury, March 22, . . . and at Tean, near Stoke-on-Trent, on March 30, and at Whitchurch on April 3 ; and I hope one may humbly feel that the more one does, the more God gives us the inclination to do for what we believe to be His service. The reward of bearing fruit is the inclination and power to bring forth more fruit (St. John xv. 2).

December 9, 1880.

It makes my heart overflow with thankfulness to God, to think of you watching by the poor little smallpox-afflicted patients. Surely we may humbly hope that if all be done out of love for our Lord, looking to Him for pardon, you are, in very truth, following the example of Him Who washed His disciples' feet, and Who hath said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." I have been writing for next Sunday a sermon on the Second Lesson, "Beloved, let us love one another ; for love is of God, etc.," and I hope I have it impressed more and more on my thoughts—may it be on my practical convictions—that it is only in acts of love that we find our evidence of our being really in our Lord. And if we are in our Lord, we are

one with Him, and one with all the saints ; and when our earthly course is finished, we may humbly hope, because of His merits, that we shall ever be with our Lord. Then, to think of faithful Norah being your first inmate five years ago with a crushed foot, and now helping you in good works, by Divine grace being led in the happy paths of love. Surely it must be a great subject for thankfulness that you have been in any degree, in God's hands, the means of bringing a fellow-sinner to know and love our Lord, showing love by keeping His commandments.

November 22, 1883.

It is quite a blessed account you give of Miss T——'s and Miss M——'s kindness—watching and waiting, and using every means to give comfort and, if possible, to promote recovery. England cannot pay the debt to Africa ; but we may trust that God, in His mercy, will look down with favour on these earnest endeavours to lessen the effects of the curse on the children of Ham.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN PAROCHIA.

“*Preces sunt arma sacerdotis.*”

THE Archdeacon lived, as he was fond of saying every parson ought to live, under the shadow of his church. This was a fine building of the fifteenth century, consisting of a deep chancel, a nave, and one aisle. But, as has been already stated, it was not, when my father-in-law was first appointed to the living of Prees, in a creditable state. All that the most ingenious bad taste could do had been done to disfigure it. The roof and stone of the walls inside were covered with whitewash; the altar obscured by a three-decker; the kneeling worshippers hidden by high pews. Still, deplorable as were the internal arrangements of the church, the Archdeacon took no steps towards improving them, beyond removing in the interests of reverence a huge west end gallery, with a semi-circular protuberance for the accommodation of the musicians who formed the village choir. Thence, on one Sunday afternoon, after the Archdeacon had given out a hymn—let us say the hundredth—in his peculiarly distinct and emphatic manner, came a stentorian voice from the

leader of the band, "We're not prepared to sing that hymn; we'll sing 130." The Archdeacon meekly acquiesced. But with a view to put a stop to such professional brawling, as well as to check sundry other performances, which the privacy of galleries does so much to encourage, the orchestra was taken down and a harmonium introduced about the year 1857. The Archdeacon, however, felt that when no moral evil was incident to material ugliness, he was not called upon to meddle with it. His business was to build up a spiritual temple in the parish; the temple made with hands should be the special care of others. The work of the priest Ezra preceded, and was distinct from, that of the devout layman Nehemiah.

The restoration of the church was brought about in the way that he desired. After he had been at Prees for seventeen years, it was taken up with great energy and spirit by Colonel F. Hill, and was carried out under the direction of Mr. Christian. The Archdeacon, whilst he gave largely to the work, refused to accept any pecuniary responsibility in regard to it. He held that a clergyman ought not to burden himself with anxieties which must interfere with his usefulness as a parish priest, and that the parishioners ought not to be relieved of a duty which was manifestly theirs.

The restored church was opened on All Saints' Day, 1864. At first the Archdeacon asked all the clergy who intended to be present to come in their surplices; but finding that parsons in white were regarded by some of his neighbours as more dangerous than parsons in black, he offered to

request them to appear in their academical gowns. This late act of repentance was positively resented more than the original offence; it was regarded as betraying a want of principle; so the first arrangement was adhered to, and the malcontents had the satisfaction of protesting against what they were pleased to call "dancing mummeries." When the religious history of our times comes to be written, nothing probably will seem more strange than the folly into which prejudice and fright have driven many otherwise excellent and reasonable people.

The ecclesiastical district of which the Archdeacon was in charge was large and straggling. At the south-east of Prees was a population of about six hundred, distant from two to four miles from the parish church. The Archdeacon never rested until he saw a church and parsonage built at Fauls, as the hamlet was named, and had secured an endowment of £300 a year to the new living. In this good work he had the generous and ungrudging support of the late Lord Hill. Fauls Church was opened and consecrated on May 20, 1856.

At Prees the Archdeacon was very careful not to make any change which was not absolutely necessary in parish matters, and more especially in the order of services. For a long time these were the same in character, and held at the same hours, morning and afternoon, as those which his predecessor had given to the parishioners nearly forty years before. Towards the close of his ministry a second shortened Evensong, with a sermon, was added on Sundays. During Lent there were weekday services, with addresses in the evening; but, so

long as he was single-handed, what devotional gatherings there were, other than on Sunday, were in the form of cottage lectures in the outlying parts of his parish.

All church notices were given out with the consent of the churchwardens; indeed, in almost all affairs which did not in his judgment affect some important principle, he was content to be guided by their wishes. Only one instance to the contrary is known to me. When the Purchas judgment, which seemed to state that the only legal dress of an officiating clergyman was the surplice, had been delivered, he abandoned the use of the black gown in the pulpit, and refused, even when requested by the churchwardens, to resume it. How earnest was his desire to co-operate with them may be gathered from the following letter :—

Sir,—I have an excellent churchwarden, who helps me in every good work. Last Tuesday he brought to me a printed address to the Archbishops, asking me to sign it. My reply was, "You help me so much, I ought, if possible, to do what you ask, specially in so trifling a matter. I could not, indeed, have signed the Oxford address, whoever had asked me, but this address is so colourless, any one might sign it. I will not refuse to sign it, if you wish me to do so; but I prefer not signing it, because (1) I am against signing needless addresses; (2) I have seen it suggested that this address is a direct rebuke to the Bishop of London, which I greatly dislike; (3) I think quietness at this time is specially our wisdom and our duty. Let us strive and pray that we may preach the truth and live according to God's Word, and God will take care of the rest. Do you sign this address if you feel disposed, but it seems to me only those who wish to sign it should add their names."

My churchwarden left me, but he saw me again the following day and said, "Mr. M—— thinks it cannot be right unless you sign it; I wish you would sign it." My reply was, "I must not go from my word. I said I will not refuse if you wish for my name." But I wish to ask our friends in London if it be wise and right to send these addresses to the churchwardens of each parish, telling them that they hope to get a million signatures?

JOHN ALLEN,

Archdeacon of Salop, diocese of Lichfield.

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, July 11, 1864.

He used to say that, if he were to begin his work as parish priest again, he would not himself administer the alms collected in church for the poor. But, as a matter of fact, he always started on his parochial rounds with his pockets filled with shillings; and would, after reading and praying with a suffering parishioner, almost invariably leave money on the table—"from the Communion alms," as he used always carefully to explain. The Communion alms, however, multiplied strangely in his hands. One of the first pieces of advice he gave every new assistant curate was, to make it quite plain to the public that none of the money given in church ever stuck to their fingers. Whenever, therefore, there had been a collection in church, a receipt from the person to whom that money was sent was always posted on the Church doors.

The system of the weekly offertory was not, I believe, introduced by him, though he strongly approved of it; but there were frequent collections for missionary and other purposes. He said that feeling, without corresponding action, had a hardening effect. When, for example, a man was sud-

denly killed in the village, he desired his children to make a dress for the widow, and inquired carefully if every one of his daughters had put some work into it. For the same reason, he could not bear to have a meeting or sermon for a charitable object, without a collection after it.

Once a month, on a Sunday afternoon, he used to catechize the children of the parish, and on these occasions he expected his own children to stand in the aisle and answer questions with the rest.

In the earlier years of his ministry he held a night school, in which he taught regularly three nights a week during the winter months; he also visited the day school every day, and encouraged the children to write out what they could recollect of the Sunday sermons. It was he, too, who gave the pupil teachers religious instruction; and he had the delight of knowing that, of all those who were brought under his influence during the thirty-six years of his incumbency, only two were at all unsatisfactory in after life.

On a Sunday morning he used to open the Sunday school himself, and if teachers were wanting, would, when quite an old man, take a class of small boys, the most troublesome in the school, and draw on the black-board illustrations of some Scripture subject to interest them. On Advent Sunday, for instance, he would sketch the various parts of the Christian armour. His view was that all teaching should be affirmative, not negative—that children should never be informed, “Romanists or Dissenters teach so-and-so, which is wrong,” but that the truth should be as clearly as possible

set before them. Again, if a child in class mis-called a word, he thought that the teacher should pronounce it as clearly as possible himself, instead of calling upon another child to read it right.

In dealing with the young, he said, older persons should be on their guard against inconsistency and unpunctuality. For a teacher to reprove children for a fault one day, because it irritates him, and not to reprove them for the same the next if it does not, was, in his judgment, to do them a serious moral injury; it was to teach them that one in authority over them was guided in his conduct towards them, rather by his personal feelings, than by principle.

He also maintained that if a lady went to take a class in a school, and was three minutes late, every minute that she was late would teach a lesson which would do more harm than everything else she taught would do good.

His punctuality in all that he undertook himself was absolute. He would set some one to watch for funerals, in order that he might meet them the moment they came to the gate.

Day by day, exactly at half-past two, after offering a short prayer to God for His help, he went out into the parish, and there he would sometimes stay till seven in the evening. He was fond of driving, but he seldom allowed himself this indulgence, and when he did always made use of the drive for some visit of kindness. It was his habit to call at each cottage in his parish once in every three months. Chronic cases of illness were attended to weekly; serious cases, every day or every other day. If he was sent for he would go

immediately, even though the need, as often happened, was by no means urgent.

To the younger clergy of the archdeaconry he used to say, "Have a fixed time for going out, and keep to it. Often, in the gloomy days of winter, the pleasant warmth of your fireside will tempt you not to leave it: remind yourselves that because the weather is depressing, your visit will be the more acceptable to some sufferer less able to contend with its effects upon the spirits than you are."

His manner of entering the cottages was very respectful. He would take off his hat before crossing the threshold. One old woman, not always easy to get on with, after she had left his parish said, in speaking of him to her new clergyman, "Him and me were very *great*. When I came to the door, he'd always say, 'May I come in?'" The clergyman said, "I'm afraid he was more polite than I am." "I reckon so." After a pause, she added, "He'd often say, 'But I'm afraid I shall make you angry.'" As the old woman in question did not go to church, it seems likely from the concluding remark that the visits were profitable as well as polite. He appeared to have the power of setting all, especially the poor, at their ease. Some time ago, a peasant, in the neighbourhood of Whitchurch, said to me on my mentioning his name, "Eh, dear, he was wonderful good company." "I could tell him anything," said one poor woman. She then proceeded to relate how one day the Archdeacon had found her in trouble, because some of the clothes hung to dry in the kitchen had caught fire. The Archdeacon, she

continued, after expressing his sympathy with her on her loss, had said, "Let us pray about it." Dr. Thompson, the late Master of Trinity, after a visit paid to Prees, would often speak of the Archdeacon's intimate knowledge of his parishioners, and their interests, great and small, extending even to the birthday of a little girl, at whose parents' house he had called with his host.

For attacks upon his character the Archdeacon, as a rule, cared nothing, but there seems to have been one exception to his general indifference to human blame. The following letter shows that he felt keenly any reflection on his pastoral work :—

"You said to-day that Prees parish ought to have a curate. This implies that Prees parish is neglected. I have lived for twenty-five years in Prees parish as your neighbour. I owe duty to you ; you owe something to a clergyman who has had the oversight of your tenants, unless just fault can be found with him.

If you can bring one of the inhabitants of Prees parish who will say that he is neglected, I will make to you a dutiful apology for my warmth in meeting your assertion that Prees parish ought to have a curate.

If you cannot bring forward a single case of a parishioner neglected, do not you feel that some acknowledgment of fault is due to our Master ?

JOHN ALLEN.

January 22, 1872.

He would call on Dissenters equally with Church people. They were all, he felt, entrusted to his charge. He was debtor to them all, and in the distribution of alms he made no distinction between those who were Church-people and those who were not. So far, too, as he conscientiously could, he

worked with Nonconformists; and if they ever asked him to preside at any of their meetings, with the object of which he sympathized, he was glad to do so, and gave them the use of the National school-room.

With all their ministers he lived on friendly terms. One of them, who came to Prees with strong feelings of hostility to the Church, and who, on a Confirmation being announced, posted everywhere throughout the village notices of sermons to show that Confirmation is unscriptural, was so softened by the large-heartedness of the Archdeacon, that he became in a year or two afterwards a candidate for Holy Orders.

It was the strong conviction of the Archdeacon that the best and ablest boys from our National Schools should be trained for the ministry of the Church. There was certainly at one time—I think that there is still—a great need of more clergy; and he thought that time and money would be well spent in educating the best and cleverest boys from the working classes, with a view of supplying it. He carried out the idea in regard to two lads in his own schools. Originally, I believe, they were intended to work in the mission field. Neither of them, however, has gone abroad. One of them has not taken Orders, but is working as assistant master in a good school near London; the other has taken Orders, and having repaid all the money expended on his education for the priesthood, is now filling a very responsible and important post in the diocese of Manchester.

The Archdeacon was fond of penny readings for the people, believing that they afforded to educated men opportunities for interpreting to others

passages from the works of great English authors, Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, etc.

“If,” he said, “you only give others what they are prepared to appreciate, you leave them as you found them.” He saw no reason why this should be done, and was persuaded that artisans and agricultural labourers were as well able to feel good writing as others, if only the thin mist which, from difference of language and their habits of life, obscured their minds were dissipated.

For many years the Archdeacon worked his parish single-handed. He was unsparing of himself in his efforts for the good of the people. Often he would not be absent more than one Sunday in the twelve months from his parish, and sometimes not even that. When at home, the only relaxations he allowed himself were reading, an occasional drive, and the visit of a friend. He used to say, “We parsons are happiest if we keep our necks close to the collar; then it does not hurt; but when we draw back, then it begins to gall and fret.”

In later years he was obliged to have help. But even then he did not spare himself. He took, even when quite old, all the funerals, though the severe colds to which he was latterly subject rendered it hardly safe for him to do so.

The following statement from the pen of Mrs. Bryans, one of Bishop Lonsdale’s daughters, whose son was for a time assistant curate of Prees, gives some account of the Archdeacon’s method of working with his fellow-labourers :—

I remember Harry telling us that the Archdeacon used to give him exact orders as to his parish work, leaving

hardly anything to his own discretion. When he went into the Archdeacon's study of a morning it would be, "Bryans, you will visit A, B, C, etc., to-day ; you will give So-and-so each a shilling from the offertory money," etc., etc. Sometimes, Harry said, when he was making the exact round the Archdeacon had appointed him in the afternoon, he would find his vicar coming too, as if his ardent spirit would not let him keep away from the cottages. Then, when he found Harry there, he would perhaps make a sort of laughing apology—"Ah ! I ought not to have come," or something of that sort. Harry told me he had, while in a cottage—I think in a lonely lane—heard the Archdeacon walk past praying aloud.

Harry told me that soon after his own Ordination as deacon he was so troubled with terrible doubts that he told them to the Archdeacon ; but that the Archdeacon would not enter into them in any detail, or attempt answers to them, but only told him to go on with his work.

He often spoke of the Archdeacon's personal courtesy to him, and how he never, in the natural intimacy with a godson and curate, forgot to come to the door with him and help him on with his overcoat.

It is evident that Mr. Bryans was not disappointed, as I fear too many young men have been, in his vicar. He found him to be just what the following letter might have led him to expect :—

Prees Vicarage, Shrewsbury, October 31, 1874.

Dear Harry Bryans,—My wife bids me say that she hopes for the pleasure of seeing you at Prees on Saturday, January 2, next, so that you may rest here till you find fitting lodgings. I am hoping for your brotherly help on January 3 next. Will you be kind enough to write to "The Secretary, Palace, Lichfield," stating that you have accepted, subject to the Bishop's approval, the curacy of Prees, stipend £130 per annum, asking for directions how you may prepare for Deacon's Orders ? You shall preach

alternately, if you please ; but I shall hope to be always ready to preach, if you have not time to prepare a sermon. Bishop Blomfield asked me, when he ordained me forty-one years since, never to preach another man's sermon, and I have never, as I believe, done so without telling the people from whence my sermon was taken. Your grandfather, my ever-to-be-honoured patron, never preached the sermon of another. I shall hope that you will have the feeling that you are free in this parish to use your best endeavours to draw souls to the true faith and love of our Lord. You will be the Curate of Prees, not Archdeacon Allen's curate. I hope you will feel specially disposed to make the young men of your charge your peculiar care. I think, with your knowledge of theology and your many qualifications for drawing to you the interest and affections of others, you may do a great work, under God's blessing, among the young men of Prees. I also hope that for the first four days of the work-day week, Monday to Thursday, you will hold, under ordinary circumstances, a four o'clock p.m. lecture in different parts of the parish. I shall always be ready, to the best of my power, to take this lecture in your place when you may be called away. I shall wish for us mutually to consider each other's engagements in taking our respective holidays, so that the parish may not be deserted. I shall hold that you have a right to three Sundays continuous holiday, and to three separate Sundays holiday—six Sundays in all, the separate Sundays carrying twelve days holiday each.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN ALLEN.

To Mrs. Bryans, when it was arranged that her son should be ordained to the curacy of Prees, he had written :—

I am greatly happy in the prospect of having Harry to help me. I am very much obliged to him, and to you and to his father for thinking me worthy of the charge. I

will (D.V.) do my best to be a fellow-helper with him in the noblest, the happiest of all works. He will allow me to speak as openly to him as I should to a son ; and I am sure I shall (under God's merciful guidance) be thankful to him, if he will use the same freedom with me.

He was (writes another who was also assistant curate of Prees, the Rcv. John Seymour Allen, now Vicar of Pembroke Dock) one of those men who seemed to be entirely removed above the meannesses and petty cares of this world, and to have his conversation essentially in heaven, so that no one could be in his company without feeling himself lifted for the time being out of the world. It might be said of his influence on character, *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.*

Criticism upon his fellow-helpers he always discouraged. If any one pointed out, for instance, that a gentleman who had read the Lessons in church had mispronounced a word, he would gravely say, "Flies find out the sores." But as for himself he was most accurate. During the whole time he was Vicar of Prees, he was scarcely ever known to be guilty of the slightest mistake through inadvertence. He recommended all who read the Lessons to go over them carefully beforehand, and to compare the English of the Second Lesson with the original, in order that they might give the greatest possible effect to the passages which they read. There was, he thought, no more important part of the service than the Lessons. Always, before engaging assistant curates, he would require them to read aloud before him in church, so as to be quite sure that they could make themselves heard.

His own reading of the service was very remark-

able. Some who have heard it have said, they "never could forget it. He seemed to lose himself in it."

Before going to church on Sundays, he would always lock himself into his study for a few minutes, and never voluntarily speak a word between then and the beginning of the service.

He strongly disapproved of complaints about the weather or the size of the congregation. "The weather," he used to say, "is the right weather, and the number of the people the right number." And he objected to any one reproving an audience, whether in the house of God or at a public meeting, for being small. This he described as scolding those who were present for those who were not. One of his favourite stories was of a clergyman, who, going to plead for a Mission in a country church, was much disheartened by finding exactly six sleepy-looking people to address. He was half inclined to cut short his discourse, but by the time the prayers were over, resolved to give them of his best and leave the rest to God. As he preached he thought that at least upon one old man he was making some impression, but before the alms were collected the old man left the church. Bitterly disappointed, the clergyman was engaged in entering in a book the small amount which had been collected, when the runaway, who was a retired farmer and had the reputation of being somewhat close-fisted, returned, and, putting down a leather bag with £100 on the table, said, "There, sir, I shall not forget you next year." Nor did he. He became an annual and liberal subscriber to the Mission.

With his sermons the Archdeacon took great pains. All words which he thought beyond the comprehension of his people were carefully struck out of them ; and when they had been revised, he read them over to his wife. If he ever failed to do so, he said he could not preach them with real comfort to himself. Her criticism was invited, and always respectfully considered.

“ My chaplain tells me that you know nothing,” said Bishop Lonsdale to a candidate for Holy Orders. “ What *could* you teach your people ? What would you do ? ” “ What should I do, my lord ? ” replied the young fellow. “ I should preach *extempore*.” The Archdeacon knew a great deal, did not often preach *extempore*, and spared no pains to make what he said useful to his people. He frequently used to quote what his friend, Sir James Stephen, once said to him, “ The poor have but one dish of theology a week ; they ought therefore to have it carefully dressed.” As a rule he preached briefly, rarely more than twenty minutes, avoided so far as possible all subjects of controversy, quoted apt passages from standard works, always stating whence they came, in the hope that he might give his hearers an appetite for the books themselves, and dwelt constantly and forcibly upon the practical duties of life. The commentator whom he found most useful was Matthew Henry ; the author whom he most frequently quoted in his pulpit was Archbishop Leighton, of whom he frequently repeated the saying, that “ he held the middle place between inspired and uninspired writers.” The sermons which he most strongly recommended to others

were those of Bishop Saunderson. "Saunderson," he was wont to say, "is different from every one else; men used to go to him to have their consciences enlightened." From time to time, it must be confessed, the Archdeacon's utterances in church were sufficiently quaint. There are, I take it, few preachers who would say in a sermon, "If at the dinner-table I help myself to the best part of a dish I am carving, I am a child of Satan." But it was eminently characteristic of him to insist upon religious principles being carried into the most trifling details of daily life. Consideration for others in the most minute particulars was an essential part of his piety. This he showed by never ringing his bell for servants, if he could avoid it, and even by going to their offices to ask for coal when he wanted it, to save them trouble.

The Archdeacon generally chose his text from some of the services of the day, to ensure his people having a sufficient variety of subject brought before them. But his favourite book in the Bible was the Gospel according to St. John. He went through this book in *extempore* exposition at the Sunday evening services, taking a very few verses at a time and dwelling upon them lovingly. Only a few Sundays before his serious illness in 1882, he had reached the last words in it. After that attack he was never allowed to preach *extempore* again.

Occasionally he would read to his people the sermon of another man, having first stated whence it came. The last sermon with which he took this liberty was one by the Bishop of Truro on blind Bartimæus, which had been taken down for him in

notes. It was a compliment to the preacher, no less than to the composition. Years before, he had been greatly struck by a speech of Mr. Wilkinson's at the Brighton Church Congress, and felt ever afterwards the deepest interest in his work and writings. When asked whether on that occasion he had made the acquaintance of the speaker, he said, "No; I must try to shake hands with him in another world." Even in this, however, he was allowed that pleasure. Dr. Wilkinson gave him an opportunity of pleading for the Central African Mission in St. Peter's, Eaton Square.

I append to this chapter a characteristic letter from my father-in-law to a neighbouring clergyman, and sundry reminiscences from friends who had opportunities of knowing what he was as a parish priest. Some of these are from the pen of a poor woman, and are given in her own language, and are spelt after her own fashion, not so much as a protest against the exaggerated importance now attached to orthography, as in proof that she is the genuine daughter of a labourer. Her name is, by her own request, withheld.

To the REV. J. L——.

Prees, September 18, 1877.

My dear J. L——,—Last evening, about 7.45, I was called away from my dinner-table to see Eliza B——, born May 12, 1862, whose friends live in this parish, and who has been a scholar, under my youngest daughter, in our Sunday school.

Eliza B—— is now in service under G. H——, who lives in your parish, as I believe.

Eliza B—— said she wished to be confirmed at Prees.

I said I could do nothing in the matter without your leave. She is well acquainted with the Catechism.

I prayed with her. I told her I would write to you. I said if she was to come to me, she must learn the fifty-first Psalm by Sunday next.

She has had special home difficulties. I have always been interested in her. I in no way suggested she was to come to me. Her coming seems to have been entirely her own wish. I did not, till yesterday, know where she was.

I am myself in favour of freedom in such matters, thinking that thus the affections are helped. But I shall not again encourage her to come to me without your permission.

Ever I am affectionately yours,

JOHN ALLEN.

pres. oct. 31. 1887.

much respected young Lady,—as I promised I will try to write down a few out of the many things I Remember of the Archdeacons Remarks, durings the 19 years I was with my Father, who was always at home and Ill several times. at my mothers Death his prayers were such not to be soon forgotten, that I might be inabled to fill her place which I believe have been answered for I have been comforted and encouraged many times when I have thought of what he has said to me. the first thing that particularly struck me was once he Called, I was going to milk he waited for and walked with me, as far as he was going my way he said I looked better since I came Home, I said I was very well, he said many people considered good health the greatest thing but he considered it 3rd on the list, the first and greatest matter was to have the heart Right towards God. the 2nd was to have a Happy Home. and the 3rd good health, and if we had these 3 things he thought we should not be far wrong. my Father and him used to have a great deal of talk as he often used to Call when he was well, if by Chance anything had been said

that was not quite right about anybody he would say, we should make much of the good and little of the evil, once he called after we had a narrow escape of having the House burnt, and if it had been it would have been a serious loss to us, as it was full of things for a larger House how he rejoiced with us, and kneeled down with us to offer a prayer of thankfulness for God's merciful prov-
dence. that was the way he always taught us. then I had a Fever myself he used often to visit me and read just a few picked verses, suitable never to weary me for I was very ill. he used to say all things work together for good to them that love God. when I came to the Cottage his health was declining and we didn't see much of him; but he called before he left prees, and I said how very sorry I was that he was leaving us; for I had hoped he would have visited my Father in his last illness; he said if I thought he had done his Duty the best way to Repay him was to welcome his successor which I have tried to do if there is anything you think worth picking out of this I shall be pleased

I Remain a grateful old parishioner,

S—— thinks there is many things left out but of course I could not pretend to say half we should not wish to be spoken of by name or place of abode, only as a parishner

if ever he Came when we were at meals, he would never come in he would say O you are at your tea or dinner I won't Come in thank you are you all well, and if by Chance we were out, we knew when he had been, by a Cross he always made in the sand and I believe he never missed Calling on all his people at the beginning of the year to wish them a happy new year, at least he took an Interest in everything that concerned us he got up a Bank for Children's pence and I started to put all S—— and L—— got in it when Captain —— Died, it broke up, and he took the trouble to Come down to say he thought it a pity they should leave off saving, and if I would send them to his study at 9 o'clock in the morning he would go

with them to the post office, and deposit it there and very likely had it not been so they would not have had as much; for they have each saved a nice bit and as to punctuality I should think there never was anybody like him for he was to a minute in evrything and the Ladies often Called on us, and we were always delighted to see them the fact is when I was at —— I felt quite at a loss but it prepared me a little before we lost them altogether.

and texts of scripture he used to tell us, for evry ocasion you could think at such as set a watch before my mouth O Lord and keep the Door of my lips a soft answer turneth away wrath thou that judgest another condemnest thou thyself.

The following recollections of Archdeacon Allen are by the Rev. G. T. Ryves, now Vicar of Tean:—

My recollections of Archdeacon Allen date from the close of the year 1859, and relate chiefly to the period included in the two following years.

Upon my Ordination at Christmas, 1859, I was appointed to the curacy of the district church of Fauls, in the parish of Prees, on the nomination of the Rev. H. Meynell, Vicar of Fauls, but with the understanding that I was to help Archdeacon Allen at the mother church of Prees, when he required assistance. This part of my duties proved to be almost a sinecure, as the Archdeacon was not often absent from home on a Sunday, and when at home, and in his ordinary good health, had a strong objection to being helped in the service. It was a saying of his, that a clergyman and his congregation should be like husband and wife, and that no one should come between them. This was, of course, said with reference to the care of parishes of moderate size like Prees. But the Archdeacon's dislike to being helped was probably due, in a great measure, to the almost restless activity of temperament which made it irksome to him to sit still, doing nothing, while work was being done by another which he could have done

equally well himself. His capacity for work at this time was something prodigious. Thirty or forty letters would sometimes be consigned to the letter-bag as the result of one morning's correspondence. Short pamphlets, sermons, and letters to the newspaper on topics that were attracting attention at the time, and as to which it seemed to him that the public mind needed to be enlightened, or the public conscience aroused, flowed from his pen in great profusion. Readers of the *Times* or *Guardian* about that time were not seldom amused, as well as edified, by the short, pithy, and often quaintly worded letters which appeared in those papers over the well-known signature of "John Allen." His work in the parish was characterized by the same untiring energy. The Archdeacon was what, in the Shropshire dialect, is, or was, called a "wady walker," and he might be seen of an afternoon, when at home, striding from house to house with a few seasonable words ready for each person visited, and getting through as much of visiting in the course of a long afternoon as most clergymen would accomplish in a week. The work of the Archdeaconry, too, was in his hands no sinecure, no mere "performance of archidiaconal functions," as it was his practice to attend all the Ruridecanal Chapter meetings, and to take part, as far as possible, in all public meetings for the promotion of Church work held within his archdeaconry.

Reference has been made to the occasional quaintness and ruggedness of the Archdeacon's literary style, especially in his correspondence. This was no doubt due, at least in some measure, to a rule which he imposed upon himself of never allowing himself to stop, when writing, to choose his words with a view to the adornment of his style, but to express his meaning in the best words that he could command at the moment. But this determination not to spend time in trimming and smoothing his periods was, after all, only one aspect of the intense reality of his character which rendered anything approaching to untruthfulness or display abhorrent to him. This element in his

character was sometimes the means of entangling him in complications of an embarrassing kind, as he was one who had the full courage of his convictions, and did not hesitate to rebuke, and that publicly, if the occasion seemed to him to require it, any deviation from the strict line of truth and right that might come under his notice, even though the offender might be one occupying a high position. . . . It would be easy to multiply instances of his courage in publicly denouncing wrong-doing, when well aware that to do so would render him unpopular. On one occasion, when he had reason to believe that many of the neighbouring squires were evading payment of the dog-tax, he referred to the subject in a sermon in Prees Church in terms so plain as to give great offence to some of the local magnates. In another instance he incurred considerable unpopularity and misrepresentation by publicly exposing what he regarded as mean and unfair conduct on the part of a landowner, in taking advantage of a change in the incumbency of a small living in his gift to withdraw his contribution towards the stipend.

The hospitality of the Archdeacon was unbounded, and was dispensed as freely and cordially to the humble curate, whose only recommendation was his loneliness, as to the distinguished guests who, from time to time, found their way to Prees Vicarage. Of his kindness of heart, and the courtesy of manner, which was in him the natural outcome of that kindness, it is unnecessary that I should speak, as no one could be long in his company without being struck by it. But his humility was not, perhaps, so generally recognized. And yet, while bold and uncompromising in maintaining opinions which he was convinced were true, and in opposing or denouncing what he deemed false or wrong, he was always ready to acknowledge a mistake, and to accept correction when he was found to be in the wrong; and perhaps few have ever acted more consistently upon the apostolic precept, "in lowliness of mind to esteem others better than themselves."

The last time that I had the privilege of any lengthened

interview with the Archdeacon was on the occasion of a visit which he made to Tean, for the purpose of delivering an address on behalf of the Central African Mission, towards the end of the month of March, 1880. His health was then evidently beginning to give way ; but he exerted himself with his usual kindness in helping to entertain a little party of friends who had been asked to meet him at the vicarage, and his address at the meeting in the evening was marked by much of the old vigour, and elicited a substantial contribution towards the funds of the Mission.

G. T. RYVES.

Tean Vicarage, October 5, 1887.

CHAPTER XIV.

APUD SUOS.

“Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man’s mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.”—BACON.

SOME striking and eloquent words from the pen of Miss C. E. Stephen¹ appear to me the fittest introduction to a chapter on the Archdeacon dwelling amongst his own people :—

The attempt to transmit in any degree the impression made by the life of Archdeacon Allen upon those who knew him well is difficult, for the very reason which makes it so important. The eloquence of his life appealed to the deepest, not to the most easily uttered, feelings. There was in his presence, and there arises in the remembrance of it, a certain sense of awe and of reverent silence, which makes the free use of words about him seem hardly fit. Yet there was nothing in his presence to check any innocent freedom, only a gentle, restraining influence which might well winnow and purify words into their truest significance.

It is just thirty years since my father received from him an invitation (hospitably including my mother and myself) to spend a week or two at Prees Vicarage ; the Archdeacon himself having, I believe, been in company with my father two or three times, and no other members

¹ Daughter of the late Right Honourable Sir James Stephen, K.C.B.

of either family having ever met. There was something irresistible in the confidence and the impulsive kindness of the proposal, and it was accepted with corresponding cordiality. From that time the hospitality of the vicarage became an almost constant yearly source of happiness to both households, although my father lived less than two years from the date of our first visit. He deeply appreciated the Archdeacon's friendship, the beauty of his character, and the combination of simplicity of life with abundance of interests to be found in his home. The remembrance of the Archdeacon's deep and lasting regard for my parents will always be a treasure to me.

In thinking over the times spent in his company, and especially under his roof, and endeavouring to trace the sources of the peculiar value it was impossible not to attach to them, I should say that the all-pervading feeling was one of reverence—the sense, I mean, that there was a deep spring of reverence always welling up in his own spirit, and diffusing itself insensibly and irresistibly around him, so that other minds were drawn in his presence to feel reverently at any rate and at least towards himself, and also in their measure towards whatever he felt worthy of reverence. Truth and justice, the law of kindness, good men and little children, the face of nature, and whatsoever things were lovely and of good repute, but primarily and above all, and in every detail of word, of look, of manner, whatever related to the service of God—these things held his mind, as by some spiritual law of gravity, in a frame of profound yet unconstrained reverence. He was, I think, before all things a priest ; not as having been called to that office by any outward ordination, but as having been set apart, and qualified in the Divine ordering, to be to others a channel of heavenly influences, and a sustainer in others of the spirit of worship. In his own household this influence was strongly felt, and it must I think, have affected every one who came into any kind of relation with him. Its depth was unmistakable, but it would be difficult to estimate its extent. It made for itself

no prominent or very popular channels. He was not, I suppose, conscious of any special power to appeal to a wider audience than that of his own country parish and his own archdeaconry. It was not the sort of influence which admits of ordinary methods of measurement.

There was nothing rhetorical about him. It never seemed to occur to him to put himself, or anything that was his, *forward*. His language had the vigour and clearness which come of the inexorable rejection of all superfluous and merely conventional expressions. He said what he had to say as simply as possible, and with the dignity of entire freedom from self-regarding considerations. His sermons can never have been without significance, although there was in them (so far as I had any opportunity of judging) nothing that appealed to the love of excitement, nothing particularly rousing, or even (intellectually) original or memorable. But they had, in common with those of his friend F. D. Maurice, a singular power to touch and help at times hearers who may have carried away nothing at all of the mere thought set forth in them. Face and voice and manner were all imbued with an eloquence quite independent of words—the eloquence of a holy and love-inspired life. “Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as he is pure.” To listen to him in his own church was like catching a glimpse of that process at its very source. The winning human nature of the speaker brought the possibility of victory home as nothing else could have done. One knew instinctively that the faith which was overcoming everything in him was not untried—that it was not immunity but faithfulness which was working out that visible purification.

The Archdeacon's sermons had, moreover, at times a peculiar quaint charm in their entirely unconventional directness, and in the homely handling of local and daily matters which he felt to be bound up with important issues. In like manner, his very unconventional methods of carrying out in daily life the teaching of our Lord, especially with regard to telling a brother of his fault, had

a picturesque effect (for those who were in a position to look at them in that light) which owed nothing to design. They were the outcome of a childlike sincerity and single-mindedness, combined with a peculiarly direct style, and a courtesy so inbred and instinctive and unmistakable as to need no defensive armour. He was so manifestly disinterested and incapable of unkindness, and so thoroughly ready to be judged by whatever law he laid down, that, though I suppose he must often have given momentary offence, no culprit of average intelligence could well have failed in the long-run to love him the better for his reproof.

Again and again one returns to the picture of his singularly peaceful life at Prees, where year after year passed by with no other changes than those of morning and evening, of summer and winter, of children growing up and marrying, and grandchildren gradually appearing on the scene, chequered by such gentle lights and shades as belong to the gradual ripening and mellowing of home affections, and the daily interchange of experience and sympathy amongst friends and neighbours. Again and again the peaceful picture gathers a deeper interest as one recalls the central fatherly figure—the noble head with its strongly marked and profoundly expressive features, the black eyebrows and white hair in picturesque contrast, the tall, spare form, and the deep, peculiar voice, so often to be heard making some frank appeal for help or companionship, so ready to break into the heartiest laughter, so gently lowered to ask pardon of the youngest child or the humblest servant, for any little oversight or accidental omission of courteous form ; the instant and perfectly involuntary change of manner by which one was warned of danger in conversation (especially of any danger to fairness or charity) ; the glow of his delight in anything humorous, or pithy, or even merely sparkling in talk ; the earnestness of his sudden gravity when any matter of principle was touched, and of his tenderness at any mention of suffering or weakness ; and, perhaps more

than all, the ever freshly impressive, though so familiar, accents of his voice and gesture of his bowed head and lifted hand at evening and morning prayers, and at the daily reading of the Psalms in the family circle.

All these things to those who knew and loved him recall feelings of a deeper and more tender reverence than could easily be conveyed to strangers. I believe the explanation is that there was in him a most rare and profound modesty with regard to what no one could fail to recognize as the very mainspring of his daily life. If he erred, as no doubt he must sometimes have done, it was in a direction precisely opposite to the prevailing temptation of our day. He guarded with a sacred jealousy the depth and purity of the fountain from which all powers of healing and blessing must flow. He can never have guessed how deep was the influence of his life. Had he known his hold upon our hearts, he might possibly have been led, even against the grain, into wider fields of activity. But it seems very doubtful whether any more extended outward activity, or more freely uttered appeals, could have conveyed to his generation so precious a blessing as the quiet life amongst us of this holy servant of God, bearing his faithful witness that in all things, whether great or small, we should strive less for great results than for perfect obedience.

No better ordered or brighter home could anywhere be found than Archdeacon Allen's. It was pervaded by a spirit of love, regulated by respect for authority. All the younger members of the family stood somewhat in awe of their father, but more from a sense of his holiness than from dread of his severity. For he was far more anxious that his wife's will should be law than his own. If one of his children ever asked his leave to do anything, he would almost always reply, "What does your mother say?" then perhaps, "If she approves I do."

Nor was his acquiescence in female supremacy wholly confined to a jealous regard for his wife's authority. He once told a child, a little girl of six, to go with a sister younger even than herself, into the village, and take a message for him. "I cannot, papa," answered the child. "But you must; you must do as I bid." "Not," replies the small trot, "not, if nurse tells me not." The nurse then appeared on the scene; and on the Archdeacon appealing to her, she took the child's part, maintaining that it was not right that one so young should be sent so far, and that she might meet with an accident; whereupon the discomfited Archdeacon said meekly, "Very well, dear; you are quite right to do as nurse tells you," and retired to his study in fits of laughter.

As soon, however, as leave was given by the proper authorities, his children were sent on errands and made to do what they could for others. He had a perfect horror of their ever being degraded into fashionable tramps or animated artificial flowers. His most frequent expression of approval was, "Thank you, dear; you are beginning to be useful," and as they grew older and were able to visit the sick and poor, he would ask almost every day, when they met in the evening, "What good have you done?"

This strong conviction that everybody was placed here to be of use and work, made him sterner in one respect than many far less unselfish men. "People," he was wont to say, "will do what you pay them to do. If you pay them to walk about the country in idleness, they will do it." He would inquire of beggars from what parish they

came, and recommend them to apply to their own clergyman, but refused himself to relieve those with whose circumstances he was not acquainted.

Nor would he lend money. Like Bishop Lonsdale, who declared that if an Angel from Heaven came and preached the Gospel and ran into debt, he would preach in vain, he had the strongest sense of the binding nature of the injunction, "Owe no man anything, but to love one another." He wished all bills to be paid directly they were sent in, and constantly dwelt upon the sin of keeping tradesmen waiting for their money. His urgency on this point was not, it would seem, unnecessary. The builder who put in order the house in Lichfield to which the Archdeacon moved has often quoted the first words my father-in-law addressed to him long before his contract was completed: "Do you want any money?" Why I do not know, unless consideration of the kind be more rare than could be wished.

The Archdeacon's consideration for others made him willing to do much more. It was one of his sayings that, had he not belonged to the highest and happiest of all professions, he would have liked to be a doctor, whose work he regarded as second only in dignity to his own; and had neither of these callings been open to him, he would have kept a grocer's shop for the poor, and given not one farthing of credit. For he considered that the long credit allowed through fear of offending customers, did much to lower their morality, and, by encouraging them to contract debts, tied a weight about their necks which sometimes plunged them into despair of ever getting straight again with God or man.

He often repeated the advice given to his brother Charles on his first going to India as a very young man, by a wise counsellor. "If a friend wants to borrow £10, make him a present of £5, and you will save £5 and your friend." One perpetual curate of doubtful habits was a perpetual trouble to him. He would come again and yet again a long distance to ask for a loan of money. This he never got; but he sometimes got a sovereign, and he always received a friendly welcome. The Archdeacon was seriously annoyed if the daughter who sat next the stranger at luncheon did not treat him with due attention. With prosperous sin or prosperous impertinence he often was indignant; to the poor, whether of his own order or of another rank, he always was most gentle.

About almsgiving generally he used to feel that it was better to give money either for spiritual physic or material physic, explaining spiritual physic to be churches, schools, pastors, teachers; and material physic, hospitals, comforts for the sick, improved dwellings for the poor. In matters of business, whether private or public, he was most punctilious, always giving and requiring receipts for the smallest sums. Nor was he less careful in his dealings with his nearest relatives and dearest friends than with strangers. He thought and taught that many family quarrels might be avoided if the ordinary laws of prudence were never laid aside through delicacy of feeling or from motives of personal regard. But his hospitality was unbounded. It was almost dangerous to mention in his hearing any one who was in sorrow; his impulse was at once

to invite the sufferer to stay with him. And distress of mind was hardly more a passport to his favour than dullness of intellect. It was, I believe, a constant subject of self-reproach to him that he could not find any pleasure in the society of many persons whose high character he greatly admired, and from whom the world held aloof, simply because they were not attractive. An invitation to Prees was, he felt, the most practical amends he could make them. But, apart from this, his house was constantly full of friends, some from the neighbourhood for an hour's talk, others from a distance for longer visits. On his leaving Shropshire an assistant-curate said to one of the Miss Allens, "You do not know what the Archdeacon has been to us younger clergymen. He has been our father, and Prees has been our home."

The impression made by the Archdeacon upon those who stayed at the vicarage at Prees will best be gathered from the reminiscences which will be found at the close of this chapter from Archdeacon Norris, Miss Sterling, and Mrs. Bryans. I give here a letter from the late Master of Trinity which possesses, I think, some intrinsic worth.

My dear Allen,—I will come as you bid me on Wednesday, at 6.30. I know a little of your country, and shall be very glad to renew my acquaintance with it under the guidance of your amiable daughters; very glad also to see Hodnet again and its excellent rector.

The Ruridecanal Chapter we will talk about when the time arrives; but I am thankful that you have sent away Mill on Hamilton. I had a good grind at that Mill last summer.

Ὅψέ θεῶν ἀλεοῦσι μύλοι, ἀλεοῦσι δὲ λεπτά.

This line, one would think, must have occurred to the great ghost of Sir William, if posthumous criticism reaches the souls of departed authors.

Let us hope, as Hare said of Scholefield, that some one will be found to perform the same pious task for the critic after his departure.

I shall be very glad to turn the autumnal leaves of some of those old divines and others which we used to read, or pretend to read, on Sunday evenings in the Queen's Gate-way, you and Alford and I.

From you I shall drop down, I think, to Freshwater, where some friends of mine invite me to join them, and where I shall see the Laureate. I presume I can manage this, if I leave you on Saturday morning.

I don't expect to get installed before the 13th or 14th.

Yours ever,

W. H. THOMPSON.

Visits of old friends were a real pleasure to my father-in-law. They were eagerly looked forward to and keenly enjoyed; but I suspect that social duties were as a rule an effort to him, though few would suspect it who had heard his eager, animated, powerful conversation on all the topics of the day. Indeed, he had so great a power of creating good and pleasant conversation all around him, that many people seemed to themselves and to others better talkers at his table than they did elsewhere. Even for people who appeared hopelessly dull he had stories to tell. His daughters used wickedly to say that he had one for every joint that came to the table.

If children or young people were his guests, he would entertain them by showing them prints, Gilray's caricatures, or Hogarth's pictures, about each of which he would tell some story in a very

vigorous manner, but time after time in exactly the same words.

But it was amongst his books that the Archdeacon was most at home. He was a very great reader, and reading seemed to be his chief, if not quite his only, amusement. For many years he excluded novels; but almost every evening he might be found in his study, poring over standard works—more especially the old English divines. And very rare were the good books of which he knew nothing.

His library was large and carefully selected. One book was there of which there are no copies even in the British Museum. For books he had both a passion and reverence; and he believed that it was an education to children to grow up in a house which was well stocked with them. He spent little upon his dress, and desired that little should be spent on his food. But I believe that once, when by no means well off, he nearly provoked a domestic catastrophe by spending £40 in one year on books. Otherwise his wants were few, and his children used to be utterly at a loss to know what to get as a present for him.

Everything in his room was of the plainest, simplest kind. Some years before he left Prees, a wealthy friend in a weak moment gave him a beautifully fitted travelling-bag; he only used it once, and then he was on a visit to the donor. This was, I think, the nearest approach to a pious fraud of which he was ever known to be guilty.

In his later years he used to have some novel or book of travels read out of an evening. But

he was very careful about the tendency of what was read, and would often cause the book to be closed, saying, "I do not think that we shall get any good from that book. We will put it on one side." He thought that Mr. Anthony Trollope's novels were generally healthy, and that the author, though he wrote so much about the clergy, took a tolerably fair view of them. But he once wrote and remonstrated with him on account of the plot of one of his novels, stating that he should not like his daughters to read it. Mr. Trollope replied in a very kind letter, saying that he did not write without hoping and praying to do good, but defended the tendency of the story.

EXTRACT FROM ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I was walking no doubt on ticklish ground . . . then there came to me a letter from a distinguished dignitary of our Church, a man whom all men honoured, treating me with severity for what I was doing.

It had been one of the innocent joys of his life, said the clergyman, to have my novels read to him by his daughters. But now I was writing a book which caused him to bid them close it. Must I also turn away to vicious sensations such as this? Did I think a wife contemplating adultery a fit character for my pages?

I wrote back that I lent no attraction to the sin which I indicated. His rejoinder was full of grace, and enabled him to avoid the annoyance of argumentation without abandoning his cause. He said the subject was too long for letters, and asked me to go and stay a week with him in the country, that we might *have it out*.

The Archdeacon carried his love of truth and accuracy into every detail of daily life. Imitation

jewellery, buttons that would not fasten anything, or shams of any sort or kind were odious to him. His usual words of commendation for articles of which he approved were "strong," "solid," "plain."

It was his rule always to verify his quotations from the Bible or other books when writing, whether sermons, charges, or letters; and if a question were asked him, especially on a theological subject, he preferred, even in the middle of a meal, to take down the book which he thought gave the best answer and read the passage to answering in his own words.

I remember that on one occasion, when the doctrine of imputed righteousness was being discussed, he rose, and, fetching a folio volume of Richard Hooker's works, read the following passage from "A Discourse of Justification :"—

Christ hath merited righteousness for as many as are found in Him. In Him God findeth us, if we be faithful, for by faith we are incorporated into Christ. Then although in ourselves we be altogether sinful and unrighteous, yet even the man who is impious in himself, full of iniquity full of sin : him being found in Christ through faith, and having his sin remitted through repentance, him God upholdeth with a gracious eye, putteth away his sin by not imputing it, taketh away the punishment due thereunto, pardoning it, and accepteth him in Christ Jesus, as perfectly righteous as if he had fulfilled all that was commanded him in the law : shall I say more perfectly righteous than if himself had fulfilled the whole law ? I must take heed what I say ; but the Apostle saith that God made Him to be sin for us Who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. Such we are in the Light of God, as is the very Son of God Himself.

Let it be conceited folly or frenzy or fury whatsoever, it is, our comfort, our wisdom, we care for no knowledge in the world but this: that man hath sinned and God hath suffered; that God hath made Himself the Son of man, and that men are made the righteousness of God."

The Archdeacon would say no more upon the subject. He left it to be inferred that he agreed with Hooker; but he refused to be drawn into a controversy as to the bearing of the above extract on the doctrine in dispute. He had his own opinion; but his method of expressing it was the antithesis to that of a newly ordained deacon, who, on Bishop Lonsdale's saying the doctrine is a difficult one, replied in a full, rich, broad Irish brogue, of which any true patriot might well be proud, "Is it difficult ye mane? I'll send your lordship a little pamphlet of moine upon it, and it will be as plain as a poikestaff."

The Archdeacon silenced all idle disputations. Do not, he was wont to say, argue about a point that can be ascertained.

Another counsel that he gave was, "Never repeat your statements. If people do not attend to you the first time, what reason have you for believing that they will the second?" These two rules, he maintained, would do much to check wearisome argumentations. More than all other controversies, he disliked those about religion, as he thought these tended to widen existing differences. In his conversation he was, as a rule, most charitable towards others. They know or have known the worst he ever said about them. It was a distress to him to hear bitter words spoken about absent

people; and he always maintained that great consideration was especially due to those who filled public offices. Sir James Stephen, the author of "Ecclesiastical Biographies," whose friendship he valued and whose wisdom he esteemed most highly, had pointed out to him how difficult is the position of leading statesmen, and how liable they are to be misunderstood. From Mr. Gladstone the Archdeacon, as has been seen, differed widely towards the close of life; but he never spoke of him with severity, and I have seen him wince when others allowed themselves to do so at his table.

Sometimes I have thought that he almost did violence to his own feelings when praising others. If there was a more than ordinarily tiresome squire, who imagined that blue blood or a big property entitled him to be rude, and there was any good to be said of him, the Archdeacon was sure to say it. Indeed, one of his most intimate friends once said laughingly, "I hope the Archdeacon never praises me!"

His courtesy was extreme. Even to a dog he has been known to say, half unconsciously, when he had accidentally rapped the canine nose with his stick, "I beg your pardon, Hector." But many people possibly honour dogs who have not learnt to honour all men, or even all women. Two young gentlemen of good family once visited with him a person who, as the world would say, was not, though she should have been, a lady. In leaving the house, one observed to the other, "Did you notice the refinement of the Archdeacon in pretending not to see how vulgar that old woman

was?" The Archdeacon simply recognized that, whether vulgar or not, she was a woman. That was quite enough for him. His manners were the same to a washerwoman as to a duchess.

Rudeness to a servant on the part of his children was in his eyes a very grave offence. They were never allowed to speak arbitrarily to them, or to ask for the performance of a duty in any other way than that in which they would ask for a favour from one of their equals; and very rarely did he fail, especially in his later years, in gentleness. His temper was naturally high, his action prompt, his character impulsive. But he knew where to find the power of controlling self, and he learned, as time went on, how to rule a somewhat impatient and irritable spirit. He and his wife and one daughter were one evening in his study, where his letters, etc., were all carefully arranged. It was tea-time, and the child managed, as she lifted her cup, to spill the contents of it over them. Her mother scolded her; but her father apologized for her awkwardness, and dried his soaked manuscripts as best he could. Another cup was handed to the child, and she, probably from nervousness, spilled her tea a second time over the unfortunate papers. The act looked like one of deliberate mischief, and the Archdeacon started up in anger. His face was pale; he bit his lips; then, turning away from the offender, he retired to a little room adjoining the study. When he came back he was perfectly calm, and said not one word, then or ever afterwards, about his daughter's awkwardness. How many of our violent outbursts would be checked, if we too, when we felt

them approaching, would go aside to commune with the God of peace!

He rarely, I believe, played with his children when young, but he would take them out for a walk on Sunday afternoons, and, if asked to tell a story, would never refuse, but would always give them the choice of two, "The Faithful Seneschal" and the story of St. Christopher, either of which he would relate over and over again in almost the same language.

In all his dealings with them he was scrupulously just. He was once deeply pained by some one playfully remarking that a particular daughter seemed to be his favourite.

His elder children were expected to educate the younger, and all were encouraged to cultivate their mental powers. He sympathized with most of their tastes. But in matters of millinery he was sometimes at issue with them, desiring his daughters to wear a perfectly plain dress, buttoned down the front and two inches off the ground. In their drawings he was especially interested. He would invariably ask to see their sketches, and would criticise and praise the attempts even of the youngest. He especially inculcated truthfulness in drawing, telling them to copy exactly what they saw, and not liking them to alter a sketch away from the spot at which it was taken.

And with him, it was charity that rejoiced in the truth. No father was ever more considerate for his children. Often and often would he lay his hand on the shoulders of a daughter if he thought that any remark had hurt her feelings. It was his touch of healing sympathy.

His tenderness, manifested thus and in many other ways, kept out of the family circle, at any rate when he was present, anything like the cynical spirit of the world. He would listen to all, even the smallest of his children, with attention and respect, laugh at their jokes, and take delight in their sense of humour. But there were three things he never allowed to be alluded to in jest, religion, human suffering, and sin. These, he said, fortifying himself as was his wont by the words of a great author, Lord Bacon, should be exempt from ridicule.

No physical infirmity would he allow to be imitated; and the mockery of sin, *e.g.* drunkenness (mockery which he thought he found in some of Dickens's novels) was terrible to him.

He discouraged fault-finding amongst his children. Once, when a letter was given to him containing a complaint of an elder child against a younger, he put the letter into his pocket and said, "A. must improve, and B. must improve, and we all must improve, but we shall not improve by complaining of one another."

But, however strict the discipline to which they were subjected, the Archdeacon recognized their individuality, and was most careful as they grew older to respect their liberty. In all matters of doubtful expediency, such as theatre-going and balls, he refused to give advice. He laid down general principles, and hoped and prayed that his children would act rightly according to their own enlightened judgment, not according to his. They were not he, and he had no wish that they should

be. It was his rule never to reprove his children before others. Always when he wanted to rebuke them he would take them into his study, and then, if in answer to the question, "Do you think that was right?" the child said, "No, father," he would answer, "Heaven bless you, my child. That will do; you can go."

The Archdeacon had little or no talent for music; but he sometimes enjoyed listening to good music, and was fond of certain old-fashioned hymn tunes, such as Wareham, Rockingham, Arabia, and during his last illness he once or twice, when weary of being read to, asked one of his daughters to go downstairs and play those tunes, setting the door open that he might hear them. This was done, and the music seemed to soothe him.

He had a great belief in always setting before people the best, whether in literature or art. He liked his children to learn George Herbert's poems, to read Shakespeare, Plutarch's "Lives," Fuller's Works, and to play Handel's and Beethoven's music.

He keenly enjoyed foreign travel, but did not indulge in this pleasure until late in life. Museums, picture-galleries, and, above all, beautiful scenery delighted him.

The Welsh hills, which he could see from his garden at Prees, were very dear to him. He knew them all by name, and loved to point them out to his friends. Valuable fruit trees were sacrificed to improve his view of them; others, however, were planted elsewhere that no wrong might be done to his successor.

Often do I remember (writes one of his daughters) that when quite a little child, I used, when walking with him, to notice that if anything good or beautiful was pointed out to him, he would take off his hat and remain silent, and though I could not understand what it meant, I had a sense of hushed awe, as if suddenly brought into the presence of God.

Sometimes too, walking in a lonely lane, or on going up to bed after all the rest of the family had retired, or through the closed doors of his study, he might be heard in earnest supplication. Sometimes, even at the dinner-table, when conversation was going on all around, it could be detected by those who watched him closely that he was silently praying to God.

But whilst he thus endeavoured always and everywhere, and with ever-increasing diligence as time drew nearer to eternity, to live close to God, he did not discard rules. These he was wont to say are aids to piety. In early life his distress when his resolutions were not kept was great. Towards the close of life he said, "The road to heaven is made up of resolutions made, broken, and renewed."

A few letters from the Archdeacon to absent daughters, and reminiscences from friends who knew him well and had seen him from time to time in the midst of his family circle, will serve, perhaps, to illustrate some features of his home life on which I have dwelt, or to recall others which I have omitted.

The letters to his daughter at Zanzibar will show that he was not only anxious to encourage her

in her work, but always trying to collect and send her whatever was likely to interest and amuse her.

To his daughter MRS. CODRINGTON.

October 31, 1870.

I went to tea with the Master of Trinity, and had a very pleasant talk with him. I said he must convert our old seventy-fours into ironclads.

T. "You speak in parables."

A. "You, with your capacity, your pursuits, your position, are the man to tell our younger clergymen how to get out of the old ruts of thought into the new roads; how, having received the old statements of truth, they are to surmount the difficulties raised by modern speculation." . . .

I then went to see F. D. Maurice. . . . We talked about Mr. W. E. Forster and his unflinching honesty of purpose in carrying the Education Bill, and we talked about France. I said I had almost come round to be a believer in Dr. Cumming when I observed all that was passing. F. D. M—— said that a friend had been talking with him that what France needed was the Decalogue. At breakfast at Trinity Lodge . . . we were talking about my having first known Thompson, October, 1828, and I was laughing at a bad pun he made the first time I ever spoke with him—how he said he had been breaking his peace with the peace of Aristophanes. Thompson told Mrs. Thompson that I was not altered in manner since I was eighteen; not altered at all, he made out, except that I was then short and my hair as black as my eyebrows are now; but he was full of kindness, and I was full of cheerfulness from going back with him over old days.

I said he ought to take Renan (the French infidel) up by the scruff of his neck, and give him a severe flogging for what he had said about St. Paul; but Thompson said that Matthew Arnold had already done this in a very courteous, but effective, manner in Macmillan.

We laughed at Lawrence's portrait of Thompson. He

said that when he went to be painted he said, "Now, Lawrence, I am come to that age that I want to be flattered." But Lawrence had gone strongly in the other direction. We both agreed that Spedding, with all his pains and equity, had established that view of Bacon's character which Spedding wished to dissipate.

To the same, when she was left a widow.

We have been thinking day after day of you and dear Richard, and of your dear children. If we in humility cast all our care on God, He will most assuredly make all our burdens to be His care. Certain it is that the Lord will provide. "O fear the Lord, ye His saints: for there is no want to them that fear Him." "We know" (not we think, not we hope, but we know) "that all things work together for good to them that love God." I think of the Thirty-fourth Psalm and find comfort in it.

I have been reading lately the biography of Bishop Field (Newfoundland). He, in his lonely journeys in his ship on the coast of Labrador, through a region of fog, pinched sorely with cold, ill-fed, used to repeat this Psalm again and again as he lay in his hard narrow bed, and found comfort.

To MISS ALLEN.

November 6, 1878.

Bishop Maclagan told me that the late Bishop of Winchester was talking to him of his engagements the year he died, and he said, after reckoning them upon his fingers, "Yes, and after June 18 I can make no further engagement," meaning that he must have rest; and on June 18 he was taken to his eternal rest. T. Carlyle, when he heard of Bishop Wilberforce's sudden removal, said, "A glad surprise." Bishop Wilberforce was sitting by Bishop Magee, and having to propose the health of a certain Alderman Pidgeon, he turned hastily to his brother Bishop

and said, "Alderman Pidgeon ! What can I say of him ?" "Oh, say of him, that you hope he will die in a mare's (mayor's) nest." Bishop Wilberforce, when the foot and mouth disease first broke out, asked this riddle, "What is the most aggravated form of the foot and mouth disease ?" "Kissing the pope's toe." I hope to preach for the Central African Mission at Leeds, November 18 ; at Archdeacon Blunt's church at Scarborough, November 20 ; at the parish church, Doncaster, November 21 ; and I speak for it at Welton, near Brough, on November 22.

January 29, 1880.

The book (Bishop Wilberforce's Life) is admirably well done. It will show how sound Bishop Wilberforce was in having no sympathy with Rome. Very early in the publication of the Tracts he separated from J. H. Newman and from Dr. Pusey. He used to write in the *British Critic*, but the editor, J. H. Newman, soon saw that S. Wilberforce was not quite of their way of thinking. He puts plainly that, without being unthankful to God for our early education, the Catechism, the creeds, our ultimate appeal in matters of faith is to the Scriptures. He puts also very plainly how the one thing necessary for spiritual life is union with Christ by faith. He illustrates the difference between a living faith and a dead faith by a reference to two seeds. Both appear alike to the human eye. One seed is dead, one is alive ; God sees the difference, though man cannot. But plant these two seeds, then the difference is plain to all. The living seed sends up leaves and flowers, and fruit ; the dead seed remains inert and perishes. Then, again, Bishop Wilberforce puts plainly that which justifies us is God's work *for* us, not God's work in us. Then, when Bishop Wilberforce asks his elder brother Robert to preach the sermon when S. Wilberforce is consecrated, S. asks Robert not to dwell on his particular views in which S. did not agree, and which afterwards led Robert to Rome, but to dwell on the more evangelical view of our ministry, its one work to testify of Christ, and

to convert souls through the might of Christ's name. One thing in this "Life of Bishop Wilberforce" is, so far as my experience goes, unequalled in literature, *i.e.* when the crushing sorrow came upon him of the removal of his wife, his diaries and letters show that out of this crushing sorrow he drew, through Christ's mercy, the best blessing. There are eight or ten pages of the Life which, as I think, ought to be printed as a comfort to mourners under the like heavy trial. I have also been reading Farrar's "Life of St. Paul." I have not got through the first volume quite ; but, so far as I see, I like it much better than Farrar's "Life of Christ." This last book will help many to appreciate in a more vivid manner St. Paul's teachings.

March 11, 1880.

At Stafford, in the train, I saw Mr. Gladstone. I had not before seen him since Bishop Selwyn's funeral. I touched my hat to him—he stretched out his hand thus



and said, "Mr. Archdeacon, I must speak to you of the Lichfield book." I thought he meant Bishop Selwyn's Life. But he said, "No, 'Sister Dora,' written by Margaret Lonsdale—I suppose the daughter of Bishop Lonsdale." I explained that it was the Bishop's granddaughter who had written it, the daughter of Canon Lonsdale. W. E. G—— spoke in the warmest terms of the character drawn, and of the skill shown in drawing it. These were not his words. When I got to Lichfield I said to him, "Mr. Gladstone, you delight in doing acts of kindness ; write what you have just said to Canon Lonsdale ; your words will be very precious to him and to his daughter." He said, "I have written." But I cannot find from Lichfield that he has written. Perhaps he has written to the publisher. Since writing this I find Mr. Gladstone has written to the publisher.

October 19, 1881.

It seems to me quite a duty to preach a crusade against the tyranny exercised by a junta of Paris milliners over

the dresses of English Christian women. I wish for a Quaker-like simplicity of dress in those who believe in the teaching of the Apostles of our Lord.

The following is from Mrs. Bryans:—

My recollections of him in connection with Harry as a little child are of his thinking more of him as a godson than almost any of the very many sponsors we chose for our twelve children seemed to do. There are still kept in the family a good many beautiful books he gave him, many of them sets of Scripture pictures, excellent and uncommon, which he gave him when quite young. I remember thinking this the more remarkable in a man with a large family of his own, and saying something about it to Mr. M——, who answered me, "Oh, I can quite believe it; the Archdeacon has such a large heart." We remember vividly the extreme hospitality of his manner when we paid little visits to Prees; how he would rush out from his study to open the gate, saying, "This is truly kind."

I think one thing that made the Archdeacon such a specially agreeable man was the unexpectedness of his remarks. One could never predict what view he was going to take. On hearing some little would-be pathetic or interesting anecdote, he would sometimes burst out laughing as the comic side would have struck his quick sense of humour; on the other hand, he would at times take a sad view of what commonplace people are accustomed to think cheerful, as when he called Paris a melancholy place. I remember my husband asking him if he took much interest in Garibaldi at a time when he was much talked about, and the unexpectedness of the Archdeacon's answer: "No; he is such a long way off."

From ARCHDEACON NORRIS.

April 30, 1887.

You ask me to put into a note sheet some memories of those happy days spent at Prees Vicarage with your father thirty years ago and more.

It ought not to be difficult, for many will say with me that we have known few, if any, who made so deep an impression on our memory as he. His perfect courtesy to all—I see him now, hat in hand, at the door of a cottage, asking pardon for having disturbed them at a meal, and “Well, ma’am, you are always very good to me,” when pressed to enter; his humility with all whom he respected; his reverence for children, and the distress, the pain, with which he heard others either scold them or flatter them; how he would gather them round him to explain some old wood engraving of Albert Dürer’s, or tell them of St. Christopher’s vow to serve the strongest, and how it came to be fulfilled; the breathless attention with which his parishioners, young and old alike, heard him after the Second Lesson on Sunday afternoons draw forth in wonderfully few and simple words the main teaching of the chapter—all this I can never forget.

From MISS JULIA STERLING.

February 21, 1887.

I wish I could answer your letter by giving you back any hint of the effect which your dear father made on me.

I read some nice letters lately in the *Guardian* about him, but nothing that conveyed the *naïveté*—the unique simplicity, that made him so unlike commonplace people. His humour was so akin to pathos, his laughter so akin to tears, his sympathy so loving and living. The heart of a little child shone out of his bright eyes, shaded by those wonderful black eyebrows, and what ready feeling and fun trembled in his voice! His power of enjoyment in simple things made his company so refreshing, and the wisdom and cultivation of his mind were there, giving depth to his conversation. His unworldliness and simplicity gave a rare dignity to his character, behind all the intense naturalness and fresh feeling which made conventional people seem tame in comparison. . . . Perhaps some men might think your father respected other people’s

boundaries too little, but he was so affectionate, he won regard even from those whom he rebuked. His humility was lovely and unmistakable. His transparent truthfulness was a constant lesson and standard. My last sight of him was in a sick room. When he left, my dear invalid said, "I feel that a man of God has been here." His prayer reminded me that the pure in heart shall see God.

Happy for us that one such human spirit can open windows into the infinite for us others.

The greater part of this chapter is a tessellated pavement, inartistically arranged, of recollections supplied by my sisters-in-law and other friends; the following is by a single hand, the hand of one who has a better and dearer right to contribute to a memoir ostensibly written by me:—

My sisters have set down so fully their records of my dear father's life and character that there seems but little left for me to add. I will, however, try to turn my thoughts back as far as possible, so that, searching in the dark corners of distant memory, I may perchance find something overlooked by or beyond the reach of younger members of the family.

First, then, as to his appearance before time had bent his tall form and given the snowy whiteness to his hair which contrasted so picturesquely in later life with his jet-black eyebrows. Those eyebrows were of peculiar shape, with almost a sharp corner in them, closely following the line of his brow, and overarching hollow and finely set eyes of extreme brilliancy—they literally seemed to flash when strong emotion stirred him. He was tall, six feet one inch, and thin, with long shapely limbs, surmounted by a head of grand intellectual proportions, the forehead and upper part being especially fine. His complexion was dark and his hair raven black; the aspect of his face was usually grave, yet his mobile but strongly marked features were

full of varied expression ; those who knew him well could almost tell what was passing in his mind, so clearly was it reflected in the truthful, powerful face. His step as a young man was light and active. We always knew when he was coming up to our little schoolroom on the first landing ; he always sprang up three stairs at a time, and so made short work of a somewhat long flight of steps.

His extreme courtesy of manner has been remarked on by others ; there was something more in it than can easily be described in words. He seemed to *reverence* every one, the domestic servant and the little child as well as the good and great. To me his manner was very awe-inspiring. A friend of mine once said to me that living with her own father was like being brought up in a cathedral ! I understood what she meant ; I had myself experienced the feeling. I never remember his punishing me, and yet there was no one whom I so truly feared. Once my governess took me to his study and laid some complaint against me ; he put me into his dressing-room for a time, and then he came in, and, kneeling down with me, prayed aloud. No punishment could have left so lasting an impression on me.

He was scrupulously and absolutely just in his conduct towards us all ; but if he thought one of his children less attractive, and consequently less noticed than the others, he was careful to show that one the more tender attention.

I remember two occasions when I was yet a child when his anger was really roused, and very awful moments they were to me. Once he found that in the schoolroom we had been using some of his folios to sit upon, when we wanted to be raised a little higher than usual to reach the piano. He was intensely indignant, for he had almost a passion for books, and could not bear to see them handled except with care and reverence. "A good book," he used to say, "is a good friend." He would even give directions as to how best to remove them from the shelf, objecting to the ordinary method of pulling them out by the top of the back. He always laid hold of them by the sides, and for that reason he never allowed a shelf to be too crowded.

Another time I remember our incurring his most serious and hot displeasure, because one of the family made some jokes about Scripture, asking riddles out of the Bible, at which we laughed. He called us all in separately to the study, and severely rebuked us, saying that to make a joke of God's Word was "as the very flames of hell"! At the same time, no one had a keener sense of humour than he had. At a genuine innocent piece of fun I have known him frequently give way to what became a positively ungovernable fit of laughter; the tears would roll down his face, and he would perfectly shout with a crowing sound of intense amusement.

During his school days he used to act in the plays at Westminster, and he always took a great interest in our little amateur attempts at theatricals. He would look on with great interest when we were rehearsing, sometimes springing out of his chair to show us how a passage should be rendered, if he did not think there was sufficient fire in our manner.

He used to say that drawing was a universal language, and he would have us all taught to draw. It was a great treat to go through a picture-gallery with him. His true sense of beauty in art led him at once to observe and point out all that was most worthy of note. He had the highest possible opinion of Mr. Ruskin as an art critic, saying that on that subject he considered him almost inspired. One of the early Dutch painters, Van Eyck, was a special favourite of my father's; his quaint power and truthfulness elicited his strong admiration. On his return yearly from his visits to London for Convocation, he generally brought us each a book, very often a German one with illustrations. The Germans certainly took the lead in illustrated books for children, and my father made a good selection of their best style.

His eyes, of which even strangers remarked the beauty, were of a wonderful changing hazel, sometimes appearing quite black, in other lights quite green; they were far as well as keen sighted eyes, and he was a great observer of

nature and of the beautiful. I seldom went out with him without his showing me something remarkable, either in insect, bird, or flower, or he would point out some distant spire or church tower unobserved before, which always delighted him; he loved to reckon the number of these monuments of Christian faith to be seen in the course of one drive in the neighbourhood of Prees, his long sight enabling him to count more than other people.

More than any one I have ever known, he seemed to live constantly in the presence of God. When he thought himself alone, ejaculations of prayer and praise would burst from him. We have often watched him from our school-room window, as he walked alone in the garden, and seen him stand still and bare his head as he looked out across the fertile wooded plain of North Shropshire to the Breidden Hills beyond, and we knew that he was praying. Beautiful scenery filled him with the most intense delight. He was never tired of looking at the view of the Welsh hills to be seen from our house and garden. As he looked, expressions of praise and thanksgiving would escape from his lips in a sort of ecstasy!

It seems to me that these trifling fragments of childhood's recollections are all unworthy to be placed among the records of such a life! So let me leave him as in my memory he still stands, on the broad walk at the end of our garden at Prees, looking out westward to the beautiful much-loved hills. Evening is approaching, and, as the sun sinks behind them, every valley becomes a golden gate!

CHAPTER XV.

THE END.

“*Desidero requiem, sed non recuso laborem.*”

“Then there came forth a summons for Mr. Standfast. . . . When Mr. Standfast had then set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away, he also went down to the river. Now there was a great calm at that time in the river ; . . . and he said, ‘I see myself now at the end of my journey, and my toilsome days are ended. I am going now to see that head that was crowned with thorns and that face that was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith ; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with Him in Whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of ; and wherever I have seen the print of His shoe on the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too. His name has been to me as a civet box ; yea, sweeter than all perfumes. His voice to me has been most sweet ; and His countenance I have more desired than they that have desired the light of the sun. His word I did use to gather for my food, and for antidote against my faintings. He hath held me and kept me from my iniquities ; yea, my steps hath he strengthened in His way.’”—JOHN BUNYAN.

IN 1873 the Archdeacon had a very serious illness. This obliged him to take a long rest. At length, when staying at Tenby with his brother Charles, he was treated by Dr. Dyster, and was sufficiently restored to health to be able vigorously to resume the discharge of his clerical duties. It is, however, evident now that this sickness was the beginning of the end, and he seems to have been aware of the fact. On a half-sheet of notepaper which I have found he wrote—

I desire, when our Lord calls me out of this world, that my body may be buried in an earthen grave as simply as may be. That the coffin be of perishable wood, not covered with black cloth. That the burial take place as soon as may be convenient. That the bearers receive a full suit of clothes. That none be invited to follow my body to the grave except my children. That no hat-bands, scarves, or gloves be given or used.

If I am buried at Prees (subject to the approval of the churchwardens and the new vicar), I wish a cross, such as used to be in most of our churchyards, to mark the grave. St. Luke xviii. 13.

JOHN ALLEN.

Prees, Shrewsbury, July 17, 1875.

On the 3rd of May, 1883, he wrote to his daughter at Zanzibar :—

Your letter of April 1st, giving us the news how the Mission has been severely tried by sickness, has come in this morning. You and the Bishop and the other warriors in this conflict feel that what men call death, as your Bishop expresses it, is to all true Christians the gate of peace and joy. All that we can do is to pray that we may be found faithful unto the end : so will there be to us, through the mercy of our Redeemer, the Crown of life. Your mother has been ill. We sent for Dr. Burd from Shrewsbury. He applied a sharp blister, and she is better ; but she dreads another winter at Prees. I think possibly we may take lodgings for her at Tenby. She wants me to exchange, but when a man is close on seventy-one few parishes would like to receive him, though a parish that has known him for thirty-four years will bear with his infirmities. I feel that nowhere could we find such a loyal, dutiful, courteous people as at Prees, and my work as Archdeacon has given me great comfort. I feel I cannot well leave. I should like, when I am quite worn out, to

die under the shadow of a cathedral ; but there is no prospect of this, and God has been exceedingly good to me."

His wish was gratified. The Lord was gracious unto him even to the last.

In 1882 Archdeacon Allen had another serious illness. This, like the penultimate illness of Bishop Lonsdale, was a paralytic seizure ; but the Archdeacon never recovered his health and strength so completely as the Bishop, and, though he lived longer after the attack, did not die so suddenly. He was so far restored that in a few months he was able to resume his duties, but he was never the same man again. His spirits were not so high, nor his mind quite so clear. He now felt that the call had come, and he was not unmindful of it. It was, as his letters show, rather for his people than for himself that he was anxious. They had a right to expect the ministrations of a vigorous man, and he was no longer vigorous. But he clung to the old place and the old neighbours, amongst whom he had lived and worked for so long. At last, however, he was induced to ask for a lighter sphere of work, and Bishop Maclagan, to whom he was warmly attached, offered him the choice of two livings which had fallen vacant in the diocese of Winchester. These, however, proved undesirable for some reason or another, and so the Archdeacon remained at Prees until 1883, when, through the death of Mr. Dod, the mastership of St. John's Hospital at Lichfield fell vacant. This house was founded in the twelfth century, probably by Roger de Clinton, as a hospice for the entertainment of

the poor, and especially of travellers. In the reign of Henry VII., some four hundred years ago, Bishop William Smythe drew up a new code of statutes, which are still in force, erected new buildings, and made permanent provision for a master and thirteen brethren. The foundation as he established it continues to this day. The emoluments of office, however, are now, and have been for some years, almost at zero. It was the custom of the masters to let the lands of the charity at a nominal rent to those who bid the highest figure for the leases in the open market; the result was that one master might net a large sum, and the next be left to subsist upon a pittance. The system was an iniquitous one, and was very properly stopped about ten years ago; but one result of this reform has been that as the leases, some of which were bought at more than their real worth, have not even yet run out, whilst no injury, so far as I am aware, has been done the bedesmen, the person entrusted with their care receives—or, at any rate, in my father-in-law's time did receive—next to nothing. Still there was a good house connected with the charity, and the duties of the master were very light. They were just such as an old man in failing health could profitably discharge, and the Archdeacon was grateful to the Bishop for offering him the post; he had, moreover, in his work the help of a chaplain. For the first two years this office was filled by the Rev. John R. Keble, great-nephew as well as namesake of the poet, and afterwards by the Rev. A. F. Winnington Ingram. Of both it may be said that they were most assiduous in their attention to him, and that

they stood to him rather in the relation of sons than of subordinates.

In the beginning of 1883 he wrote to Miss Allen :—

“I am going to give up this living, as I believe, at Midsummer next. The Bishop has offered to me the mastership of St. John's Hospital at Lichfield. The only duty is to look after twelve poor men, and to take the services on Sunday. I shall get help for these. There is, I am told, an excellent house. Your mother will visit it on her way up to London on Monday next. She goes down to Hormead on Wednesday ; I go up for Convocation on Monday week. I find my work troubles me here, and I do not like holding a place for which I feel myself unequal. I might take a retiring pension from this living. But it seems, for the evening of my days, that God has opened to me a fitting post, and I have every reason to look forward with thankfulness to the prospect of having Canon Lonsdale, Mrs. Selwyn, the Bishop, and Bishop Abraham as my neighbours in the close of life. . . .

I find that my thoughts do not flow easily through my pen, as they did twelve months ago. So I fear you must be satisfied with briefer letters, but you are day by day in my thoughts, especially at the Holy Communion, dearest May.

I am ever most lovingly your father,

JOHN ALLEN.

The following extracts are also from his letters to her :—

To-day is one of the most beautiful days of the year. The green of the trees, the lilacs, the fair scenery, make me feel how sad it will be to leave this place for ever at the end of June. But I must endeavour to fasten my affections on a better resting-place. Last evening, I am told, B—— gave an admirable address at the meeting

of the Prees Temperance Society. . . . We are to have our Archidiaconal Conference on Friday, May 25, my birthday. I rather dread it. The Bishop was to have presided, but he is detained in London. . . . I feel that the relief from the pressure of this parish will be happy, though never any one had kinder, more loyal parishioners. Not that they are what one would desire in spiritual matters, but for this a younger man will be of service. Margaret, Anna, and Beatrice help greatly the temperance movement. They had a play a few weeks back, which interested the people greatly. The society at Lichfield will be a great help. I wish your anxiety about a Bishop was at an end.

May 24.

Mr. Heywood Lonsdale has sent me an admirable likeness of Bishop Lonsdale, taken from a private plate, after a picture by Richmond. It brings him back in a marvellous way ; one can almost talk to it. . . .

Prees, Shropshire, June 19, 1883.

Your most kind letter, sympathizing and interesting yourself in our movements, is very dear to us. We have had two or three letters from you during the month. I do not know if vessels have gone out to Zanzibar. I have sent your history of pleading for the slave girl, which shows to all the blessed effects of Christianity in softening human sorrow, to the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*. The print in the *Wellington Journal* is too small to be trusted with your stories ; they can but appear in one Shropshire paper, and though the *Chronicle* has fewer readers, yet they are more likely to contribute to the Mission. As to our movement to Lichfield, it draws very near. Yesterday a person from Birmingham was seeing the furniture, that he might know how to arrange the vans for removal ; and yesterday there was the auctioneer here, arranging for a sale, chiefly of outdoor matters, for June 25. I cannot bear to think of it. I never can hope to find a better friend than Mr. Sandford. He was talking to me on Sunday about the

separation. He said, "Ah, if you knew how the hearts of the people go out to you!" There is a general feeling that I might have kept a curate, and in a degree contrive to retire from active duty (I do not retire, at present, from the parochial visiting), but it is a wholesome example for the country that the Vicar of Prees should be a man who has his full powers, who does not in any sense make his office a partial sinecure, and I hope the new pastor may be more of a pastor than I have been, live in a higher level of spiritual feeling, draw up the people higher. The cottagers could not be more dutiful, loyal, courteous, self-respecting, and respecting their pastor; and the farmers are, I think, a most friendly, honest, temperate set. We shall leave all the charities in a flourishing condition, with money in hand. They had a large meeting in the school-room to consider what memorial of me should be set on foot. I only heard of this on Sunday last. They have collected £67; to this sum Mrs. Heywood and Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale have been contributors. They intend to fill the window below the reading desk, on the south side of the church, with stained glass. They have wished to do what is most pleasing to me. I think this is an excellent plan. I should, I think, have preferred a stone cross outside the church, on three steps, which would be like what they have in the Pembrokeshire churches. But this they have not thought of. I find such different opinions on modern stained glass put forth when the money has been expended. But it is pleasing to think there will be a lasting memorial of me in the church when I am gone, and one wants the people to be pleased with their gift. . . .

Had the Archdeacon anticipated the deep and universal sorrow which his departure from Prees caused his parishioners, he very probably would not have resigned the cure. To a neighbouring clergyman, who had been appointed to his benefice about the same time as himself, he said, after his

removal to Lichfield "Never give up your living: die at your post." On his death-bed news from Frees was sweeter to him than any other news: it was the place on earth nearest to his heart. On Sunday the 24th of June, 1883, he preached his last sermon there saying in it not a word of farewell to his flock. It had been his intention to return and address some parting words to them: but a leading parishioner fearing that the effort in his enfeebled state of health might be too much for him dissuaded him and the Archdeacon on the following day left the parish where he had lived for thirty years. Once afterwards he revisited his old parish and his old home. He was staying with Mr. Sandford, of Sandford Hall, one of his oldest friends who for many years had been churchwarden of Frees and who died not long before him. From Sandford he went one afternoon to Frees and called on many of the people in the village. He never saw the place again.

Previous to his resignation the Archdeacon received a welcome tribute of the goodwill and affection with which he was regarded by the Dissenters at Frees. I believe that the Primitive Methodists when they first learned that he was going away were on the point of petitioning him to stay but hesitated through modesty. Their minister, however joined with the other local representatives of Nonconformity in thus addressing him:—

To the Venerable Archdeacon Allen.

Dear Sir—While regretting that circumstances should have arisen to render it desirable for you to vacate the

sphere of prolonged labour in this parish, we cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing our deep sympathy. Had it been in the order of God's Providence for you to have continued amongst us, we should have been thankful. His will, however, being otherwise, we desire to give expression to the esteem and respect we entertain towards you for your very many acts of kindly consideration and uniform Christian courtesy ; also for the fidelity with which we believe you have discharged the very onerous duties which have devolved upon you as a minister of the Established Church. We do not fail to remember, and we take this opportunity of expressing our thanks for, the outspoken and generous part you were pleased to take in the discussion, and the aid you gave in reference to the passing of an enactment for the removal of inequalities pressing upon that portion of her Majesty's subjects with which we are identified. We further remember with appreciation the valued and long-continued countenance you have given to every effort put forth for the social and moral improvement of this parish. In conclusion we pray that you may enjoy much of the Master's presence in your new sphere of labour, and when your work on earth is done, may you receive that best of all plaudits : "Well done, good and faithful servant ; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The window which the Church-people of Prees put up as a memorial of his labours amongst them is by Doane, of Shrewsbury, and represents our Lord's charge to St. Peter. It is copied from Raphael's cartoon in the South Kensington Museum, which was a great favourite with the Archdeacon. The sermon at the opening of the church, after the memorial had been placed in it, was preached by Bishop Bromby, who has succeeded the Archdeacon as master of St. John's Hospital.

Whether it was well that the Archdeacon should have left without a formal parting from his people, I do not know, but I am persuaded that the change to Lichfield was in all respects a change for the better. So long as he could read and work hard, Prees was a pleasant place to him; but when he could no longer fill up his time with his old occupations, he needed a larger number of educated friends to cheer his solitude, than could be found in that pretty Shropshire village. The society of the Bishop, Mrs. Maclagan, Mrs. Selwyn, Bishop Abraham, the Dean, Canon Lonsdale, Archdeacon Iles, and others, was a great support and comfort to him during the few remaining years of his life.

On the second Sunday in July, 1883, he was instituted to the mastership of St. John's Hospital. The following extracts are taken from letters to his daughter about this time :—

Lichfield, July 20.

Here we are at our new abode; I am looking down on an avenue of trees, in the park-like garden which encompasses our new residence, or rather lies to the west of it: our excellent house joins on to the west end of the chapel, and there is a small court on the south side, something like one of the college courts at Cambridge. The chapel is old, but has been restored in the late master's time. . . . We slept in this place for the first time on Monday. We had been the Saturday and Sunday previous at the palace. Mrs. Maclagan and the Bishop were most kind to us. On the Sunday I only read the Lessons; next Sunday I purpose preaching my first sermon on the parable of the dishonest steward, which comes in the Gospel for the day. I had been instituted to this benefice the previous Sunday. The Bishop's address was very touching. I had intended being

instituted on the 2nd of July, in my way to London, but the Bishop desired it should be a public service, and I had little anticipation how affecting it would be. John and Beatrice were most kind to me the five days I was in London. I went daily to Convocation, where the chief business was the Deceased Wife's Sister's Marriage Bill, and proposed alterations in the marriage laws. I went to the Academy, where the best picture seemed to me one of John Bright, a portrait by F. Holl. Herkomer, who painted last year an excellent portrait of Mr. W. Egerton, has not this year been so successful in his pictures. On Saturday Beatrice and I went to Batchwood. Nothing could be kinder than Lady Beckett and her husband. On Sunday we went to the church where Lord Bacon's monument was, and Sir E. Beckett read the lessons. On Monday he took us over the abbey. . . . I have not heard from the Religious Tract Society about your tale, which I hoped they would accept.

The parting from Prees was a severe trial. I preached my last sermon (June 24) without any thought of its being my last. I had intended returning from town for July 1, but Colonel Hill suggested that I should not come back, and so I offered myself as a visitor to Batchwood. The Somersets took in Margaret and Anna for a few days to July 16; your mother went to Rugeley, where I joined her on July 11, after the institution to the mastership of St. John's Hospital. Your mother seems (D.G.) very well; she had an excellent night last night. I am, I think, very well, though I must walk slowly, and I cannot use my brain for any continuous work. We go to Tenby for twelve nights on August 6.

The Dean of St. David's dined at 14, Brompton Crescent, and is marvellously well. We both admired your paintings of the lilies on the doors.

Tenby, August 14, 1883.

Here we are at this hospitable house. Nothing can exceed the kindness of your uncle Charles and aunt Mary.

We came here on Bank Holiday, the first Monday in August. The trains were crowded, and the stations more full than I ever saw them. We left Lichfield a few minutes after twelve, and we got to this place between eight and nine. Your dear mother is, I think, very well, and sleeps fairly. I am wonderfully well. I shall be glad to get back to Lichfield on Saturday. John, with his usual kindness, has asked Margaret and Anna to London, where the talk between the sisters is incessant. They go over the old schoolroom jokes and recollections.

My successor at Prees is the Rev. E. Addenbrooke, of Smethwick; he has been about forty years in his present post. He was a Rural Dean, and the Shropshire Rural Deans are greatly pleased with the appointment. The Bishop laid before the committee of patronage some four or five names, all being approved labourers in the diocese. . . .

Tenby, August 16, 1883.

I had finished my letter, but your kind letter of July 20, which reached me last evening after I had gone with your dear mother and your uncle Charles to Woodfield, leads me to add a line or two more. Lady Catherine had her brother, Lord Portsmouth, and her niece, Lady Margaret Wallop, staying with her, and her son John Seymour, whose company made it very pleasant. John rowed us across the haven to call at Williamson, where we saw Sir Owen and Lady Scourfield. Lady Catharine was especially kind to us. She seems to have felt happy that John began his clerical life at Prees.

The uprooting from Prees was sad indeed. But we have settled down fairly at Lichfield, and the Bishop and Mrs. Maclagan are specially kind. We enjoy also Bishop Abraham and Mrs. Selwyn and John Lonsdale as neighbours. . . .

Lichfield, September 7, 1883.

On the chance of the Sultan's ships, I send my weekly letter. I feel more and more thankful that God has opened for me such a peaceful retreat as this in which I am placed.

The girls find plenty to do. There are meetings every week of the temperance advocates. . . .

The Bishop is a great friend to bringing out the powers of laymen in preaching. He advocates the establishment of mission rooms where clergymen are not required, and I think he is likely to produce a change in the relations of the people to the Church. Instead of our zealous laymen being drawn off into dissent, in most of the parishes near here they have liberty given them to work within the lines of the Church. . . .

We were very glad, on getting home last evening from a pleasant party at Pipe Grange, to get your pleasant and kind letter. I hope I shall feel that the neighbours here have a claim on one for visits and charitable sympathy, but the feeling is different from what I have been sensible of for thirty-seven years, that all around me are cottages and houses where I have a claim upon me to visit, and where I am sure that my visits will be acceptable. But my health is certainly better than it was when I had the pressure of a parish upon me, and I must be content to be idle. We went on Saturday to see Elford, where Francis Paget was pastor for forty years—you know some of his books, "St. Antholins," etc. He had produced a great effect among his people. The church was in beautiful order, in a garden of choice flowers. In the church were some very choice alabaster monuments. Yesterday we went to Beaudesert, the seat of Lord Anglesey. There were many interesting pictures, but the place seemed desolate. . . .

Lichfield, March 4, 1884.

I have got your two most pleasant letters to-day. I am very glad that you are better. I feared you had not been well. But we have so many warnings, we, I hope, are praying that we may be always ready. We last week had Samuel Lawrence taken from us; and Hullah, whom I used to know well in my school-inspecting days, died about three weeks ago. . . .

I do not like to let the week slip by without sending a line to you, though I scarcely know what to tell you. I find my head little able to frame a letter, yet I do not think that I am less strong than I was some weeks ago. I try to take a short walk before luncheon, and the like after luncheon. Octavia came to us on Monday, to bear Margaret company while Anna is in London. How thankful we ought to be for our children! On Monday we had a very interesting demonstration of the Band of Hope children pledged to teetotalism. They were massed at the end, on a gallery rising to the ceiling, and made a beautiful sight, and they behaved with wonderful propriety; the performance being music by an excellent band, singing by the children, interspersed with speeches by our Bishop and others. It was, I think, the most effective concert I have ever been present at. Your mother has just given me your Bishop's address at your cathedral on February 25 last. It seems to me excellent. You, I suppose, are too far removed from General Gordon to feel much of the anxiety that now fills England in the doubt of his ultimate safety. It will drive Mr. Gladstone from power if mischief befall him. . . .

Lichfield, June 9, 1886.

I am very much obliged by your kind letter of April 12th, which, however, did not reach us till yesterday. I suppose it did not catch the proper mail from India. You have been wonderfully blessed in being preserved in the safety of the *Abyssinia*. I hope we shall be rightly thankful for your preservation. I hope a blessing will follow on the Ordination of Cecil. . . .

In England we are now in a state of great political excitement, Mr. Gladstone's attempt to separate Ireland having been defeated by thirty votes.

I seem as if I had not made half enough of you while you were at home. I feel, however, that my ill-health prevents me from properly realizing the events around me. . . .

For three years after his resignation of Prees my father-in-law retained his archdeaconry. He was constantly travelling by rail, and was as assiduous as ever in attending meetings where he was expected to be present. But his strength was failing him, and about Christmas, 1885, fearing that his memory was going, he requested that his prayers might be written down. In these he asked for blessings upon all his children and many of his friends by name; but there were others whom he singled out specially to commend to God. These had been but slightly connected with him, and that not pleasantly; he had been obliged as a faithful pastor to reprove them for their sins, and they had for the most part resented it. To the last he would pray for those who had spitefully used him.

At length he wrote to the Bishop, asking to be relieved of his office as Archdeacon, and received the following reply:—

Lichfield, March 2, 1886.

My dear Archdeacon,—I am not surprised that you should wish to be relieved of the onerous duties of your archdeaconry, but I can well understand the regret with which you resign an office which you have held for nearly half your lifetime. To lay aside finally any portion of our work must always be a solemn step, but not necessarily sad; least of all should it be so for you, who throughout a long life, spent in the discharge of very important duties, have secured for yourself the affectionate esteem of all with whom you have been associated. The prayers of many will, I feel sure, be united with mine that the evening of your life, prolonged so far as it may seem good to the wisdom and love of God, may be full of ever-deepening peace and restful happiness. With grateful acknow-

ledgment of your unfailing and loyal kindness ever since I came to this diocese, and with very sincere respect,

Believe me, very dear Archdeacon,

Always affectionately yours,

W. D. LICHFIELD.

Replying to Mr. Meynell, who had written to express his regret, the Archdeacon wrote :—

Lichfield, March 30, 1886.

My dear Meynell,—Your most kind letter brought tears into my eyes ; it is wholly undeserved. I am now little able to write. You are quite right in calling the Shropshire clergy a “model.” I have ever felt that their being so happily circumstanced gave them exceptional advantages, but their outward circumstances do not explain their uniform good feeling and their unity of purpose. I had a great advantage in succeeding Archdeacon Bather. I hope and pray our Master may mercifully forgive my shortcomings. You, my dear friend, have been very kind and a great help to me always. May God bless you and dear Mrs. Meynell. Again I thank you heartily.

Gratefully and affectionately yours,

JOHN ALLEN.

P.S.—I could not have had a better successor.

The end was not yet. For nine months longer the education of life was to be continued ; nor can any one who saw the Archdeacon at the close of that time, say that the period was a day too long. His holiness went on ripening and mellowing to the last. If possible, he became more considerate for others ; he certainly became more tender to all. Once, when he had spoken a little impatiently to an old family servant (one of that noblest order, as it seems to me, in this country who have mastered

the principles of "the religious life" unconsciously to themselves) for not going to him when he wanted her, his wife remonstrated, pointing out to him that the poor woman was otherwise occupied at the time; he immediately called her into his study, and said, in a tone of unfeigned humility and regret, "I spoke harshly to you; I beg your pardon." And now every story of sin which came under his notice caused a feeling rather of intense pain than of burning indignation. He made a larger allowance than he had ever made for human infirmity; he was more anxious than he had ever been that no injustice should be done to others, and sometimes in conversation appeared to be almost too lenient in his judgments.

As his illness made progress he became more and more silent; but he was interested to the last in all that affects the well-being of this country and the conversion of the world. He attended all the Church gatherings and religious meetings in the city if they were held in the daytime. In an evening, after dinner, he would listen to some useful or entertaining book, usually after playing a single rubber of whist. To the old men under his charge he was most kind and attentive: was he not old and feeble himself? Even after the doctor had forbidden his mounting the stairs, he crawled up to see and pray with an invalid amongst them, who had been forbidden to go down. The brother to whom he ministered was not nearly so ill as himself, and was affected to tears as his visitor stood gasping for breath in his room.

One change which the Archdeacon made in the

hospital was in the method of admitting a new brother. When the statutes had been read and the oath taken in the chapel, he used always to address the old brethren, urging them to make the best use of the retirement of the hospital by spending there the evening of their lives with God. His addresses on these occasions were very touching. Occasionally, in spite of all his care, scandal would arise. The old besetting sin of our race, which disgraces more or less every profession and every rank, and both sexes amongst us, would break out in the hospital. The master reproved, but with such gentleness that any but the most hardened offender would have been more pained by it than by severity. So long as he was able, he used regularly to visit not merely the brethren, but some of the sick people in the neighbourhood. To these he went twice a week. This drew the hearts of the poor towards him, and their solicitude for him during his illness was very striking.

In all his daughters' labours for the people he was deeply interested. One of them conducted a Bible class for working-men. There, amongst the working-men, might be found the Archdeacon from time to time, when he was too feeble to go to church in an afternoon, supporting her by his prayers and presence, though no longer able to teach himself.

It was on Sunday, February 5, 1886, just before he resigned the archdeaconry, that he preached his last sermon. The text was Col. iii. 12, "Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering." Having put them on himself,

though he spoke with pain, he could not fail to speak with power. When he came out of church he kissed his wife and told her he should never preach again.

On the following Sunday, Sexagesima, in the Communion Service, he read the Epistle which concludes, "If I must needs glory, I will glory of the things which concern mine infirmities. The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which is blessed for evermore, knoweth that I lie not." He never read another sentence in church as an accredited minister of Christ; and, with nothing but infirmities left, except Christ whereof to boast, he could hardly have closed his public ministry with more appropriate words.

The last time he ever walked outside his own street-door was in May, when a married daughter, who had been staying with him, was hurried suddenly from the house through some mistake having been made about her train. She had left without being able to find him to say "good-bye." He followed her, and was found at the top of the steep station staircase, utterly exhausted. Alas! he was too late; the train had started. Not with the living voice was he to say farewell to her. After that he was constantly taken out in a bath-chair, which a friend had kindly lent him. The last occasion that this was of service to him was when a mission festival was held at Lichfield.

The Bishop has, as is now probably everywhere known, set on foot a movement which seems well adapted to reach the masses of this country, and which has already been greatly blessed. At the

head of it, under the Bishop, is a layman, Mr. Colvile, and men, mainly from the working-classes, are being prepared in the house and under the immediate supervision of Mr. Ring, of Hanley, to support Mr. Colvile, and carry on the work which he begins. In parish after parish he has now been labouring for the last six years ; and every year his converts assemble for a service, and to listen to an address, generally from the Bishop, in the cathedral at Lichfield. The enterprise is a novel one, and one from which an old man, fond of the old paths, might have been expected to shrink ; one, too, to which the Archdeacon would certainly have been adverse in earlier days ; but he had learned to rejoice in all victories over evil, even though some of the methods used to win them were unfamiliar to him. He was nearing the kingdom of heaven, and his one desire was that it might come on earth. This service, the last service in church he ever attended, was a great happiness to him.

“Rock of Ages,” sung by some thousand people, as hymns are very rarely sung in cathedrals, with an intensity of feeling, of which even the most cultivated musicians could not but be sensible, lifted him in heart to the Saviour Whom he loved ; whilst another hymn raised his thought to the land “over there,” the land to which he was hastening.

Little more remains to be told. He never left the house, he never left his bedroom after that day, but he lived for five months longer. During this period his chamber was a haven of rest, bathed in the light and love of heaven. The miseries and troubles of earth could not live in the rare atmo-

sphere of that quiet nook on the borderland of Paradise ; but thither were brought all the trials and anxieties of the family, and these were never brought in vain. To every tale of sorrow, to every story of earnest work for God, the sufferer would attend with the deepest interest, showing his sympathy with the narrator by his expressive countenance, or by pressure of the hand. The Bible was constantly read to him by his daughters, and the news of the day. Books of every kind still interested him. For hours at a time he would listen to chapters from volumes which many young men would find it an effort to study. Dryden's "Æneid" was one of the lighter works in which he found delight.

It would be impossible to write in terms too high of the kindness which waited on him to the end. He was deeply sensible of it. The visits of the chaplain were daily ; those of Mrs. Maclagan, Bishop Abraham, and Canon Lonsdale were frequent. They were always welcome. On one occasion, when Bishop Abraham had prayed with him, the Archdeacon took off the cap he wore and bent forward his head. The Bishop could not for a moment understand what he wanted, and the sick man whispered—for speech was becoming a difficulty to him—"Give me thy blessing, friend." The Bishop, writing to me about the circumstance afterwards, added *more suo, more Christiano*, "And so the greater was blessed of the less." The Psalms of the day were read to him every morning, and towards evening several chapters from other parts of the Bible. Between four and five on the morning

of the 13th of December, his daughter Beatrice, who was sitting up with him, and was reading Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" to soothe his restlessness, having reached the close of the conversation between Charity and Christian, continued: "Thus they discoursed together till late at night; and after they had committed themselves to the Lord for protection, they betook themselves to rest: the pilgrim they laid in an upper chamber, whose window opened to the sunrising. The name of the chamber was 'Peace.'" She read no more. A few moments afterwards, the pilgrim whom she was trying to help fell asleep. About nine o'clock he was awake, and when his children were hesitating whether to trouble him with any reading, he said, with a failing voice, "Psalms." Later on, when a letter was handed to him from his absent son, he said, "I shall not see John." It was manifest now that death was at the door. He was suffering much from physical discomfort; his breath was becoming more and more laboured; the "Thank you," which every little kindness called forth was more and more an effort. But he still was mindful of others. "Your mother," he said, "must go out." Between eight and nine p.m., one of his daughters, after saying some of the collects, asked, "Father, shall I leave you alone, or shall I read the Bible to you?" and he replied with emphasis, "The Bible." She opened the Epistle to the Romans at the eighth chapter, and as she read, the sick man repeated after her from time to time some of the more familiar verses, and the whole of the magnificent conclusion: "For I am persuaded, that neither

death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

These, with the exception of a "no" to the question whether anything more could be done for him, were his last words. At midnight the Voice was heard. His wife, three of his daughters, and Mr. Ingram were round his bed. The commendatory prayer was said; the 51st Psalm and "Rock of Ages" were, according to his wishes, expressed to his children a year before, solemnly read, the one to proclaim what he felt himself to be, the other to declare what he knew Christ to be. Then followed texts of Scripture, words of praise, prayers, interspersed with expressions of gratitude; and as the watchers were thus employed, another Friend, dearer than all the rest, dearer than all the world, drew near, and claimed him as His own. The look of weariness passed away from the countenance, and gave place to one of beautiful repose. It was the outward and visible sign of the rest into which he had entered, "the rest that remaineth for the people of God." Once more the watchers knelt to rejoice in the midst of tears, and, glorying in tribulation, to blend their voices in thanksgiving with angels around the throne.

And now that all was over, the robes, which he had not worn for nine months, were again put on him; the cross to which he had looked through life was laid upon his breast; his own Prayer-book, open at his favourite psalm, lay at his side; and on

his noble face there seemed to dawn a smile of love, so that one who gazed upon him said, "He looks like his Master."

On the following Saturday, the 18th of December, the funeral took place. In the early morning the Holy Communion was celebrated in the little chapel of St. John's, where his body had been laid the night before. At noon sixteen working-men, who knew and loved him, bore him to his last earthly resting-place under the shadow of the cathedral. Only his own family were, as he desired, invited to his funeral; but many, all the more welcome because unbidden, from all quarters of the diocese gathered round his grave. The Bishop, who was suffering from a severe cold, insisted, at much risk to his health, in saying the service himself. John Allen had ceased to be *oculus*, but he was still *cor episcopi*.

The grave, on which many wreaths (some of them sent by the poor) were laid, lies at the south-eastern corner of the cathedral, near that of Bishop Selwyn.

Out of the large number of letters that his death called forth, I feel constrained to publish one, because it is from the pen, and evidently from the heart, of a man to whom my father-in-law often was opposed, and with whom he had had some passages of arms.

In Convocation the two men had at one time often been opposed, the redoubted Archdeacon of Taunton very generally leading the majority; the undismayed Archdeacon of Salop almost as generally voting and not unfrequently speaking on the

losing side, content, as he was wont to say, to be in a minority, because if he were wrong he had not the responsibility of misleading others, and if he were right, others were certain in the long-run to come round to his opinions. But whatever the difference of their views might be, they were far too much alike in the absolute straightforwardness and fearlessness of their characters not to understand and honour one another. The visit to which allusion is made in the following letter, to the hospitable Vicarage of East Brent, was a bright episode in the later years of my father-in-law's life. It took place in 1875.

Dear Allen,—I thank you with my whole heart for this very moving gift.

Among all—I thank God I may say many—friends I know of no memory more near to my heart upon every ground, whether of difference or concurrence, than that of your dear father. He won all men's reverence, as he did all men's love.

I remember well the visit here. It was full of all comfort to me and to my dear wife. I put your gift into my drawer of memories of the many dearly loved ones gone before me, and live in hope of the blessedness which shall make us of one company again, where there is nothing but the unity of the love that endureth for ever.

Yours ever affectionately,

GEORGE ANTHONY DENISON.

East Brent, March 21, 1887.

The above letter was written to the Archdeacon's only son in reply to one enclosing a copy of an inscription for a brass which has been put up in the cathedral in memory of the Archdeacon. This is from the pen of one of England's best scholars, and

one of my father-in-law's oldest and most valued friends, the Rev. James Lonsdale, and tells in terse and vigorous Latin what I have been trying to convey in my more halting English.

M. S.
IOHANNIS ALLEN A.M.
QUI
PEMBROCKIÆ NATUS A.S. MDCCCN
INTER SCHOLARES REGIOS WESTMONASTERIENSES
DEINDE INTER SCHOLARES REGIOS S.S. TRIN : APUD CANTABR :
LITERIS IMBUTUS
POSTEA INSPECTOR SCHOLARUM PUBLICUS
PREESII VICARIUS SALOPIÆ ARCHIDIACONUS
IN HACCE ECCLESIA OLIM DE ULVETON EX PARTE CANTORIS PRÆBENDARIUS
EPISCOPO LICHEFELDensi XXIV ANNOS A SACRIS
TANDEM S. IOHANNIS B. HOSPITH IIIDEM CUSTOS
DECESSIT A.S. MDCCCLXXXVI

INERAT ILLI
PIETAS ERGA DEUM TANQUAM OCULIS PRÆSENTEM SINCERA
VULTU SERMONE HABITUQUE IPSO COMMENDATA
CUM SINGULARI MORUM ET NATURÆ SIMPLICITATE CONIUNCTA
VIR SUI GENERIS
BONORUM OMNIUM AMOREM
PRÆSERTIM EPISCOPI SUI IOHANNIS LONSDALE ÆQUABAT
INTER AMICOS HILARIS
LEPORE QUODAM AC SALE SPARSUS
BREVITATIS DILUCIDÆ STUDIOsus
OMNIA PALAM NIHIL PER PRÆSTIGIAS AGEBAT
IUSTITIÆ VINDEx ACERRIMUS
PROPOSITI TENAX ADVERSUS PRÆPOTENTES INTREPIDUS
PAUPERIBUS QUOTIDIANO USU CARISSIMUS
CHRISTO UNI ADDICTUS
ALIIS CONSULEBAT SEMPER SIBI NUNQUAM

OPTIME DE SE MERITO
UXOR ET LIBERI
H. M. P. C.

The following is Mr. Lonsdale's own translation of the above :—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
 JOHN ALLEN, A.M.
 BORN AT PEMBROKE IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1810;
 SCHOLAR OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL,
 THEN SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;
 AFTERWARDS INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS;
 VICAR OF PREE8, ARCHDEACON OF SALOP,
 PREBENDARY OF ULVETON IN THIS CATHEDRAL;
 DURING 24 YEARS EXAMINING CHAPLAIN TO THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD;
 AT LAST MASTER OF ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL, LICHFIELD,
 WHERE HE DIED, IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1886.

HE LIVED AS ONE EVER SEEING GOD BEFORE HIM.
 HIS UNFEIGNED PIETY
 WAS RECOMMENDED BY HIS COUNTENANCE, HIS CONVERSATION, HIS BEARING,
 AND BY THE SINGULAR SIMPLICITY OF HIS CHARACTER.
 A MAN ON WHOSE LIKE WE SHALL NOT LOOK AGAIN.
 THE AFFECTION FELT FOR HIM BY ALL MEN,
 AND ESPECIALLY BY HIS OWN BISHOP, JOHN LONSDALE,
 HE LOVINGLY AND DULY RETURNED.
 CHEERFUL AMONG HIS FRIENDS,
 GIFTED WITH A BRIGHT SENSE OF HUMOUR,
 INTOLERANT OF OBSCURITY AND PROLIXITY,
 ALL THAT HE DID WAS STRAIGHTFORWARD AND TRANSPARENT.
 A STOUT CHAMPION OF RIGHTEOUSNESS,
 CLEAVING TO HIS PURPOSE, FEARING THE WRATH OF NO MAN.
 DEAR TO THE POOR BY HIS DAILY VISITS AT THEIR HOMES,
 HE KNEW NO MASTER BUT ONE, EVEN CHRIST.
 ALWAYS THE SERVANT OF OTHERS, OF SELF NEVER.

THIS MEMORIAL OF HIM WAS PLACED BY HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN,
 DEEPLY INDEBTED TO HIM.

It was so that his friend wrote of him. Much briefer and far different was the epitaph which the Archdeacon chose for himself. On his tomb the only words inscribed, over and above his name and the dates of his birth and death, are, according to his own express desire, "God be merciful to me a sinner." But I cannot help feeling that the words of Holy Scripture suggested by his life and character

to those who knew him well will be those of the Psalmist :—

Lord, who shall dwell in Thy tabernacle, or who shall rest upon Thy holy hill?

Even he, that leadeth an uncorrupt life, and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbour, and hath not slandered his neighbour.

He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes, and maketh much of them that fear the Lord.

He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance.

He that hath not given his money upon usury, nor taken reward against the innocent.

Whoso doeth these things shall never fall.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

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